February
1929

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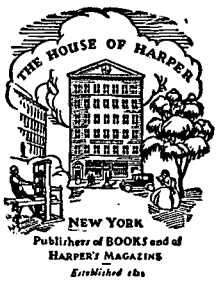

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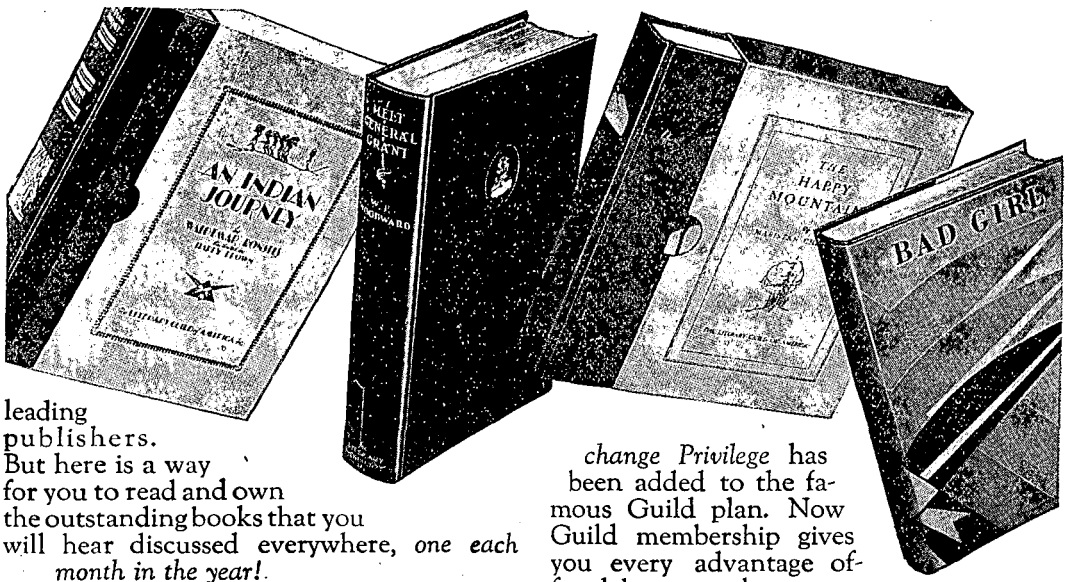

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A study of the Norwegian-American author whose second novel *Peder Victorious* is adding to the audience he acquired with his highly-praised *Giants in the Earth*. Mr. Colcord knows him well and collaborated in the translation of his first book.

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Notes on New Books

Essays and Criticism

American Reconstruction. *By Georges Clemenceau. Dial Press. $5.00.*

This is not a newly written volume from the pen of France's "Tiger", but a painstakingly compiled and carefully edited collection of newspaper articles written between 1865 and 1870 by M. Clemenceau, who was then American correspondent for the Paris *Temps*. M. Fernand Baldensperger, Professor in the Sorbonne, is responsible for the compilation; Margaret MacVeagh for the translation.

The articles here reproduced *verbatim* reveal Clemenceau as a prophet of no mean discernment. Many of the comments and predictions which found their way into the accounts of his observations have come true. His dispatches to the *Temps* are studded with the names of leaders in American social and political life under Andrew Johnson's administration. They are enlivened by occasional bits of information—they are not frivolous or malicious, hence not to be designated as gossip—about people who are not well known to posterity but whose activities were sufficiently important to be in the public print of those days.

The Evolution of Art. *By Ruth de Rochemont. Macmillan. $6.00.*

This history of art has a remarkably good treatment of the media of painting, sculpture and print-making and will be very illuminating to those not fully aware of the artist's difficulty in transcribing his inspiration into material. The author finds little that is admirable in modern art but her love for the old masters enables her to interpret them lucidly.

Meaning No Offense. *By John Riddell. John Day. $2.00.*

Believe it or not, Mr. Riddell's book is a wow. No other supposedly sane zany has wowed so many Big Business Men of Letters and lived—within machine-gun range. *Meaning No Offense* is a cellar book. No one who likes life enough to want to go on living would be mad enough to risk carrying it about in the open: the risk of being mistaken for the author would be too great. Take Fannie Hurst, take Sinclair Lewis, take Hemingway, take Trader Horn, take Thornton Wilder, take two dollars and go and get this book if you suffer from optimism, pessimism, distemper, night clubs or a distaste for broccoli. But be sure to have it wrapped in a plain paper package, unless you want to suffer the consequences of being mistaken by Fannie Hurst, Sinclair Lewis, Hemingway, Trader Horn or William Beebe for John Riddell.

Philosophy and Psychology

Technic of Child Analysis. *By Anna Freud. Nervous and Mental Disease Publishing Co. $1.50.*

This monograph is a series of lectures delivered at the School of Instruction of the Vienna Psycho-analytic Society. In its pages the daughter of Sigmund Freud presents the difficulty of child analysis as being one of transference and free association, for, whereas the adult patient of the psycho-analyst is emotionally attached to figures of the (more or less) remote past, the child's emotions center upon someone who is a vivid part of the child's present; it is almost impossible to win him away from his attachment or to alter the habits of thought and behavior which have been built around it.

In adult analysis, says the author, the patient is informed of the nature of his neurosis, when it has been discovered, and is dismissed from treatment; the cure for his "illness" rests upon his "wish" to accomplish that cure. But in child analysis it is necessary to follow the child back into its intimate environment, after diagnosis, and to control the environment so that the child may be freed of its neurosis. This control involves the re-education of the patient's parents, nurses, teachers and other adults under whose influence the patient comes and who may be directly responsible for the neurosis. The children's analyst finds himself facing a tremendous program.

(*Continued on page x*)

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FOR THAT FIRESIDE PARTY—when it's cold and blustery outside, you're bound to settle down to a snug, jolly evening at home in front of a blazing fire. As you reach for a book, we suggest—

THE PATHWAY, by Henry Williamson. John Galsworthy, Arnold Bennett, and Thomas Hardy ranked him with W. H. Hudson. William Rose Benet ranks him with Thomas Hardy. While this is his first novel, he is already known to many people through *Tarka The Otter,* published last year and awarded the Hawthornden Prize. Among the six best-sellers in England, we recommend it as the outstanding book of the Spring published by this firm.

◈

Have you ever awakened in the middle of the night and had an eerie feeling that burglars or ghosts were prowling around? That's how you feel all the way through **THE HOUSE THAT WHISPERED,** a new type of ghost-mystery novel by Samuel Emery. It's the Dutton Mystery for February.

◈

What is a woman's supreme test of love in a man? Sheila Kaye-Smith answers in **THE VILLAGE DOCTOR,** the Dutton Book of the Month for February. A new novel by Sheila Kaye-Smith is not only an event in the publishing world, but also in the reading world, for her literary excellence always makes her books delightful reading.

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Insatiable demand is a guide to good books. To satisfy that demand, we are issuing a new edition of Mary Webb's **PRECIOUS BANE** with an introduction by Premier Stanley Baldwin. Over 50,000 copies sold in England the last two months. Mary Webb tells a strange and curious tale with an indescribable charm. She reaches epic power and greatness for she has a deep intimacy with the land, a passionate appreciation of its dignity and beauty, profound human-ness and yet courageous realism.

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For a fireside party: **GYPSY RICKWOOD'S FORTUNE-TELLING BOOK.** This book explains how to tell fortunes by the true gypsy method. You can get many hours of enjoyment out of it.

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Sir Francis Younghusband's **THE COMING COUNTRY** will fascinate you; it is an allegorical novel, a modern pilgrim's progress.

The fireside is a perfect place to find spiritual peace. For this, no book could be more fitting than **WHO IS THEN THIS MAN?,** a life of Christ by Melanie Marnas, translated by Henry Longal Stuart.

And that's that. But have you read **THE SPECTACLES OF MR. CAGLIOSTRO** ($2.00), the new detective mystery by the author of *Sing-Sing Nights;* **WHILE THE BRIDEGROOM TARRIED** ($2.50), which won the Dutton Book of the Month Prize for January, by the author of *Andy Brandt's Ark;* **CHRYSALIS** ($2.50), by Zephine Humphrey; **THE MEMOIRS OF J. M. DENT** ($3.00); and **THE YOUNG LOVERS** ($2.50), by H. C. Bailey?

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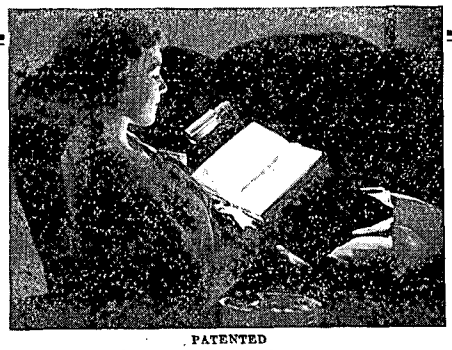

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(*Continued from page vii*)

The tone of the monograph is somewhat apologetic, first, because the technique of child analysis is so radically different from that of adult analysis and, second, because Miss Freud is compelled to confess that so far she has accomplished little in her work with children.

What Is the Mind? *By George T. W. Patrick. Macmillan. $2.50.*

Whatever your favorite brand of psychology, be it behaviorism, purposivism, psychoanalysis or *Gestalt,* you will be interested in the philosophic discussion of the nature of the mind which Professor Patrick offers to the layman. He goes back to Plato, Democritus and Aristotle for a brief examination of their theories as to the mind's nature and function. He skips through the ages to the time of Plotinus and St. Augustine, then on to Spinoza, Descartes, Locke and Hume. His journey in time brings him to Thurstone, Thorndike, McDougall, Koehler and Koffka. John B. Watson is not mentioned in the volume, although the jacket of the book defines the author's position as one of "the constructive development of behaviorism".

Dr. Patrick conceives the mind to be the "characteristic activity of a highly complex and highly integrated human organism". This characteristic activity includes not only "behavior" in its physical aspects, but also knowledge, whether of things external or internal, and that "drive" which is the mainspring of activity. The layman may have some difficulty with the language, but he will find the short, yet adequate, index of some help.

The Psychology of Individual Differences. *By Robert S. Ellis. Appleton. $3.50.*

Dr. Ellis explains that we differ from one another because of variations in keenness of sense perception, in glandular make-up, in body structure generally; we are unlike because of differences in age, sex and racial stock. From his treatment of the factors which determine individual differences, it is evident, without his open statement, that Dr. Ellis leans to heredity rather than to environment as the final explanation of most, if not all, such differences.

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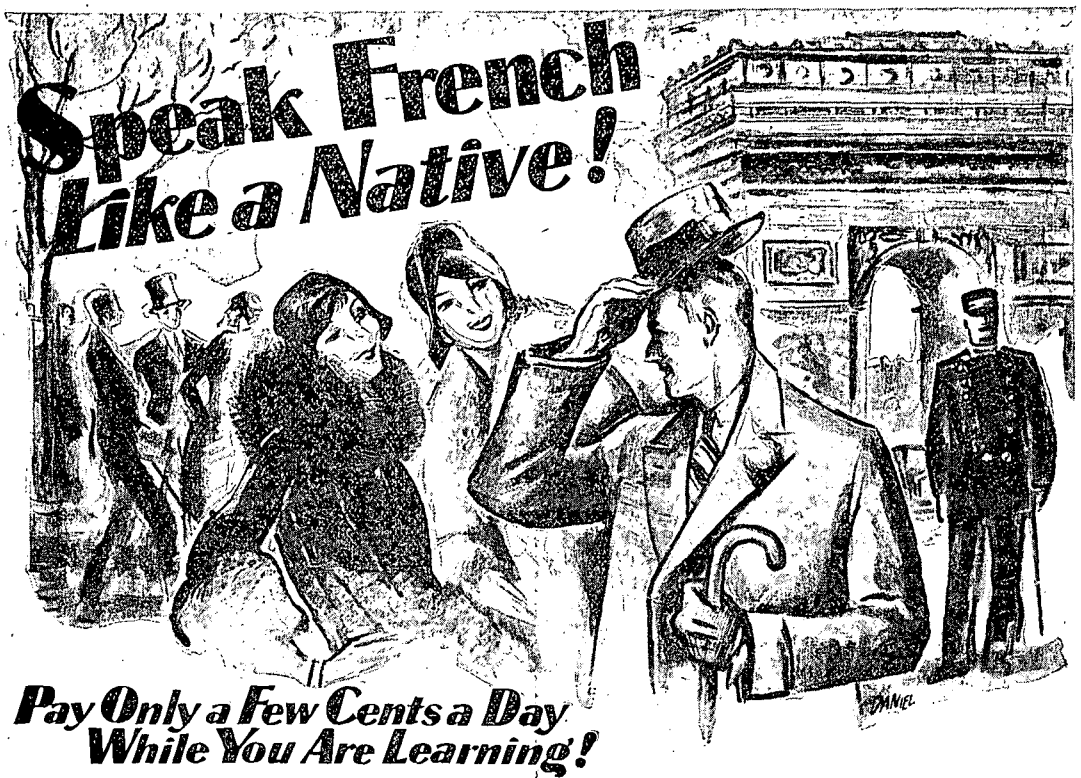

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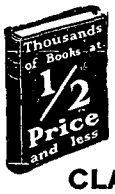

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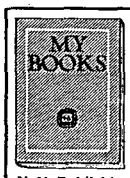

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lieve, from the comments on the cover, that he has found a volume written in the style of Dorsey's earlier popularizer of psychology. He will find, upon opening this book, that he is looking at a text for a course similar to that which Dr. Ellis gives at Colorado College. Prerequisite: General Psychology I and, maybe, II. (There is a good bibliography at the end of every chapter, not to mention an adequate index.)

Sociology

Emotion and Delinquency. *By L. Grimberg. Brentano's. $3.00.*

This is still another book on delinquent behavior and its alleged causes. Its author presents the thesis that all delinquents (whom he has met) are mentally defective and that, in his opinion, mental defectiveness is due to a faulty endocrine system. It is not a new thesis; it was propounded two or three years ago by the late Dr. Max Schlapp, Director of the Psychopathic Clinic of the New York Children's Court.

Dr. Grimberg bases his conclusion on a grand total of eighty-three cases selected—in a manner not indicated—from the thousands on record at the Institute of Juvenile Research. To reach these conclusions, he takes up the heredity of delinquents; their constitutional inferiority; their pre-adolescent conflicts and adjustments; their wretched family life; their internal, ever-present struggle between their emotions and their intelligence. All these manifestations of maladjustment, according to Dr. Grimberg, are variations on one theme. Defective heredity, the result of improper mating, is due to—and, in turn, leads to—endocrine unbalance. Well, perhaps—*perhaps*—it is.

Living with the Law. *By June Purcell Guild. New Republic. $1.00.*

Out of years of experience in working for those who are in trouble, Miss Purcell has brought the knowledge that few people are acquainted with the laws under which they live. In this comprehensive little volume, she has gathered together and has organized the information that she considers essential

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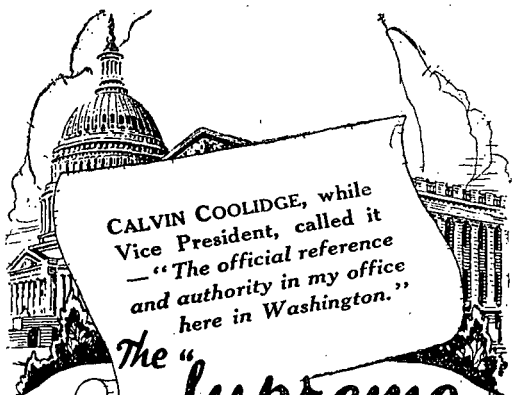
to living with the law. Among the items included are the legal nature of marriage; conflicts in marriage laws; laws pertaining to divorce; the legal aspect of the child's relationship toward his "natural" parents, foster- and step-parents; illegitimacy; legal responsibility of the mentally abnormal, etc.

The language is far from technical; the book is easy to read and understand. It should prove of value to social workers, who may regret the omission of an index, but who will find the page-by-page table of contents a good substitute. And it should prove to be of considerable interest to the lay reader who would like to know a little about the law.

Life and Death in Sing Sing. *By (Warden) Lewis E. Lawes. Doubleday, Doran. $3.50.*

If any individual ought to know the convicted criminal's point of view and state of mind, his origin in society and his probable destination, that man is the Warden of New York's gray prison at Ossining. In this engrossing volume he has assembled a gallery of pictures which reveal the prison inmate to be very much like the average citizen in every respect except one—he has been confined to a twenty-acre world.

Warden Lawes describes vividly the routine of Sing Sing life. He explains the philosophy basic to the apparent freedom in workshop, mess hall and on the athletic field. He lays to rest with simply-presented figures some of the popular notions regarding crime and criminals. Among these outworn beliefs are the contentions that criminals possess definitely recognizable stigmata—still held by some people who are prominent in penology and law—and that their ferocity is in direct proportion to the violence of their criminal acts. In one chapter, Warden Lawes reveals, as he knows it to be, the fortitude with which more than one hundred men (and one woman) have gone from the "dance hall"—Sing-Singese for the pre-execution quarters—through the little door, "back in" to their two-minute wait in "the hot seat". In conclusion, the author presents some current opinions—including his own—about the true nature of crime and its prevention. Here is a book that will compete with many novels and detective stories for your interest and hold it.



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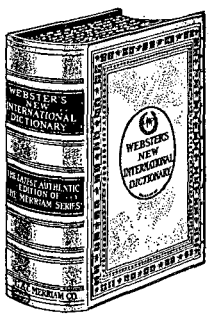

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Notes on New Books—Continued

The Challenge of the Aged. *By Abraham Epstein. Macy-Masius. $3.00.*

"Over the hill to the poorhouse" is not the name of a song or movie to more than four million people in the United States, but stark reality. Mr. Epstein, who has spent ten years and more in the study of the problems which confront the destitute aged, gives us, in this book, a well-set-up account of the factors which make for dependency in the declining years. He minimizes the importance of shiftlessness, constitutional inability and the like, placing emphasis upon the ruthlessness with which modern industry casts aside the man who can no longer stand the swift yet monotonous pace set by our mechanized system of society. Ill health, frequently the result of exposure to danger in industry, is another cause of dependency.

Mr. Epstein goes into the possibilities of saving for old age under the present range of wages in the United States, comparing wage scales of to-day with those of other days. Perhaps the most significant part of his book is an excellent study of the pension systems for the aged which exist in more than forty foreign countries. (There is no organized method of handling the aged in the United States.) The book is well documented and indexed. It should engage the interest not only of social workers and sociologists but of all those who will some day be old themselves.

History

Not Quite Puritans. *By Henry W. Lawrence. Little, Brown. $3.00.*

Professor Lawrence presents our Pilgrim Fathers in their lighter moments, with the observation that "we shall not love them less . . . if we see them gay as well as grave". And they appear to have been quite, quite gay. They leaned toward elaborate, foppish costumes; they indulged in ill-advised flirtations; they suddenly and unexpectedly married. We learn, in this entertaining volume, that attendance at church was not always voluntary and that quaint but effective punishments were meted out to delinquents. Dr. Lawrence tells us about "The Terrible Younger Generation and How They Were Educated". It seems that the educative process didn't take very well, for, several years later, "So Wikedness (*sic*) Stopped by Strict Laws . . . At Last Breaks Out".

The text is sprinkled liberally with references to original records, diaries and letters. The sources of these records are not indicated at the time of reference, but Dr. Lawrence has added an informal bibliography.

The Rise and Fall of New France. *By George M. Wrong. Macmillan. Two Volumes. $10.00.*

The student of history will find in Professor Wrong's volumes a scholarly presentation of the rôle played by France in the development of the North American continent. Dr. Wrong goes back into the past to trace the interest in the new hemisphere to Marco Polo's tales of his journeys. He touches upon the Norsemen and the part they played in the exploration and exploitation of this new world and upon the rôle of Spain in Mexico and the lands bordering on the Spanish Main. He dwells at length upon the claims of the English to North America and their activities in the Colonies. Then he enters upon his discussion of the rise and fall of New France.

In his second volume, Dr. Wrong gives the first definite intimation that he is more interested in French activity in present day Canada than he is in that part of New France which the young United States purchased eventually from Napoleon. His account of the French and English methods of colonization and the contrast in these methods is fresh and striking.

There is a splendid, descriptive bibliography in both volumes, organized by chapters, but inserted at the end of each volume. And, of course, there is an index. But the outstanding feature of *The Rise and Fall of New France* is its readability.

The French Revolution. *By Albert Mathiez. Knopf. $5.00.*

Mathiez is recognized by historians as one of the three outstanding French writers on the Revolution. This volume of his is an exhaustive, vigorous account of the breakdown of the *ancien régime* and of the reorganization of France's government to the time of Robespierre's fall and death. It presents the social, political and economic aspects of the Revolution in a clear, concise

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Notes on New Books—Continued

manner which recalls Carlyle's style more perhaps by its vigor than by its similarity of structure and phraseology.

Written in 1921, translated and published in the United States in 1928, Mathiez's work represents one of the latest, if not actually the most recent, treatment of this period of French history. Because of the great mass of new data available to its author, this volume is a little more complete in its treatment of the factors involved in the Revolution than are books written ten, twenty or fifty years earlier. It may be the new data or Mathiez's personal leaning which cause him to hold Robespierre up as one of the heroic figures of the period. This departure from the traditional treatment accorded the French barrister is an intriguing feature of the book. The book is likely to remain for years the standard treatment of the French Revolution.

Biography

The Book of Rabelais. *By Jake Falstaff. Decorated by Guy Arnoux. Doubleday, Doran. $4.00.*

So little is actually known of the life of Rabelais that any very lengthy study of his quiet history must inevitably be regarded more or less in the light of fiction. In Mr. Falstaff's book there is little to complain of, for the author has taken no great liberties with what is known. One wishes, however, that Mr. Falstaff's style presented fewer obstacles. It is difficult to read a book that begins, "In the season when grapeleaves curl up like the hands of little dying grandmothers, the men of the Touraine dabble their feet in Loire water and think about things which do not concern them", an opening that must make Rabelais turn uneasily in his honored grave. Mr. Falstaff's feeling for his subject is genuine, though his style be fancy.

The Star of Piccadilly. *By Lewis Melville. Doubleday, Doran. $6.00.*

Thackeray called William Douglas, fourth Duke of Queensberry, K. T., the "quizzical Beau of Piccadilly", a "wrinkled, palsied, toothless old Juan", and he was attacked in verse by Burns and Wordsworth. When Horace Walpole had him and his mistress to stop at Strawberry Hill, it amused Walpole to surmise what damage the visit would cause the reputation of his house. Nevertheless, "Old Q" prevailed. Born in 1725, this "polished sin-worn fragment of the Court", this "evergreen votary of Venus", attended racing-meets and balls, ruled White's with an autocratic hand, set fashions and made love lavishly, an outstanding, if notorious figure. Mr. Melville's Life is as fair and as entertaining a portrait as there is of "Old Q", filled with anecdotes of Nash and Beau Brummel and those others who made Eighteenth Century London a continuous carnival and a witty one.

Queen Elizabeth and Some Foreigners. *Edited by Victor von Klarwill. Brentano's. $5.00.*

Like the already famous *Fugger News Letters,* the documents here assembled are taken from the Vienna State Archives. The interest and value to historians of this collection of documents, now available for the first time, are very great. In letters from Queen Elizabeth to the Emperor Ferdinand, from Ferdinand to Elizabeth, and in others from Count Hoffenstein, Baron Breuner, the Duke of Württemberg, the Emperor Maximilian, one gets a strikingly detailed picture of Elizabethan England, alive with hundreds of figures. There is, too, a lengthy account of a journey to England and Scotland undertaken by Herr Lupold von Wedel of Kremzow in 1584-85, and another account of the visit to England on a diplomatic mission of Count Frederick of Württemberg and Mömpelgard, both absorbing documents. The editor's notes are exact and scholarly.

Their Majesties of Scotland. *By E. Thornton Cook. Dutton. $6.00.*

Miss Cook has compiled a fascinating outline of the kings and queens of Scotland from Gruoch (Lady Macbeth), the lineal descendant of that Kenneth McAlpine who united Scotland into one kingdom in the ninth century, and Macbeth, the "bludy monstour", the "red one, far, yellow and tall", who ascended to the throne of "the gracious Duncan" in 1040, through the gallant times of Charles Edward, the Young Pretender, who laid siege to Scotland to reclaim no less than three crowns. A more bloody book it would be hard to imagine, or a more fascinating one. Miss Cook's portraits of Scottish mon-

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Notes on New Books—Continued

archs, and particularly of Scotland's queens, mere thumbnail sketches though they are, have sharpness and life. Her tirelessness in seeking out the most reliable records is astonishing, her learning to be envied. Miss Cook's history is vastly to be preferred to any number of scattered histories, for here one has the very fabric of Scotland.

Bonnie Prince Charlie. *By Donald Barr Chidsey. John Day. $3.50.*

From a mass of documents and obscure sources, Mr. Chidsey has gleaned material for a more complete account of the adventures of Charles Edward, the Young Pretender to three crowns, than any hitherto written. Mr. Chidsey has drawn on the material afforded by the most reliable sources: Dr. Blaikie, Lang, Lord Mahon and others. In consequence, his book is plausible and sound. Its style is light and readable and cannot fail to interest anyone with even a faint leaning toward romanticism. Charles Edward is followed from his birth in Rome through his siege of Scotland, with the gallant support of the Scottish Lairds, to his defeat and the dissolution of his age. Nothing truer can be said of him than that "defeat was his forte", a truth that is often movingly apparent in Mr. Chidsey's book.

The James Gordon Bennetts. *By Don C. Seitz. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.00.*

In 1815 from Scotland came a poor journalist, James Gordon Bennett, who drifted from one paper to another, with a pre-conceived idea as to how a newspaper should be run. Needless to say, his engagements were not of long standing, for he quarrelled with his employers over differences of opinion until he was strong enough to start a paper of his own. With two failures to his credit, he founded *The New York Herald,* which became in a short time the greatest factor in political and social life in this country and earned the reputation of printing all the news —fit and otherwise—but only the truth. Mr. Seitz, a newspaper man himself and one-time friend of Bennett, Junior, has drawn from innumerable sources the life threads of the founder and his son and woven them into a highly interesting and informative biography. The Bennetts made not only a newspaper, but history; and a careful study of Bennett's career and the legacy left to his son shows how a fearless press can sway political factions and play an important part in the affairs of a nation.

Personalities of Antiquity. *By Arthur Weigall. Doubleday, Doran. $3.00.*

The tone of Mr. Weigall's new volume is set by the assertion, "There is a certain intellectual amusement to be derived from scandal which can no longer hurt the personal feelings of any living man". Some of the relish that one might find in these antique scandals is taken from them, however, by Mr. Weigall's facile moralizing. Here is, nevertheless, the lowdown on Varius Avitus Bassianus, or Elagabalus, Emperor of Rome, whose lecheries are sketchily dealt with; and here some tittle-tattle about Julius Cæsar as "the inevitable co-respondent in every fashionable divorce". Glimpses of the home life of Queen Nefertiti, accounts of Moses's diet, the goings-on of the Empress Theodora, that "whilom guttersnipe", some scandal of Cleopatra's set and such matters comprise the book.

Dandies and Don Juans. *By Alexander von Gleichen-Russwurm. Knopf. $5.00.*

The dandy in the grand style, the *stutzer,* the hero of fashion, not "the fop, the puppy, the coxcomb or the merely dressy fellow", is the hero of these sketches of fine birds from the Egyptian Joseph to Valentino. The author's theory is, "Fine birds make fine feathers". He would have it that "only from our inner being, because we are masters, can we master our raiment and use it as a means of domination, surrounding as with an aroma" our persons with stocks and braces, linen and broadcloth. He believes, too, this author, that "the proudly curled lip is mightier than the labored torrent of words". So, here one finds Alcibiades, Petronius, Petrarch, Walter Raleigh, Casanova, d'Orsay, Wilde, the Prince of Wales, in chapters that repeat old anecdotes and hint at older scandals.

Simon Girty. *By Thomas Boyd. Minton, Balch. $3.50.*

American history paints Simon Girty as an infamous renegade of frontier tradition

(*Continued on page xxiv*)

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ELINOR WYLIE

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FEBRUARY, 1929 VOLUME LXVIII, NO. 6

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The BOOKMAN

ELINOR WYLIE

1885—1928

By Carl Van Doren

IT WAS always a delight and an adventure to put some lump of raw material into Elinor Wylie's hands and then wait to see the design and color which it would have when it came back. There was, for instance, that portrait of a frontier blue-stocking outlined by Caroline Matilda Stansbury Kirkland in *A New Home—Who'll Follow?*

"This young lady," said Mrs. Kirkland of Eloise Fidler, "was not as handsome as she would fain have been, if I may judge by the cataracts of ash-coloured ringlets which shaded her cheeks, and the exceeding straitness of the stays which restrained her somewhat exuberant proportions. . . . Her dress was in the height of fashion, and all her accoutrements *point device*. A gold pencil-case of the most delicate proportions was suspended by a kindred chain around a neck which might be called whity-brown; and a note-book of corresponding lady-like-ness was peeping from the pocket of her highly-useful apron of blue silk—ever ready to secure a passing thought or an elegant quotation. Her album—she was just the person to have an album—was resplendent in gold and satin, and the verses which meandered over its emblazoned pages were of the most unexceptionable quality, overlaid with flowers and gems—love and despair. . . .

"Miss Fidler wrote her own poetry, so that she had ample employment for her time while with us in the woods. It was unfortunate that she could not walk out much on account of her shoes. She was obliged to make out with diluted inspiration. The nearest approach she usually made to the study of Nature, was to sit on the wood-pile, under a girdled tree, and there, with her gold pencil in hand, and her 'eyne, grey as glas,' rolled upwards, poefy by the hour. . . .

"And, standing marvel of Montacute, no guest at morning or night ever found the fair Eloise ungloved. Think of it! In the very wilds to be always like a cat in nutshells, alone useless where all are so busy. . . . And then her shoes! 'Saint Crispin Crispianus' never had so self-sacrificing a votary.' No shoemaker this side of New York could make a sole papery enough; no tannery out of France could produce materials for this piece of exquisite feminine foppery. . . ."

In Elinor Wylie's hands the portrait swiftly fell into a new design and took on fresh colors.

"Miss Rosalie Lillie," begins the fifth chapter of *The Orphan Angel*, "was seated upon the woodpile in an attitude of negligent grace; her fine eyes were fixed above the distant tamarack-trees in contemplation of some winged chimæra of the mind. A gold pencil-case was suspended by a delicate chain

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around the lady's creamy throat; a notebook peeped from the pocket of her blue satin apron, and a gilded album lay within reach. Under a furred cloak her attire was frail and silken; she wore thin-soled bronze slippers, and her hands were encased in gloves of primrose kidskin.

"Miss Lillie was a singularly lovely girl; her features were regular and her figure tall and classically formed. She had a rich abundance of chestnut hair and her velvet eyes were the colour of purple-brown pansies. She looked very expensive and unsuitable against a background of enormous forest trees and ragged rail fences; the smoky November sun picked out the Italian cameo upon her bosom and increased the splendid damask of her cheek."

Where the document wanders, hitching itself along with asides and afterthoughts, the work of art marches with as much vigor as precision. One stroke, and the singular priestess is mounted upon her woodpile, which in the original she reaches only after several paragraphs. Another stroke, and she is contemplating "some winged chimæra of the mind", though in the original she does nothing happier than, rolling her eyes upward, "poefy by the hour". Thereafter, stroke by stroke, the portrait is laughingly perfected. Kind epithets increase the lady's beauty. Her fragile shoes become thin-soled bronze slippers. Her nondescript gloves appear as primrose kidskin. Her merely gray eyes turn to the color of purple-brown pansies. And, what is more important, she is no longer the object of homespun ridicule. If she looks very expensive and unsuitable against her background of forest tree and rail fences, that may not be, the overtones somehow imply, entirely her fault, but partly the fault of nature for being so enormous and of the works of man for being so ragged.

The single instance is enough to illustrate the magic which Elinor Wylie practised. It was not alone the felicity of her words, though that was both curious and correct. It was not, added to this, the purity of her outlines or the harmony of her colors. It was, more than anything else, the wary audacity with which she seized upon whatever she needed for her art and the energy with which she carried out her ventures. When, for *The Orphan Angel,* she chose to take Shelley, as Shiloh, across the American continent, she moved into a world almost as strange and unfamiliar to her as it would have been to him. Her natural home was in the cities on either side of the great Atlantic lake, not in the shaggy wilderness. Yet she hardly drew a breath as she plunged into researches, in old maps, books of travel, descriptions of the frontier, which would have sickened many learned doctors. And where the doctors might have been timid, hugging bare facts as if they were stepping-stones, Elinor Wylie struck out with the kind of courage which knows that if there is no way then a way must be cut. She was always high-handed in such matters, however her grace and charm and mirth might adorn her actions with courtesy.

She was, indeed, high-handed in all matters, so that she made half-measures and compromises, compliance and suppleness seem flat and dull. Coming, seven or eight years ago, somewhat unexpectedly into the world of writers in New York, she had from the first the air of one who touched nothing that she did not conquer. Pain and disillusion in another world had freed her mind and clarified her language. As she had not published the usual juvenilia to be held against her, she was, as writer, judged by work which was mature from the beginning. Even in her verse, where she came nearest to speaking her heart about her own history and fate, she had an irony which is seldom found in minor poets and never found in minor persons. In her novels, glittering with knowledge of human life, particularly in its comic aspects, she had such a look of dealing lightly with every theme that her easy strength could not be doubted. She could not help playing. She was not built to dig heavily for truth in one solemn spot. She ranged to catch it. It is true that she could, characteristically, spend hours assuring herself that at the period of *Mr. Hodge and Mr. Hazard* there was actually in existence a small edition of Plato which Mr. Hazard might have slipped into his pocket. But this was not a pedantic scruple, strangely asserted in the midst of what was as a whole

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a fantasy, any more than it was pedantic for Elinor Wylie to give the utmost care to her personal appearance in a world in which she would readily have admitted that all appearances are untrustworthy. It was, rather, one of those touches of exactness by which she maintained her brilliant integrity among things too often tedious and chaotic. Once dressed, either as to her person or as to her book, she could dare as much as anybody. She had a physical courage rare in imaginative persons. While she was writing *The Venetian Glass Nephew,* issued as a serial in a magazine, she not only risked publishing the first part before the rest of the story had been written but she risked sending the successive parts to the printers without having made a copy. Though much then hung for her upon the fortunes of that novel, she was too impatient to be prudent. The chance she took, by heightening the excitement in which she worked, seemed to serve her more than security could have done.

Elinor Wylie might, of course, have been g r a c e f u l l y, charmingly, mirthfully high-handed by being as insensitive as the iced chalk to which one admirer compared her during her early days in New York. In reality, she was so sensitive that she was likely at any moment to burst into flame. If there were thought to be contradictions in her nature, it was because people who saw her strength could not understand her shrinking or because people who saw her shrinking could not guess her strength. Yet there was no essential contradiction. She was a woman who had beauty and genius. Beauty compelled her and genius compelled her, both of them, according to their customs, without always giving her the advantage of simple motives for her compulsions. Doubly driven, she was also doubly sensitive. With two careers, alike natural and instinctive, going along side by side in one woman, she could not avoid the pains of various mishaps. But her compulsions would not allow her to count the pain and shift her course into more comfortable paths. With the pride of beauty and genius, she went on and endured.

She herself found almost a sufficient peace in the irony which finally became her habit. It was not quite sufficient. To have been that it would have had to run into cynical complacency, which it never did. Instead, it stopped with giving to her conversation, as to her writings, the white light of a beguiling and surprising intelligence, which might, nevertheless, be broken up, in an instant, into its constituent colors by the outbreak of a mood. She who deserved admiration and demanded it like a beauty who was a genius, could suddenly, from some inept word or awkward gesture, suffer like a child because the bright surface of the occasion had been flecked. Yet, almost as suddenly, she could rise again to laughter, or lose her mood in subtle speculations, or turn to old learning or new scandal. In virtually the same breath she could be suspicious and ingenuous, insolent and tender, capricious and steadfast, desperate and hilarious, stirringly profound and exquisitely superficial. Her moods, however, never seriously threatened her intelligence, as they never touched her austere, if imperious, integrity. Moving a good deal, latterly, in more or less casual and easy-going circles, she inclined to formality. Familiar with the arguments of devils and the strategems of witches, she was definitely on the side of the angels. She was high-handed because she was gifted and proud and good. It is bitter to estimate how many balanced dull women might have been taken with how much smaller loss.

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GERALDINE AND JANE

By Virginia Woolf

GERALDINE JEWSBURY would certainly not have expected anybody at this time of day to bother himself about her novels. If she had caught any one pulling them down from the shelf in some library, she would have expostulated. "They're such nonsense, my dear," she would have said. And then one likes to fancy that she would have burst out in that irresponsible, unconventional way of hers against libraries and literature and love and life and all the rest of it with a "Confound it!" or a "Damn it all!" for Geraldine was fond of swearing.

The odd thing about Geraldine Jewsbury was the way in which she combined oaths and endearments, sense and effervescence, daring and gush. ". . . Defenceless and tender on the one hand, and strong enough to cleave the very rocks on the other"—that is how Mrs. Ireland, her biographer, puts it. Or, again: "Intellectually she was a man, but the heart within her was as womanly as ever daughter of Eve could boast". Even to look at, there was, it would seem, something incongruous, queer, provocative about her. She was very small and yet boyish, very ugly, yet attractive, qualities that are almost extinguished, in the only portrait we have of her, by the flowing skirts and the sweeping table-cloth of the professional photographer. There she sits, reading, with her face half-turned away, defenceless and tender at the moment rather than cleaving the very rocks.

But what had happened to her before she sat at the photographer's table, reading her book, it is impossible to say. Until she was twenty-nine we know nothing of her except that she was born in the year 1812, was the daughter of a merchant and lived in Manchester or near it. In the first part of the Nineteenth Century a woman of twenty-nine was no longer young. She had lived her life or she had missed it. And though Geraldine was in many ways an exception, still it cannot be doubted that something very tremendous had happened in those dim years before we know her. Something had happened in Manchester. An obscure male figure looms in the background—a faithless but fascinating creature who had taught her that life is treacherous, life is hard, life is the very devil for a woman. A dark pool of experience had formed in the back of her mind into which she would dip for the consolation or for the instruction of others. "Oh! it is too frightful to talk about! For two years I lived only in short respites from this blackness of darkness," she exclaimed from time to time. There had been seasons "like dreary calm November days when there is but one cloud, but that one covers the whole heaven". She had struggled, "but struggling is no use". She had read Cudworth through. She had written an essay upon materialism before giving way. For, though the prey of so many emotions, she was also oddly detached and speculative. She liked to puzzle her head with questions about "matter and spirit and the nature of life" even while her heart was bleeding. Upstairs there was a box full of extracts, abstracts and conclusions. Yet, what conclusion could a woman come to? Did anything avail a woman when love had deserted her, when her lover had played her false? No—it was useless to struggle; one had better let the wave engulf one, the cloud close over one's head. So she meditated, lying often on the sofa with a piece of knitting in her hands and a green shade over her eyes. For she suffered from a variety of ailments—sore eyes, colds, nameless exhaustion; and Greenheys, the suburb outside Manchester where she kept house for her brother, was very damp. "Dirty, half-melted snow and fog, a swampy meadow, set off by a creeping cold damp"—that was the view from her window. Often, she could hardly drag herself across the room. And then there were incessant interruptions; somebody had come unexpectedly for dinner; she had to

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jump up and run into the kitchen and cook a fowl with her own hands. That done, she would put on her green shade and peer at her book again, for she was a great reader.

She read metaphysics, she read travels, she read old books and new books—Carlyle's books among them. She gave little parties where she discussed literature rather boldly, with a cigar in her mouth, and life and morality, for she was always being loved or not being loved—whichever it was; passion played a great part in her life.

Early in the year 1841 she came to London and secured an introduction to the great man whose lectures she had so much admired. She met Mrs. Carlyle. They must have become intimate with great rapidity. In a few weeks Mrs. Carlyle was "dearest Jane". They must have discussed everything. They must have talked about life and the past and the present and certain "individuals" who were sentimentally interested or were not sentimentally interested in Geraldine. Mrs. Carlyle flung off anecdote after anecdote; how she had worked; how she had baked; how she had lived at Craigenputtock. For directly Geraldine returned to Manchester, she began writing long letters to Jane which echo and continue the intimate conversations of Cheyne Row. "A man who has had *le plus grand succès* among women, and who was the most passionate and poetically refined lover in his manners and conversation you would wish to find, once said to me . . . 'It may be that we women are made as we are in order that they may in some sort fertilise the world. We shall go on loving, they (the men) will go on struggling and toiling, and we are all alike mercifully allowed to die—after a while.' I don't know whether you will agree to this, and I cannot see to argue, for my eyes are very bad and painful."

Probably Jane agreed to very little of all this. For Jane was eleven years the elder. Jane was not given to abstract reflection upon the nature of life. Jane was the most caustic, the most concrete, the most clear-sighted of women. But it is perhaps worth noting that when she first fell in with Geraldine, she was beginning to feel those premonitions of jealousy, that uneasy sense that old relationships had shifted and that new ones were forming themselves, which had come to pass with the establishment of her husband's fame. No doubt in the course of those long talks in Cheyne Row, Geraldine had received certain confidences, heard certain complaints and drawn certain conclusions. Besides being a mass of emotion and sensibility Geraldine was a clever, witty woman who thought for herself and hated what she called "respectability" as much as Mrs. Carlyle hated what she called "humbug". In addition Geraldine had from the first the strangest feelings about Mrs. Carlyle. She felt "vague undefined yearnings to be yours in some way. . . . You will let me be yours and think of me as such, will you not?" she urged again and again. "I think of you as Catholics think of their saints," she said. ". . . You will laugh, but I feel towards you much more like a lover than a female friend." No doubt Mrs. Carlyle did laugh; but she could scarcely fail to be touched by the little creature's adoration.

Thus, when Carlyle himself early in 1843 suggested unexpectedly that they should ask Geraldine to stay with them, Mrs. Carlyle, after debating the question with her usual candor, agreed. She reflected that a little of Geraldine would be "very enlivening", but on the other hand much of her would be very exhausting. Geraldine dropped hot tears on one's hands; she watched one; she fussed one; she was always in a state of emotion. Then, "with all her good and great qualities", Geraldine had in her "a born spirit of intrigue" which might make mischief between husband and wife, though not in the usual way; for, Mrs. Carlyle reflected, her husband had the habit of preferring her to other women, "and habits are much stronger in him than passions". On the other hand, she herself was getting lazy, intellectually; Geraldine loved talk and clever talk; with all her aspirations and enthusiasms it would be a kindness to let her come; and so she came.

She came on the first or second of February, and she stayed till Saturday, the eleventh of March. Such were visits in the year 1843. And the house was very small, and the servant was inefficient. Geraldine was always there. All the morning she

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scribbled letters. All the afternoon she lay fast asleep on the sofa in the drawing room. She dressed herself in a low-necked dress to receive visitors on Sunday. She talked too much. As for her reputed intellect—"she is sharp as a meat axe, but as narrow". She flattered. She wheedled. She was insincere. She flirted. She swore. Nothing would make her go. The charges against her rise in a crescendo of irritation. Mrs. Carlyle almost had to turn her out of the house. She was unable to hide her annoyance. At last they parted. Geraldine was in floods of tears but Mrs. Carlyle's eyes were dry. Indeed, she was immensely relieved to see the last of her visitor. Yet, when Geraldine had driven off and she found herself alone, she was not altogether easy in her mind. She knew that her behavior to a guest whom she herself had invited had been far from perfect. She had been "cold, cross, ironical, disobliging". Above all, she was angry with herself for having taken Geraldine for a confidante. "Heaven grant that the consequences may be only *boring*—not *fatal*," she wrote. But it is clear that she was very much out of temper, and with herself as much as with Geraldine.

Geraldine was well aware that something was wrong. Estrangement and silence fell between them. People repeated malicious stories to which she half listened. But Geraldine was the least vindictive of women; "very noble in her quarrels", as Mrs. Carlyle herself admitted, and, if foolish and sentimental, neither conceited nor proud. Above all, her love for Jane was sincere. Soon she was writing to Mrs. Carlyle again "with an assiduity and disinterestedness that verge on the superhuman", as Jane commented with a little exasperation. She was worrying about Jane's health and saying that she did not want witty letters, but only dull letters telling the truth about Jane's state. For—it may have been one of the things that made her so trying as a visitor—Geraldine had not stayed for four weeks in Cheyne Row without coming to conclusions which it is not likely that she kept entirely to herself. "You have no one who has any sort of consideration for you," she wrote. "You have had patience and endurance till I am sick of the virtues, and what have they done for you? Half-killed you." "Carlyle", she burst out, "is much too grand for every-day life. A sphinx does not fit in comfortably to our parlour life arrangements." But she could do nothing. "The more one loves, the more helpless one feels," she moralized. She could only watch from Manchester the bright kaleidoscope of her friend's existence and compare it with her own prosaic life, all made up of little odds and ends, but, somehow, obscure though it was, she no longer envied Jane the brilliance of her lot.

Had it not been for the Mudies, they might have gone on indefinitely corresponding in a desultory way at a distance—"I am tired to death of writing letters into space", Geraldine had exclaimed, "one only writes, after a long separation, to oneself, instead of one's friend". The Mudies and Mudieism, as Geraldine called it, played a vast, if almost unrecorded, part in the obscure lives of Victorian Englishwomen. The Mudies, by whatever name they might be called, were always the same. They were unfortunate; they were deserving; they must be helped. They came at inconvenient hours. They waited in the hall and sometimes had sandwiches and a glass of wine brought out to them on a tray. In this case the Mudies were two girls, Elizabeth and Juliet, "flary, staring, and conceited, stolid-looking girls", Carlyle called them, the daughters of a Dundee schoolmaster, who had written books on natural history and died, leaving a foolish widow and little or no provision for his family. Somehow the Mudies arrived in Cheyne Row inconveniently, if one may hazard a guess, just as dinner was on the table. But the Victorian lady never minded that; she put herself to any inconvenience to help the Mudies. The question at once presented itself: what could be done for them? Who knew of a place? Who had influence with a rich man? Geraldine flashed into Mrs. Carlyle's mind. Geraldine was always wishing she could be of use. Geraldine might fairly be asked if there were situations to be had for the Mudies in Manchester. Geraldine acted with a promptitude that was much to her credit. She placed Juliet at once. Soon she had heard of another place for Elizabeth. Mrs. Carlyle, who was in the Isle of Wight,

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at once procured stays, gown and petticoat for Elizabeth, came up to London, took Elizabeth all the way across London to Euston Square at half-past seven in the evening, put her in charge of a benevolent-looking fat old man, saw that a letter to Geraldine was pinned to her stays and returned home, exhausted, triumphant, yet, as happens often to the devotees of Mudieism, with some secret misgivings. Would the Mudies be happy? Would they thank her for what she had done? A few days later the inevitable bugs appeared in Cheyne Row and were ascribed, with or without reason, to Elizabeth's shawl. What was far worse, Elizabeth herself appeared four months later, having proved herself "wholly inapplicable to any practical purpose", having "sewed a *black* apron with *white* thread" and, on being mildly scolded, having "thrown herself on the kitchen floor and kicked and screamed". "Of course her immediate dismissal is the result." Elizabeth vanished—to sew more black aprons with white thread, to kick and scream and be dismissed—who knows what happened eventually to poor Elizabeth Mudie? She disappears from the world altogether.

Juliet, however, remained. Geraldine made Juliet her charge. She superintended and advised. The first place was unsatisfactory. Geraldine engaged herself to find another. She went off and sat in the hall of a "very stiff old lady" who wanted a maid. The very stiff old lady said that she would want Juliet to clear-starch collars, to iron cuffs and to wash and iron petticoats. Juliet's heart failed her. All this clear-starching and ironing were beyond her. Off went Geraldine again, late in the evening, and saw the old lady's daughter. It was arranged that the petticoats should be "put out" and only the collars and frills left for Juliet to iron. Off went Geraldine and arranged with her own milliner to give her lessons in quilling and trimming. And Mrs. Carlyle wrote to cheer her up and sent her a packet. So it went on, with more places and more bothers and Juliet wrote a novel, which a gentleman praised very highly, and Juliet told Miss Jewsbury that she was annoyed by a gentleman who followed her home from church; but still she was a very nice girl and everybody spoke well of her until the year 1849, when suddenly, without any reason given, silence descends upon the last of the Mudies. It covers, one cannot doubt, another failure. The novel, the stiff old lady, the gentleman, the caps, the petticoats, the clear-starching—what was the cause of her downfall? Nothing is known. "The wretched stalking blockheads," wrote Carlyle, "stalked fatefully, in spite of all that could be done and said, steadily downwards towards perdition and sank altogether out of view." For all her endeavors, Mrs. Carlyle had to admit that Mudieism was always a failure.

But Mudieism had unexpected results. Mudieism brought Jane and Geraldine together again. Jane could not deny that "the fluff of feathers" whom she had served up, as her way was, in many a scornful phrase for Carlyle's amusement had "taken up the matter with an enthusiasm even surpassing my own". She had grit in her as well as fluff. Thus when Geraldine sent her the manuscript of her first novel, *Zoe*, Mrs. Carlyle bestirred herself, and with surprising success, to find a publisher. ("For," she wrote, "what is to become of her when she is old without ties, without purposes?") Chapman and Hall at once agreed to publish the book which, their reader reported, "had taken hold of him with a grasp of iron". The book had been long on the way. Mrs. Carlyle herself had been consulted at various stages of its career. She had read the first sketch "with a feeling little short of *terror!* So much power of genius rushing so recklessly into unknown space". But she had also been deeply impressed. "Geraldine in particular shows herself here a far more profound and daring speculator than ever I had fancied her. I do not believe there is a woman alive at the present day, not even George Sand herself, that could have written some of the best passages in this book . . . but they must not publish it . . . decency forbids!" Mrs. Carlyle complained that there was an indecency or "want of reserve in the spiritual department" which no respectable public could stand. Presumably Geraldine consented to make alterations, though she confessed that she "had no vocation for propriety as such"; the book was re-written; and it ap-

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peared at last in February, 1845. The usual buzz and conflict of opinion at once arose. The least moral people, according to Mrs. Carlyle, were the most shocked. The most moral, like Erasmus Darwin and Arthur Helps, either admired it or said nothing. A prim Scotch Puritan like Miss Wilson owned that though *"avowedly* the book of an audacious *esprit forte* . . . I think it very clever and amusing" while "old and young roués of the Reform Club almost go off into hysterics over—its *indecency"*. The publisher was a little alarmed; but the scandal helped the sale and Geraldine became a lioness.

And now, of course, as one turns the pages of the three little yellowish volumes, one wonders what reason there was for approval or disapproval, what spasm of indignation or admiration scored that pencil mark or bent that leaf, what mysterious emotion pressed violets, now black as ink, between the pages of the love scene. Chapter after chapter glides amiably, fluently past. In a kind of haze we catch glimpses of an illegitimate girl called Zoe; of an enigmatic Roman Catholic priest called Everhard; of a castle in the country; of ladies lying on sky-blue sofas; of gentlemen reading aloud; of girls embroidering hearts in silk. There is a conflagration. There is an embrace in a wood. There is incessant conversation. There is a moment of terrific emotion when the priest exclaims: "Would that I had never been born!" and proceeds to sweep a letter and a parcel into a drawer and all because Zoe has shaken his faith, for the letter had come from the Pope and had asked that he edit a translation of the principal works of the fathers of the first four centuries and the parcel contained a gold chain from the University of Göttingen. But what indecency there was pungent enough to shock the roués of the Reform Club, what genius there was brilliant enough to impress the shrewd intellect of Mrs. Carlyle, it is impossible to guess. Colors that were fresh as roses eighty years ago have faded to a feeble pink; nothing remains of all those keen scents and savors but a faint perfume of faded violets or stale hair oil, we know not which. What miracles, we exclaim, are within the power of a few years to accomplish! But, even as one exclaims, one sees, far away, a trace perhaps of what they meant. The passion, in so far as it issues from the lips of live people, is completely spent. The Zoes, the Clothildes, the Everhards moulder on their perches; nevertheless, there is somebody in the room with them; an irresponsible spirit, a daring and agile woman, if one considers that she is cumbered with crinoline and stays; an absurd sentimental creature, languishing, expatiating, but, for all that, her opinions are still strangely alive. We catch a sentence now and then boldly rapped out, a thought subtly conceived. "How much better to do right without religion!" "Oh! if they really believed all they preach, how would any priest or preacher be able to sleep in his bed!" "Insincerity has crept into the heart of the most sacred things." "Weakness is the only state for which there is no hope." "To love rightly is the highest morality of which mankind is capable." How she hated the "compacted plausible theories of men"! Are women merely to cook, merely to sew? And what is life? For what end was it given us? Such questions, such convictions, still hurtle past the heads of the stuffed figures mouldering on their perches. They are dead but Geraldine Jewsbury herself still survives, independent, courageous, absurd, tripping about Manchester, seeing about a place, interviewing a milliner, chattering, writing page after page without stopping to correct and coming out with her views upon love, morality, religion and the relations of the sexes, whoever may be within hearing.

Some time before the publication of *Zoe*, Mrs. Carlyle had forgotten or overcome her irritation towards Geraldine, partly because she had worked so zealously in the cause of the Mudies, partly also because by Geraldine's painstaking she was "almost over-persuaded back into my old illusion that she has some sort of strange, passionate . . . incomprehensible *attraction* towards me". Not only was she drawn back into correspondence but, after all her vows to the contrary, she again stayed under the same roof with Geraldine, at Seaforth House near Liverpool in July, 1844. Not many days had passed before Mrs. Carlyle's "illusion" about the strength of Geraldine's affection for her was con-

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firmed. One morning there was some slight tiff between them; Geraldine sulked all day; at night Geraldine came to Mrs. Carlyle's bedroom and made a scene which was "a revelation to me not only of Geraldine but of human nature! Such mad, *lover-like* jealousy on the part of one woman towards another it had never entered into my heart to conceive". Mrs. Carlyle was angry and outraged and contemptuous. She saved up a full account of the scene to entertain her husband with. A few days later she turned upon Geraldine in public and set the whole company into fits of laughter by saying: "I wondered she should expect me to behave decently to her after she had for a whole evening been making love before my very face to *another man!*" The trouncing must have been severe, the humiliation painful. But Geraldine was incorrigible. A year later she was again sulking and raging and declaring that she had a right to rage because "she loves me better than all the rest of the world"; and Mrs. Carlyle was getting up and saying, "Geraldine, until you can behave like a gentlewoman . . .", and leaving the room. Again there were tears and apologies and promises of reform.

Yet, though Mrs. Carlyle scolded and jeered, though they were estranged and though for a time they ceased to write to each other, still they always came together again. "There was no quarrelling with the creature," said Mrs. Carlyle. She sat on the floor and rubbed one's feet. She dried her eyes and smoked "a cigarito". There was not an ounce of vanity in her composition. And Geraldine said, though Jane gave her pain "to a degree you would hardly believe that one woman could inflict upon another", though she was insensitive and had no consideration "for the natural effects of things on others", still it was beyond Jane's power to vex or estrange her permanently—"as long as you are in this world the tie exists". So the letters always begin again—long, long letters written sometimes "with a small kitten running up and down my dress", letters full of gossip and stories such as Jane herself loved—how Mrs.——, whose husband used to put her at the top of the stairs and roll her to the bottom, was trying to keep herself from starvation by painting miniatures at two guineas apiece; how poor Mrs. —— had been "salivated in a mistake ! ! ! the surgery boy had made up the wrong prescription and given calomel instead of ipecacuanha! Did you ever? . . ." The vacillations of Geraldine's susceptible heart are traced. The Egyptian had written to her. Q. had hinted but perhaps not altogether made a proposal. Mr. —— had called again. She had bought a shawl. Through it all it is abundantly clear that Geraldine felt that Jane was in every way wiser, better, stronger than she was. She depended on her. She needed Jane to keep her out of scrapes; for Jane never got into scrapes herself. But though Jane was so much wiser and cleverer than anybody else, there were times when the foolish and irresponsible one of the two became the counsellor. Why, she asked, waste your time in mending old clothes? Why not work at something that will really employ your energies? Write, she advised her. Geraldine was convinced that Jane who was so profound, so far-seeing, could write something that would help women in "their very complicated duties and difficulties". She owed a duty to her sex. But, the bold woman proceeded, "Do not go to Mr. Carlyle for sympathy, do not let him dash you with cold water. You must respect your own work and your own motives"—a piece of advice that Jane would have done well to follow, but she was, as a matter of fact, afraid to accept the dedication of Geraldine's new novel, *The Half Sisters*, lest Mr. Carlyle might object. The little creature was in some ways the bolder and the more independent of the two.

She had, moreover, a quality that Jane with all her brilliancy lacked—an element of poetry, a trace of the speculative imagination. She browsed upon old books and copied out romantic passages about the palm trees and cinnamon of Arabia and sent them to lie, incongruously enough, upon the breakfast table in Cheyne Row. Jane's genius, of course, was the very opposite; it was positive, direct and practical. Her imagination concentrated itself upon people. Her letters owe their brilliancy to the hawk-like swoop and descent of her mind upon facts. Nothing

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escapes her. She sees through clear water down to the rocks at the bottom. But the intangible eluded her; she dismissed the poetry of Keats with a sneer; something of the narrowness and something of the prudery of a Scottish country doctor's daughter clung to her. Though infinitely the less masterly, Geraldine was sometimes the broader-minded.

Such sympathies and antipathies bound the two women together with an elasticity that made for permanence. The tie between them could stretch and stretch without breaking. Jane knew the extent of Geraldine's folly; Geraldine had felt the full lash of Jane's tongue. They had learned to tolerate each other. Then, if the "cant of sensibility" raised Jane's fury, nobody rated the truth of feeling more highly than she did. Once, when she was ill and unhappy, she went to stay with Geraldine—Geraldine, the flighty, the gushing, the unpractical. To her surprise she found her house noiseless; she found her arrangements well ordered; she found Geraldine herself quiet and sensible. With her usual generosity she took back all she had ever said against Geraldine. "People who are at ease in Zion—I myself when I have been so to a certain extent—may have found Geraldine very teazing and absurd—but let one be ill—suffering—especially *morbidly* suffering—and then one knows what Geraldine is! All the intelligent sympathy and real practical good that lies in her!" She would be grateful to Geraldine as long as she lived, she said. Naturally they quarrelled again; but their quarrels were different now, as quarrels are that are bound to be made up. When, after her brother's marriage in 1854, Geraldine moved to London, it was to be near Mrs. Carlyle at Mrs. Carlyle's own wish. The woman who in 1843 would never be a friend of hers again was now the most intimate friend she had in the world. She was to lodge two streets off; and perhaps two streets was the right space to put between them. The emotional friendship was full of misunderstandings at a distance; it was intolerably exacting under the same roof. When they lived round the corner, however, their relationship broadened and simplified; and it became a natural intercourse whose ruffles and whose calms were based upon the depths of intimacy. They went about together. They went to hear the *Messiah*. Characteristically, Geraldine wept at the beauty of the music and Jane had much ado to prevent herself from shaking Geraldine and from crying herself at the ugliness of the chorus women. They went to Norwood for a jaunt and Geraldine left a silk handkerchief and an aluminium brooch ("a love token from Mr. Barlow") in the hotel and a new silk parasol in the waiting-room. Also Jane noted with sardonic satisfaction that Geraldine, in an attempt at economy, bought two second class tickets, while the cost of a return ticket, first class, was precisely the same. They traipsed off to Dalston with the dog Nero to celebrate Geraldine's birthday by seeing "a happy woman", Mrs. Carlyle's old servant Eliza. They came home by omnibus and Jane gave Geraldine a "pretty lace collar and a Bohemian glass vase, which is still unbroken". Mrs. Carlyle would tell Geraldine story after story about her childhood—how the turkey-cock had frightened her; how she had made her father teach her Latin; how many men had loved her; how she had reverenced her father. At the mention of his name she would always fall silent. Then she would begin again about Craigenputtock and Carlyle and tell story after story about servant after servant. Nobody told stories as Mrs. Carlyle did. Nobody was so witty, so dramatic or, when the mood took her, showed such penetration, such understanding.

Meanwhile Geraldine lay on the floor and generalized and speculated and tried to formulate some theory of life from her own experience. (Her language was always likely to be strong; she knew that she "sinned against Jane's notions of good taste very often".) How loathsome the position of women was in many ways! How she herself had been crippled and stunted! How her blood boiled in her at the power that men had over women! She would like to kick certain gentlemen—"the lying hypocritical beggars! Well, it's no good swearing—only, I am angry and it eases my mind". She had her own views about women. She did not agree with the ugly clever women who came to Manchester preaching the doctrines of women's

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rights. She did not hold with the professors and the essayists on female education. She thought that their theories and aims were wrong. She thought she could see far off another type of woman arising, a woman something like Jane and herself. "I believe we are touching on better days," she wrote, "when women will have a genuine, normal life of their own to lead. There, perhaps, will not be so many marriages, and women will be taught not to feel their destiny *manqué* if they remain single. They will be able to be friends and companions in a way they cannot be now. . . . Instead of having appearances to attend to, they will be allowed to have their virtues, in any measure which it may please God to send, without being diluted down to the tepid 'rectified spirit' of 'feminine grace' and 'womanly timidity'—in short they will be allowed to make themselves women as men are allowed to make themselves men."

And then her thoughts turned to Jane and herself and to the brilliant gifts—at any rate Jane had brilliant gifts—which had borne so little visible result. Nevertheless, except when she was ill, "I do not think that either you or I are to be called failures. We are indications of a development of womanhood which as yet is not recognised. It has, so far, no ready-made channels to run in, but still we have looked and tried, and found that the present rules for women will not hold us—that something better and stronger is needed. . . . There are women to come after us, who will approach nearer the fullness of the measure of the stature of a woman's nature. I regard myself as a mere faint indication, a rudiment of the idea, of certain higher qualities and possibilities that lie in women, and all the eccentricities and mistakes and miseries and absurdities I have made are only the consequences of an imperfect formation, an immature growth". So she theorized, so she speculated and Mrs. Carlyle listened and laughed and no doubt contradicted. She could have wished that Geraldine were more precise; she could have wished her to moderate her language. Carlyle might come in at any moment and, if there was one creature that Carlyle hated, it was a strong-minded woman of the George Sand species. Yet she could not deny that there was truth in what Geraldine said; she had always thought that Geraldine "was born to spoil a horn or make a spoon". Geraldine was no fool in spite of appearances.

But what Geraldine thought and said, how she spent her mornings, what she did in the long evenings of the London winter—all, in fact, that constituted her life at Markham Square is completely unknown to us. Now, fittingly enough, the bright light of Jane extinguished the paler and more flickering fire of Geraldine. She had no need to write to Jane any more. She was in and out of the house—now writing a letter for Jane because Jane's fingers were swollen, now taking a letter to the post and forgetting, of course, to post it. We hear a crooning domestic sound now and again like the purring of a kitten or the humming of a tea kettle. So the years passed quickly away. On Saturday, the twenty-first of April, 1866, Geraldine was to help Jane with a tea party. She was dressing for the occasion when Mr. Froude suddenly appeared at her house. He had had a message to say that "something had happened to Mrs. Carlyle". Geraldine flung on her cloak. They hastened together to St. George's Hospital. They were taken to a little room. There they saw Mrs. Carlyle beautifully dressed "as if she had sate upon the bed after leaving the brougham, and had fallen back upon it asleep. . . . The brilliant mockery, the sad softness with which the mockery alternated, both were alike gone. The features lay composed in a stern majestic calm . . . (Geraldine) could not speak".

Nor, indeed, can we break that silence. Soon after Jane's death she went to live at Sevenoaks. She lived there alone for twenty-two years. It is said that she lost her vivacity. She wrote no more books. Cancer attacked her and she suffered much. On her death-bed she began tearing up Jane's letters, as Jane had wished, and she had destroyed all but one before she died. Thus, just as her life began in obscurity, so it ends in obscurity. We know her only for a few years in the middle. When we consider how little we know even of those we live with, how much we must guess of the feelings of those we see constantly, it is difficult to persuade ourselves that we can judge Geraldine Jews-

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bury and the true nature of her feeling for Jane Carlyle. Or, if we cherish such an illusion, it is soon destroyed by Geraldine herself. "Oh, my dear," she wrote, "if you and I are drowned, or die, what would become of us if any superior person were to go and write our 'life and errors'? What a precious mess a 'truthful person' would go and make of us, and how very different to what we really are or were!"

The echo of her mockery, ungrammatical, colloquial, reaches us from where she lies in Lady Morgan's vault in the Brompton Cemetery.

Fonte Branda-Siena MABEL PUGH

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THOMAS HARDY

By John Gould Fletcher

The will that none can fathom, beyond awe
Or fear, draws forth swift human hosts, like flame
Petty or vast, perfect or warped with flaw;
And most of them gain little but a name.

Rounded on smooth stone for the rain to wear
And wind to batter down; but some there be,
Who, set aloof, are given power to bear
Testimony to mankind of man's dark mystery.

In words that fret through clay, they have the right
To set the past and present side by side
Identifying all; but not the right
To alter what is ill. Their words abide

As watchers on the path of strife and wrong,
Mute contemplators of our graven hours.
Here one walked slowly, pouring forth stern song
Into our deafened ears. And now that song reflowers.

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SOCKO, WHAMO AND SONK!

The Effect of the Movies (and Talkies) on the English Language

By Wells Root

"SO THE heavy yanks up the rope ladder, and he's got the girl in a spot. She thinks she's alone but when she turns around he's making faces at her through the window. She takes it big. We get a two-shot of them as he goes for her, moving into a close-up as she feels the hot breath on the neck; cut to the boy. He's coming out of the gauze underneath the hut where the heavy slapped him down and wrapped him up. We intercut with shots of girl fighting for her honor and losing. The boy is tied to one of the posts holding up the hut. He hears the girl yelling and pulls the post out by the roots, nearly tearing down the works. Upstairs the heavy has the girl by the neck. The boy's busted loose and starts up another post. He reaches the window, his foot slips. Klunk! We double a stunt man for the fall. Again the boy starts up. This time he makes it. He's inside the room. Socko! The heavy goes into the gauze and we've saved the girl's honor. With the underpinning loose and the three of them up there the hut's weaving.

" 'Darling!' and they go into a clinch. But the heavy comes to, and Whamo! The boy goes down bam. And Sonk! . . ."

This fragment is derived from a motion picture scenario in the making. With enough English added to make it faintly intelligible, it represents the language of Hollywood. A crazy idiom has arisen to express a crazy art. Like most idiom rooted in an isolated and not too ancient activity, it is abrupt and racy. Like many lingual outlaws, a word of it here and there will eventually seep into the language and finally settle down to full-fledged dictionary dignity.

Old timers (those who have been in the picture business more than ten or twelve years) assert that studio slang reached its richest phase in the old days of the comedy lots when Mabel Normand, Gloria Swanson and Charlie Chaplin were flinging pies for Mack Sennett, and English was spoken sparingly. The dignity of wealth and the spectre of the talking picture are in these days encouraging grammar. But the movie writers cling to the older forms, attracted by their brevity and vigor. Nearly every scenario, in its early stages, is a fable in slang.

The fervent fable quoted above is being composed by two, three or more writers in a prosperously furnished office. They are "writing". Writing is more often than not done without pencil, paper or typewriter. It is done faster, possibly better and, certainly, with much less trouble, in conversation. A New York author, recently arrived in Hollywood, was so delighted with this form of creation that he composed, in collaboration, a complete motion picture story, since filmed with great success, without once touching pen to paper until he signed his name to the official document by which he received his thousands for the work. A stenographer sat in constant attendance—the "original manuscript" will be found in her notebooks full of shorthand.

Our collaborators have been working on a South Sea story. After much high adventure they have finally imprisoned our heroine in a native hut on stilts. The research department of the studio has informed them that the natives build huts on stilts to avoid snakes: so they wrote a story in which the villain was killed by a snake. But their producer told them the public would not like the picture. Snakes are not entertainment. Accordingly the snake was out. But the girl stayed in the hut.

The villain arrived first, via the rope lad-

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der, and had the girl "in a spot". This phrase means any dangerous or perplexing situation. It is a simplification of "in a tough spot", a vaudeville expression to indicate one's position on the program; *e.g.*, the comedian who follows Al Jolson on the bill is in trouble, because it is difficult for so many comedians to be funnier than Mr. Jolson.

The "heavy" is our villain. He personifies the "menace", and a story without menace is valueless. Menace threatens the security of our hero and heroine, and their efforts to surmount menace constitute most movie stories. The formula is sound and has been used by generations of playwrights and fiction writers though with rather less of the frank irreverence of the scenarists. Among themselves, this dramatic element is known as the "weenie".

When our heavy glowers at our heroine through the window, she "takes it big". This is one of the commonest of movie phrases. It expresses physical reaction, chiefly facial, to any sudden or surprising, pleasant or unpleasant, twist in the story. It is the silent drama's "Oh, my God!"

A "two-shot" is a scene in which two characters appear. Its use is typical of the mechanical allusions which must appear and reappear in story work. They indicate the action or position of the camera in photographing most effectively each particular bit of action. "Moving in" or "trucking up" means wheeling the camera (on a small rubber tired wagon or "dolly") closer to the characters. The commonest designations, used to indicate the position of the cameras in relation to the characters, are "long shot", "medium shot" and "close-up". "Pan camera" means to move the camera around to another portion of the scene without "cutting", *i.e.*, jumping abruptly from one to the other. A "dissolve" indicates that one scene fades into the next. "Fade out", of course, means the scene fades to blackness.

Our authors have cut to the boy. They left him under the hut, knocked unconscious by the heavy and bound to one of the supporting stilts. One of the most outlandish phrases in the Hollywood jargon is used to describe the receipt of a knockout blow. A character thus hit "goes into the gauze". Our boy is reviving, coming out of the gauze. In breaking his bonds he uproots one of the stilts and climbs up to the window where, to prolong the suspense, he falls heavily or "klunk". For this fall a "stunt man" is "doubled" or substituted. In this case the fall of perhaps fifteen feet might injure the hero and cost the company much money in production delay.

Climbing up again, the hero enters the hut, and "socko". This is the quickest way of saying he punches the villain in the jaw. The heavy goes into the gauze but the hut, weakened when the hero pulled out one supporting stilt by the roots, is "weaving", *i.e.*, swaying dangerously. The villain recovers consciousness, and "whamo". "Whamo" is the inevitable corollary of socko. It means that the character first hit comes back and returns the blow in kind. The force of the blow throws the hero "bam", against the floor of the swaying hut, and "sonk!" Sonk indicates that the whole hut collapses.

Words, however, cannot accurately paint this tableau. Actually the author would explain much less and indicate much more in pantomime. Writers act their stories as they tell them because movie stories are narratives in action, not in words. When spoken conversation is vitally necessary to the plot the writer will sometimes detail it, but usually he slides over it in this manner: ". . and the boy says to the heavy, 'If you slap my mother I'll blah-blah-blah' ". His collaborators, knowing the context, realize the boy has threatened to send the villain to Siberia.

It must not be inferred, however, that writers have any monopoly on the industrial slang. The less heavily stuffed actors, directors, script girls, camera crew, press agents and the rest circulate the colorful locutions. Electricians on the set are "juicers"; the head electrician is the "gaffer". Stage hands are "grips". A "gobo" or "nigger" is a black screen arranged to reduce light on any part of the set. A "smoke pot" is a device to make smoke clouds in fire scenes. "Running out of putty" means exhausting the film in the camera. A "salamander" is a portable coke stove on the set when a company is shooting at night.

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A "quickie" is a picture cheaply and swiftly made. It is usually filmed on "Poverty Row", where the small independents struggle for existence. A "trailer" is a very brief film shown at many theatres to advertise the high lights of next week's picture. A cowboy picture is a "western" or a "horse opera". A "straight back" is the man who can fall straight over backwards without doubling to break the shock. A "bump artist" is a man with some acting ability who can also take falls. A "wire man" is a mechanic who conceives and executes strange effects whereby actors and objects defy gravity, etc. A "108" is a fall backwards with artistic trimmings. "Breakaway" is an adjective attached to any object made of special material light enough to break easily without hurting the person hit, such as a vase or lamp. "Get the magoo" means to be hit in the face with a custard pie.

Among the most interesting and even pathetic characters on the lots are the "stand-ins". Every star of importance has a stand-in who is similar in size and appearance. During the interminable delays while scenes are being arranged and rehearsed for lighting and group effects, the stand-in replaces the star, lest the latter be wearied by drudgery. Having gone through all the motions the stand-in retires in the star's favor a moment before the camera starts.

Most universal of all movie slang is the word "gag". Practically everything in California is a gag from the purple bungalows to Chaplin's trousers. It is most precisely used to mean a twist or unusual situation in a picture. An actor's piece of business is also a gag. A funny subtitle is "a good gag"; likewise, any affectation, as, "Her English accent. It's only a gag". In Hollywood conversations the word occurs about as often as the definite article.

The "main title" is the name of the picture, to distinguish it from the "titles" ("subtitles") which are strung through to clarify the action. A "narrative title" explains atmosphere or circumstances which cannot conveniently be photographed. It may also indicate time-lapses of which the patron saint is, "Came the Dawn". When the main title of a picture is not determined upon, any convenient substitute is used. This substitute is called the "working title". When Eleanor Boardman's baby was born a congratulating friend asked the infant's name. "We haven't named it," replied Miss Boardman, "but its working title is Mike."

There are many others, including names for highly technical matters which would have to be explained at length. Talking pictures already have the beginning of an argot all their own. A "play-back" is the phonographic reproduction of the lines of a scene. The mechanic who regulates the volume of sound is a "mixer". Speeches are not "lines" as in the theatre, but "titles". Dialogue writers have been called "dialogians", somewhat to their annoyance. The consternation of novices facing the microphone is known as "mike fever".

Like any language, the film vocabulary is increasing, constantly changing. A new phrase sweeps across the studios as swiftly as it does across Broadway or a college campus. But motion picture people do not rely solely on their own inventions for their native eloquence. They get a good deal of swearing done in Hollywood.

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MRS. WOOLF AND MR. STRACHEY

By Raymond Mortimer

CERTAINLY *Elizabeth and Essex* and *Orlando* were the two most remarkable English books of the autumn season, and the magnificently generous reception that they have had in the United States tempts me to put down a few notes on the background of each, the soil from which they have flowered. Both Mrs. Woolf and Mr. Strachey are firebrands: she has revolutionized fiction and he, biography. That is to say, the Galsworthy type of novel now looks as quaint and old-fashioned as a Victorian problem-picture, while the "Life and Letters" biography, written by lamenting widows or hypocritical disciples, excites only our amusement. The old biographers left out too much, the novelists put in too much. Mrs. Woolf and Mr. Strachey have each set a new norm. Certainly, their influence will continue for a long time: neither the novel nor the biography will ever be the same again. Yet so individual are their talents that any literal imitation of them can only be disastrous. Already we are being snowed under by biographies whose authors attempt to compensate for their lack of scholarship by cheap sneers, undergraduate epigrams and picturesque inventions. And soon some young lady is sure to caricature Mrs. Woolf's methods just as Mr. Guedalla has caricatured Mr. Strachey's. The techniques of both *Mrs. Dalloway* and *Eminent Victorians* demand consummate tact. Like most successful makers of revolution, Mrs. Woolf and Mr. Strachey are unlikely to found a dynasty.

Furthermore, unlike a Cromwell or a Napoleon, they certainly have no wish to do so, since they are revolutionaries by chance. They are artists; that is to say, individualists. Essentially, each is the culminating product of a long tradition. Like Aldous Huxley and unlike D. H. Lawrence, they spring from the center of Nineteenth Century English culture. Mrs. Woolf is a daughter of the late Sir Leslie Stephen, editor of the Dictionary of National Biography and the author of a number of scholarly and toughly reasoned books. Her father's first wife was a daughter of Thackeray. Mr. Strachey's family has administered tracts of India for generations. Mrs. Woolf and Mr. Strachey are related to half the most scholarly families in England, Darwins and Maitlands and Symondses; they are even related to each other. The weapons they have turned on the Victorians were forged in Victorian homes. The integrity which made Leslie Stephen give up his living as a parson on intellectual grounds is repeated in another form in his daughter's novels. The mastery of a mass of detail, the solid and admirably proportioned architecture of Mr. Strachey's books are an inheritance from generations of civil servants. The Victorian iconoclasts were so taken up with attacking established religions that they never scrutinized established morals. They were, indeed, Puritans of a very grim order, enormously anxious to show that the destruction of Christian dogma did not entail any weakening of Christian morals. In this they were illogical and, in the persons of their descendants, they are now completing their task. Never were novels less propagandist, less *romans à thèse,* than those of Mrs. Woolf. But the ethic implicit in them, and in Mr. Strachey's book, is a pagan ethic. Similarly Mr. Huxley shocks the conventional by trying to apply to personal morals that hard light of reason with which his grandfather illuminated biology and religion. Mr. Aldous Huxley, however, remains a preacher, though his creed is different from his grandfather's. Mrs. Woolf and Mr. Strachey, on the other hand, remain fastidious and remote.

Look for a moment at their two careers. Mr. Strachey's first book was a hand-book to French Literature, written for the Home University Library. Already his tastes are classical. He writes admirably of Racine

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and La Bruyère and, if I remember, neither Gérard de Nerval nor Rimbaud is even mentioned. The next book was *Eminent Victorians,* and I believe it was thought that no publisher would undertake it. This now seems incredible; but our irreverence is a more recent growth than we remember. However, the book was published, and not at the author's expense. Its success was as great as it was unexpected. And rightly. Not only did Mr. Strachey show wit, learning and a genius for narrative, but the book was constructive. Florence Nightingale had been a plaster saint; she became a woman. It was suddenly realized that whitewash upon heroic figures was not an embellishment. In *Queen Victoria* the richness of Mr. Strachey's sympathy became apparent. Those who had been appalled by his treatment of Gordon and Arnold feared that the Queen would be set up as an Aunt Sally for his irony. Perhaps Mr. Strachey thought so himself when he began the book. But by the end of it he had obviously become subjugated by his subject. He was almost in love with the Queen.

In *Elizabeth and Essex* he emerges as at heart a romantic. Bacon, perhaps the most odious great man in English history, is slowly roasted with the old skill in irony; the unlovely piety of Philip II is exposed in the familiar fashion. Elizabeth and Essex, however, remain heroic. There is no whitewash on their statues, but neither are there droppings. Indeed, the Queen's inability to make a decision is exalted into a genius for the policy of delay, and her unhappy appetites are ennobled with similitudes from Greek mythology. Essex's folly is almost forgotten for his gallantry and handsome airs. Mr. Strachey once wrote a play about the Dowager Empress of China—he evidently is fascinated by the tyrannical vagaries of old women. It was not a good play, because he had not mastered dramatic technique. But it was picturesque and tragic. In his last book he is still surreptitiously prowling around the theatre. The story is conceived as a drama; it could be divided into acts. And the sequence of scenes is arranged with the art of a dramatist. Moreover, when at Cambridge Mr. Strachey wrote poems. (I have seen one or two in an old undergraduate publication: they anticipated the manner of Rupert Brooke.) In many young men such versifying is merely a phenomenon of adolescence but in Mr. Strachey I think it was something more. You remember how, in one of his essays, he describes himself chanting out loud the sumptuous prose of Sir Thomas Browne to the empty courts of Cambridge. (I nearly said quadrangles, but at Cambridge they call them courts.) Mr. Strachey is a fine historian, because he is both a scholar and an architect. But if he is a historian, it is because history appeals to the poet and the dramatist within him.

Born in the '80s and a lover of language, Mr. Strachey would be a monstrosity if he were deaf to the music of the romantic poet. His essays on Blake and Beddoes show that he is not. But how antipathetic he finds their spirit. Emotionally he is a romantic, intellectually a classic. He adores the picturesque, but it is the picturesque of situation and character. He feels on the side of Shakespeare, he thinks with Voltaire. Indeed, his scepticism is of an oddly *simpliste* and Eighteenth Century order. He treats religious experience as something patently ridiculous. And I suspect that he has as little respect for Freud as for Saint Theresa or Cagliostro. He is as remote from the new superstitions of science as from the old superstitions of religion. His landscape of the universe is still obviously ordered in parterres, mossy statues of unbelieved-in gods adorn the vistas and, if a rivulet meanders in the middle distance, its disorderliness is only apparent, a contrivance arranged to meet the taste of the age. People nowadays like an Einstein and an Eddington as their ancestors liked a Kent and a Capability Brown.

Mr. Strachey's style reflects this attitude. Sir Joshua Reynolds, in one of his Discourses, insisted that drapery should not be represented as silk or cloth or velvet, but just as drapery. Mr. Strachey writes, as Sir Joshua painted, in the grand manner. Sonorous epithets and Gibbonian polysyllables reverberate through his pages. His style is full of metaphors, but they are almost always intended to convey not an image but an idea. He will make the most ingenious use of the

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vocabulary of military architecture to describe the delicate matter of Queen Elizabeth's sexual life. But we never visualize beetling ramparts and silhouetted bastions. It would deflect our attention, if we did. The beauty of Mr. Strachey's writing lies in the neatness with which he conveys his meaning, not in the actual texture of his style. He frequently uses the most exhausted *clichés* as the simplest instruments at hand to communicate a fact. It is in the relationship of a whole congeries of facts that he is interested and, in his eagerness to expose this, he is inclined to let his words lose their independent life. His greatest admirers, I think, might wish he would practise a greater nicety in this matter. To judge of his trustworthiness as a historian, one needs to be a historian oneself. Where he errs, if he does, it is deliberately. (There is said to be no foundation for his statement that Dr. Arnold's legs were rather too short for his body.) If a historian is an artist at all, that is to say, if he is a historian and not a chronicler, he must sometimes distort his material. The important thing is that this should be done consciously and not from mere incompetence. Sometimes I think Mr. Strachey's taste for the picturesque runs away with him. In *Elizabeth and Essex,* for instance, he describes the end of Bacon, "an old man, shattered, alone, on Highgate Hill, stuffing a dead fowl with snow". This is true. But Mr. Strachey carefully omits to add that the old man was making a scientific experiment in the technique of cold storage. Bacon, who sacrificed everything, the lives of his friends, his rectitude and his intellectual principles, to his advancement, died a martyr to science. Mr. Strachey prefers to insinuate that the gods punished him with the end of Lear.

Now, let us look for a minute at Mrs. Woolf's books. Her first novel, *The Voyage Out,* was written, I believe, when she was only twenty-four, but it was some years before it was published in a revised form. It is fairly traditional, technically, and resembles more than anything the novels of Mr. E. M. Forster. (He is an old and intimate friend of Mrs. Woolf.) But already essential qualities destined to branch exuberantly out in her work are here in bud—a runaway imagination and a hypertrophied sensibility to the variety and simultaneousness of human life. Thus, the scene of the book is in South America where she had never been, and one of the most remarkable chapters describes a hotel and specifies, moreover, what each of its inhabitants from attic to basement is doing and feeling and thinking at a particular moment. Her next book, *Night and Day,* is a failure, as if Matisse had tried to paint a still life in the style of de Heem. In a sense it can be taken as a protest against the heavy atmosphere of reverent culture in which the author had been educated. (There is a story that she and her sister Vanessa Bell, the painter, were brought up never to speak unless they had something to say.) But the chief point of the book is that it was a serious attempt to adapt her mind to the exigencies of the academic novel. Meanwhile, she was writing front-page articles for the dignified *Times Literary Supplement,* reading deeply, widely, passionately and learning Greek—she was never at a university. She married Leonard Woolf, who had been a civil servant in Ceylon and who was now writing on co-operation in industry and on economic imperialism.

Mr. and Mrs. Woolf started a press and an early publication was a little book called *Monday or Tuesday.* It was illustrated with wood cuts by Vanessa Bell, the ink of which came off on the text opposite; for it was printed in the most amateur way, I presume by the author and her husband. But it was the *Quatorze Juillet* of the Edwardian novel. In one story Mrs. Woolf looks at a mark on the wall of a room, in another at a woman in a railway carriage and in each case she unleashes her imagination and creates a history. With *Monday or Tuesday* she emerged definitely with the liveliest imagination and most delicate style of her time. But these were only sketches. *Jacob's Room* was the first full-size canvas. It is the life of a man told by the effect he has on the persons and objects with which he comes into contact—a sort of detective story in which the particularities of the protagonist are deduced from the tracks he has left in the snow. There is no plot. *Mrs. Dalloway* is an even more gallant and

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successful experiment. We follow two persons, a fashionable hostess and a melancholic clerk, through their day. A word is given to every person they see—I think about one hundred and fifty are actually given names—and, though the two never meet, we perceive at the end that they are the obverse and reverse of a single soul. Technically, this is Mrs. Woolf's most remarkable novel. But *To the Lighthouse* is probably her best. Here, for the first time, some of the characters become solid, particularly the old man, in whom one may fancy one recognizes the nobly eminent features of Sir Leslie Stephen himself. And in a transitional passage of extraordinary virtuosity, time passes. It is as if each book contained the seed of its successor—Mrs. Woolf's work is a dynasty, interrupted by one pretender. For in *Orlando* time keeps passing. We are swept from Queen Elizabeth to 1928.

The first thing to say about the book is that it is a lark. The preface is a parody of prefaces and the whole book is written in tearing high spirits. The style modulates, sings tunes by Sterne, by Browne, by Emily Brontë, by De Quincey, yet remains individual to Mrs. Woolf. Sometimes it even breaks into verse; look at page 270 in the American edition and strip the typographical disguise.

> Let us go, then exploring,
> This summer morning
> When all are adoring
> The plum blossom and the bee.
> And humming and hawing,
> Let us ask of the starling
> (Who is a more sociable
> Bird than the lark,)
> What he may think
> On the brink
> Of the dust bin
> Where he picks
> Among the sticks
> Combings of scullions' hair.

The book is listed as biography. And it is no secret that *Orlando* is a portrait of Mrs. Harold Nicolson, who writes under her unmarried name, V. Sackville-West. The book includes not only a quotation from her poem, *The Land,* but photographs of her as well as of the ancestors from which she shows herself so evidently descended.

The rich historical background of the Sackvilles has awakened a thousand associations in Mrs. Woolf's mind. For Knole, their house that is like a town, is English history made visible in stone and velvets and silver. A race of poets, these Sackvilles, who are patrons when they are not writers. (The first English tragedy, *Gorboduc,* was the work of one of them.) The accretion of generations which you find at Knole is something peculiarly English. One Sackville flaunted an Italian mistress in the face of Europe, another a Spanish dancer, but more characteristic is the fact that a third, at Harrow, was Byron's fag. Knole has a high banqueting hall, paved with stone, in the medieval way. Van Dycks hang upon its panelled walls, but there is a singular lack of pomp about the house. The rooms are not grandiose or in the Italian taste, like those of Blenheim. A parvenu like Marlborough might astonish Europe with his splendors and call his house, with good reason, a palace. The Sackvilles lay perdu among their ancient trees, in their rambling and interminable labyrinth of sober stone, the ladies working at their tapestry, the men talking to Dryden or Reynolds.

Vast, yet unostentatious, sumptuous yet never brilliant, fortified yet marvellously peaceful, Knole is not a palace. It is just Knole and Orlando is an embodiment of this proud tranquillity, at once a house and a person. The present heir, a first cousin of Mrs. Nicolson, Edward Sackville-West, is also a writer with a fantastic imagination and a deliciously personal sense of comedy. His last novel, *Mandrake Over the Water Carrier,* is a most brilliant affair and in *The Ruin* he has fine descriptions of Knole. But it is in *The Land,* placid and slow moving as a deep river, that we find the literary counterpart of this ancient house. And the author of *The Land* is Orlando. The portrait Mrs. Woolf has given of her must be judged as a painting, not as a likeness. Perhaps it should be put on record that the likeness is remarkable. But not, of course, photographic. Mrs. Woolf is always free and easy with her facts. She will take Claridge's out of Brook Street and place it in Piccadilly. She will look through the club windows in St. James's Street and

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see the old gentlemen sitting at tables with soda-water siphons by them, when a London club is one place where a siphon is never to be seen. And *Orlando* is full of anachronisms. Old St. Paul's is given a dome and dahlias flower in England in the Seventeenth Century; but, then, does she not deliberately make the mountains of Wales, the spires of London, and the sea, all visible from one point? Mrs. Woolf believes in the imagination. She takes a glance at the world. The horses of her fancy bolt and she throws the reins over their heads. Literature is not an imitation of life, it is another life.

I was reading the other day the enchanting letters of Lady Ritchie, who was Thackeray's daughter and a sister-in-law of Sir Leslie Stephen. (Her books, I may say, are very well worth reading.) And I came on this passage: "Except the statues, all the things I tell you aren't the things I specially like, which are just the odds and ends which I forget again as I drive by. There was the King of Naples yesterday, there was an onion shop—there was a little marble seat in the corner of a palace where we sat—a dab of blue through a door—and a girl whirling her arm".

Just such odds and ends provide much of the material which Mrs. Woolf orders into a significant relationship by the rhythm of her prose. From the first, she has been in love with life. Everything excites her, beggars and duchesses, snowflakes and dolphins. She cuts a wall from a house, like the men you see demolishing with pickaxes, and the old wall-papers show, with marks where the pictures have been, and the bed. At once it is peopled with all the odd varieties of human fauna. I do not know what writer has ever had this Midas touch so developed—every object she touches becomes iridescent, every word she uses is alive and pulling like a trout on a line.

The resulting texture is so dazzling that some readers turn away from Mrs. Woolf's work; its virtuosity blinds them to its integrity. To others it seems literally too exquisite; they fancy they smell the lamp, where I can perceive only a delicate flavor of scholarship. Evidently the style is the result of years of experience. We can see it developing as we follow the chronological order of her works. But this long apprenticeship has left her a complete mistress of her medium. Her line, like a great painter's, is now spontaneously artful. When she scribbles a note to her bank, we may be sure it is in individual and prismatic sentences. The outcome of her long schooling is a style which follows with marvellous closeness the rhythm of her speech. It is, therefore, a natural style in the fullest sense, that is, not the ready-to-wear stuff which is the easiest to come by, but a vesture exactly fitting her in every idiosyncrasy. I know only one other person whose writing and whose talk are so closely related, and that is Jean Cocteau. Neither he nor Mrs. Woolf talks like a book; but their books talk like a person. Incidentally, among the people I know, whose company is a delight, I consider these two in a class apart.

I should like to end this article by showing what it is that Mrs. Woolf and Mr. Strachey have in common. But I do not know how, not because it is non-existent, but because it is indefinable. In a sense the pictures of Botticelli and Pontormo are profoundly different, yet put them by the side of Venetian or Sienese pictures and their kinship becomes obvious. So it is with the authors of *To the Lighthouse* and *Queen Victoria*. One book is fiction, the other biography. In style they are a world apart but in mind the authors have this mysterious quality in common which we do not find in Wells or Bennett or Lawrence. It has some relation to a voice that is never too loud, a scepticism that remains polite, a learning that is never paraded and a disregard, that never becomes insulting, for the public taste. It is a quality of inherited culture. Genius and taste can only come to terms by something approaching a miracle. In these two writers this miracle is accomplished.

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"BOLSHEVIKS", OLD STYLE

By Harold D. Carew

THE decade is 1840, and summer has come again in New England. Puritan Boston, hoop-skirted and bewhiskered, stirs uncomfortably and lifts its brow at the news of the goings-on in West Roxbury. Ministers in their pulpits, praying for the safety of the government at Washington, are reminded of graver dangers nearer home. The younger generation is going to the devil, constituted authority is being flouted, old forms and ceremonies are being swept into the discard, metaphysical storms are rocking the churches and, with this latest manifestation, a communistic colony known as Brook Farm, it appears that the foundations of the Republic are being undermined.

John Quincy Adams knows who is responsible. "A young man named Ralph Waldo Emerson," he confides to the conformists, "a son of my once-loved friend, William Emerson, and a classmate of my lamented son George, after failing in the every-day avocations of a Unitarian preacher and schoolmaster, starts a new doctrine of Transcendentalism, declares all the old revelations superannuated and worn out and announces the approach of new revelations."

Concord has been harboring a nest of radicals these five years. "Dangerous" radicals, if you please! The whole town, in fact, is becoming a hotbed of radicalism. All the crackbrains in Christendom have worn a path to Emerson's door on the Boston turnpike beyond the village. And now the danger is spreading! A renegade preacher named George Ripley has purchased a West Roxbury farm for $10,500 and is running a colony where everybody lives together!

Boston cannot understand the newfangled notions of these half-baked men and women. Nor does it bother its collective head to learn what these notions really are. Conservatism never troubles itself to understand what it does not wish to know. In want of a better explanation, the whole crowd is a "little queer". The revolution in religion known as Unitarianism has divided the traditional church of New England and this, no doubt, is at the bottom of the trouble. In politics, no less than in economics and religion, startling new theories are being advanced, and even the philosophical and literary controversies of Europe are being imported to these shores. (Spinoza, Goethe, Schleiermacher, Manzoni: foreigners, every one of them, evil forces bent upon destroying American ideals, so Boston thinks!) Ripley's scheme, the conservatives hear, is "to insure a more natural union between intellectual and manual labor and to combine the thinker and the worker in the same individual". A revolutionary doctrine aimed at the overthrow of society; a "dangerous" experiment under the beguiling name, "The Institute of Agriculture and Education", whose purpose, as Ripley sets it forth, is "to guarantee the highest mental freedom by providing all with labor adapted to their tastes and talents and securing to them the fruits of their industry . . . and thus to prepare a society of liberal, intelligent, and cultivated persons whose relations with each other would permit a more wholesome and simple life than can be led amidst the pressure of our competitive institutions".

The doings of the Transcendental Club, organized in 1836 by a crowd of cranks and fanatics! Now conservative Boston understands. Boring from within! A peculiar set, these Transcendentalists. Even the name doesn't sound 100 percent American. What do they mean by Transcendental, anyhow? Something mysterious there! And now this latest plausible rascality (it is Adams speaking again) for the bubbling cauldron of discontent!

Although only a few members of the Transcendental Club become financially interested in Ripley's plan, all of them watch its course and are frequent visitors at the

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farm. There is Theodore Parker, with his pudgy nose and classic forehead, trudging across-lots of a Sunday afternoon from his little vine-covered cottage a good two miles away. Parker, so they say in conservative Boston, is another of those damned agitators. Instead of preaching about the glories of the hereafter, he's poking his ecclesiastic nose into secular affairs. What does he know about secular affairs, anyhow? What concern of his is it that slavery exists? Let the Congress be entrusted with purely political matters.

He's an odd stick, this Parker. He doesn't believe in a literal hell, nor in infant damnation. He has a freakish idea that the dignity of character in men low in the social scale deserves to be celebrated. Why, only the other day he was saying, "As much freedom as you shut out, so much falsehood do you shut in. . . . If the church be true, many things which are gainful in the street and expedient in the senate-house will here be set down as wrong. . . . If there be a public sin in the land, if a lie invade the state, it is for the church to give the alarm; it is here that it may war on lies and sin. . . . Here let no false idea or false action of the public go without exposure or rebuke".

There's a peculiar notion: that the church should concern itself with politics. These sermons of his sound suspiciously heretical. The money-changers in Milk Street, the solid business men in Richmond Street and the Revere House politicians frown upon Parker's silly belief that every political wrong is a moral wrong and that every moral wrong ought to be regarded as a legal wrong. Parker must be a little "queer".

Through his veins flows the cantankerous blood of Captain John Parker of Lexington, who uttered that historic command on the morning of April 19, 1775: "Don't fire unless fired upon; but if they mean to have a war, let it begin here!" Theodore has inherited the ancestral chip from his grandfather and is wearing it as a coat-of-arms. The musket old John carried on Lexington Green is hanging in Theodore's West Roxbury study and at times it seems as though he intends to start a private war of his own against the slave-owners. A pity it is that he is throwing away a brilliant life. There's the Rev. Hubbard Winslow who finds scriptural sanction for Negro slavery and says that no man under a republican government has a right to promulgate any opinion but such as "a majority of the brotherhood would allow and protect". Why does not Parker emulate Brother Winslow and earn eminent respectability?

A little while ago—to be exact, on July 15, 1838—Parker went over to Cambridge to hear Emerson's address to the graduating class of the Divinity School. It was a theological bombshell hurled into the seat of Calvinism. The church, with its outworn creeds and customs and authority, Emerson said, is tottering to a fall. If it survive, it must have more faith in man's divinity and lay aside its ancient forms and rituals. Old Professor Andrews Norton had furnished the counterblast: "No clergy will be supported among us to teach Transcendentalism, infidelity and pantheism. The latest form of infidelity is distinguished by assuming the Christian name, while it strikes directly at the root of faith in Christianity, and indirectly at all religion, by denying the miracles attesting the divine mission of Christ".

A year earlier Emerson had kicked up another row. It was Phi Beta Kappa day at Harvard, August 31, 1837, and he had been chosen to deliver the address. All the Boston radicals and agitators were on hand to see the fireworks. There was Wendell Phillips, along with James Freeman Clarke, Christopher Pearse Cranch and Ripley, and they had brought along that noisy printer, Garrison, who has been raising ructions against slavery these seven years. The conservatives had had their doubts and misgivings when they saw that "Boston clique" file into old Christ Church, where the meeting was held. The President and Fellows, bowed down by years of Wisdom, were in the front pews. Andrews Norton was also there, a little sceptical, seated among the defenders of Orthodoxy. And Professor Henry Ware, Senior—the same Henry Ware who had been Emerson's teacher in the Divinity School—he, too, was a little doubtful as he recalled the rather muddled mess Emerson had made of his theological studies. And now this

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opinionated young man, who has written a book entitled *Nature,* was about to challenge his elders! What would he say? The subject was decorous enough—had, in fact, been used before by long-winded gentlemen who had had nothing in particular to talk about.

As he trudges across the meadows of West Roxbury, Parker is thinking of that memorable day in Cambridge. It was insufferably hot, he remembers, and he had had a tempting desire to remove his coat and sit in his shirt-sleeves. Henry Thoreau, standing in the doorway, had, indeed, done so; but Henry is always up to such tricks and didn't mind in the least the frowning brows of the Omniscient. He was through with college, anyhow, and would have been rowing lazily on Concord River if anybody but Emerson had been announced as the speaker. Catch Henry coming down from Concord to listen to the theological wheezings of an old fogey half-awake and half-asleep! Henry knew that Emerson would say something worth hearing. And of all the places in the world to say it! How the Calvinistic tongues would wag in Cambridge!

Parker is recalling now how Thoreau gave him a sly wink when Emerson got up to speak. Everybody who knew Emerson, it seemed, had come to hear him. What was it Shakespeare said? "There is a tide in the affairs of men . . ." Emerson was taking it at its flood and letting the fortune go. It was enough to give those theological mossbacks a piece of his mind.

Parker remembers now how he leaned forward to catch what was being said. He had hoped that that old Pharisee, Hubbard Winslow, was there to get an earful.

"This age of revolution in which we are living is a good age," Emerson was saying. "Accept it: embrace the common, the familiar, the low. Burns and Wordsworth and Carlyle are right. Give me insight into today, and you may have the antique and future worlds."

The stuffy old edifice, even with its windows open, was surcharged with heat. Parker noted the furtive glances that passed through Orthodoxy Row and pinched himself to make sure he wasn't dreaming. But now Emerson was sweeping along like a mighty torrent:

> We have listened too long to the courtly muses of Europe. The spirit of the American freeman is already suspected to be timid, imitative, tame; public and private avarice make the air we breathe thick and fat. The scholar is decent, indolent, complaisant. See already the tragic consequences. The mind of this country, taught to aim at low objects, eats upon itself. There is no work for any but the decorous and complaisant. Young men of the fairest promise . . . are hindered from action by the disgust which the principles on which business is managed inspire, and turn drudges, or die of disgust, some of them suicides. . . . Is it not the chief disgrace in the world not to be an unit;—not to be reckoned one character;—not to yield that peculiar fruit which each man was created to bear, but to be reckoned in the gross, in the hundred, or thousand, of the party, the section to which we belong; and our opinion predicted geographically, as the north, or the south? Not so, brothers . . . ours shall not be so. We will walk on our own feet; we will work with our own hands; we will speak our own minds. The study of letters shall no longer be a name for pity, for doubt, and for sensual indulgence.

A tempest of scorn and rebuke has rent the theological heavens since that day, but Emerson has stood serene amid the storm. As he walks through woodlands and pastures, Parker is thinking of these stirring words—of this call to a new and conscious democracy for the scholar. Is not Brook Farm such an experiment as Emerson pleaded for—the individual and freedom instead of the herd and mass thinking? Here, at least, is the germ of the commonwealth that men have dreamed of: the brotherhood in which all will ultimately find their happiness in work and study.

II

There are no regular study periods at Brook Farm. The educational policy permits the greatest freedom between teachers and students, who work together in tilling and cultivating the land. The baker, the carpenter, the gardener, the printer, all have their tasks, to be varied at will by study and

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recreation. Ripley teaches philosophy and mathematics, Charles A. Dana, Greek and German, George P. Bradford, literature and John Sullivan Dwight, Latin and music. Every kind of person is there, "the ripest scholars, men and women of the most aesthetic culture and accomplishment, young farmers, seamstresses, mechanics, preachers —the industrious, the lazy, the conceited, the sentimental".

Emerson drives out from Boston. He sees Brook Farm's impossible side, its ridiculous side; still he gives this experiment in communion his blessing. But mere community living, he thinks, will not solve men's economic problems. "The true union of men," he says, "must be inward and not one of covenants. I have failed and you have failed, but perhaps together we shall not fail. Our housekeeping is not satisfactory to us; but perhaps a phalanx, a community might be." It is not with communities that reforms must commence but with individuals. Man must first trust himself and learn to understand the laws of his own nature.

Hawthorne, shy and retiring, and now out of a job as weigher and gauger in the Boston Custom House, falls in wholeheartedly with Ripley's plan. But is his enthusiasm as wholehearted as one might suppose? At best it is only the enthusiasm of a man looking for work and hoping that he will find it. He is engaged to be married—has been for two years and his financial prospects are not so good now as when he plighted his troth with Sophia Peabody. In a casual way he has been interested in the community idea, having heard it praised in the Boston bookshop of the Peabodys in West Street, where *The Dial* is published. He has saved a thousand dollars and is willing to buy stock in Brook Farm, but he is no reformer. Indeed, no man is less interested in social, political and religious movements. He arrives in an April snowstorm (just such a snowstorm as he is to narrate in *The Blithedale Romance*) and he comes with no idea that the millennium is approaching. The truth is, he hopes the community will provide cottages for those who want them. In a manner of thinking, Hawthorne likes the notion of combining manual and intellectual labor but, if the truth were known, the theory is promulgated only for purposes of dissimulation. There is a consideration far more vital. By investing what little he has, he will be paid a share out of the earnings of the colony. With this and the cottage, Hawthorne's problem of supporting a wife has been partly solved.

Summer days, he sounds the horn at daybreak, milks the cows, mows hay, hoes potatoes and engages himself generally around the barn. Occasionally of an evening he sits in the great living room, a newspaper before his face, to observe, without too much apparent concern, those who come and go, his attitude, "that of a witness and hearer rather than of comradeship", says Sophia, who drives out to visit him.

"This is one of the most beautiful places I ever saw in my life," he writes his sister Louisa, "and as secluded as if it were a hundred miles from any city or village." Yet Hawthorne never fully enters into the life of the place; he is always a little apart, made so, perhaps, by the austere Puritan inhibitions which are to dog his steps all his years. Always the Puritan in him is at war with the spirit of rebellion which is in the air; but always the conformist triumphs over those influences which would make him a dissenter. Mean and narrowing as it is, conformity has its compensations: it makes him acceptable to the conventionalists who fear that the roof will fall in if you sweep off the cobwebs and, much as he loathes the crude ways of business, Hawthorne wants to be thought conventional. In his Custom House days he yearned to be away from the steaming docks and "the addle-pated, stubborn, contentious men with whom I brawl from morning till night", but he learns that his life is "only a burden in the same way that it is to every toilsome man", and he writes in his notebook: "Henceforth forever I shall be entitled to call the sons of toil my brethren, and shall know how to sympathize with them, seeing that I likewise have risen with the dawn and borne the fervor of the midday sun, nor turned my weary footsteps homeward till eventide".

Wielding a pitchfork in the barnyard for six weeks cures Hawthorne of whatever as-

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pirations he may have had of becoming a student-farmer. "That abominable gold-mine," he writes in despair. "Thank God, we anticipate getting rid of its treasures in the course of two or three days! Of all the hateful places, that is the worst. . . It is my opinion that a man's soul may be buried and perish under a dung-heap, or in a furrow of the field, just as well as under a pile of money. . . Oh, labor is the curse of the world, and nobody can meddle with it without becoming proportionately brutified." Hawthorne, if the truth were known, is constitutionally lazy; but Brook Farm is a place where a man may be lazy without losing caste. Here, at least, he is safe from Convention. What private or public Utopia could be better than this?

In this paradise of dreams Dana is popular with the young people. Classroom or kitchen, it is all in the day's work and Dana joins the girls in washing the supper dishes. Who shall be so rash as to predict that this young idealist will one day lose faith in the social and political reforms so dear to the hearts of Brook Farmers? Who, indeed, would peep into the crystal and see him supporting Tammany Hall and Croker with his powerful New York *Sun?* O, dreamer, that thou shouldst live to wear the cynic's crown! The years of thy dreams are already far spent.

George William Curtis is here and everybody predicts a brilliant career for him. Though still in his 'teens, they say he talks of the Greek philosophers as though he has just returned from a walk with Socrates. Thoughtful, studious, sensitive, courtly, with appreciations of literature and music, he immediately becomes a great favorite, especially with Dwight. He takes a lively part in the summer amusements, dressing in a low-necked gown to impersonate Fanny Elssler, the dancing darling of the gods, and pirouetting down the path from the phalanstery to the grove of giant pines where a masquerade picnic is being held; or of a winter evening appearing as *Hamlet* in Pilgrim House and leading a quadrille with Carrie Shaw, whose beauty is as entrancing as her name is unpoetic.

Young Robert Gould Shaw, Carrie's brother, plays with his toy soldiers, little dreaming that the City of the Puritans will one day erect a monument on Boston Common to commemorate his gallantry on that field where he is all too soon to "sleep with his niggers". Another evening it is whispered that Curtis is to sing in the Eyrie, and after supper there is a scramble for chairs and sofas. It is prayer-meeting time in Boston and the bells of Park Street Church are calling the penitents to the mourners' bench at "Brimstone Corner":

Hark, from the tombs a doleful sound,
Mine ears attend the cry—
Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.

Isaac Watts, at his worst, is at grips with Satan. In an ecstasy of funereal debauchery, religious Boston wails its lamentations for the unrepentant:

Far in the deep where darkness dwells,
The land of horror and despair;
Justice has built a dismal hell,
And laid her stores of vengeance there.

Eternal plagues and heavy chains,
Tormenting racks and fiery coals,
And darts to inflict immortal pains,
Dipped in the blood of damned souls.

Brook Farm doesn't believe a word of it. Curtis is singing *Kathleen Mavourneen* and *Goodnight to Julia.* Let Puritan Boston attend to its psalm-singing. Let it bury its soul in the deepest purgatory, but let it remember that "Brimstone Corner" is not the circumference of the universe.

Thoreau abandons his blackberry pasture on Fairhaven Hill long enough to visit Brook Farm, being induced to go thither by Bronson Alcott (Plato Skimpole, Margaret Fuller calls him). If there is something new in the way of an experiment in living, this pastoral Orson wants to see it. But the curious eyes of the vulgar excursionists from Boston, who snoop around its broad acres, are too much for the Concord hermit.

(What is this we hear? That Brook Farm is a free love colony? One might have guessed that the lie was set a-going by a Beacon Hill toper loaded with Medford rum

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and apple-sauce! Gossiping Boston loves scandal when its theological controversies get too dull, and scandal feeds the souls of men grown weary of counting their dollars in State Street. At all events, so the faithful think, there must be some truth in these rumors, else "highly respected" citizens wouldn't be giving ear to them.) Despite the fact that he knows better than this, Thoreau wouldn't exchange Pan in Walden woods for a dozen Brook Farms, though he is glad that others besides himself have gumption enough to thumb their noses at Convention. Let them be what they will so long as they refuse to be standardized. Thoreau agrees that Brook Farm is a huge success because it is troubling complacent Boston. Youth's first business is to shock the old-timers; but a phalanstery is no place for Henry. Solitude is too valuable a possession to be surrendered or bartered away for the privilege of being bored by too much company. Walden is his escape, and he goes back to his beloved woods, where there is no standing on ceremony and where a man may fish in Walden water at midnight without prying eyes to annoy him.

But Brook Farm has a hearty laugh at Henry's expense. It hears that he has been thrown into Concord lockup for refusing to pay his taxes. He has been arrested in the village, whither he had gone to get a mended shoe at the cobbler's. "I refuse to pay a tax to, or recognize the authority of, the state which buys and sells men, women, and children, like cattle at the door of its senate-house," Henry explains. "I had gone down to the woods for better purposes. But wherever a man goes, men will pursue and paw him with their dirty institutions, and, if they can, constrain him to belong to their desperate odd-fellow society." (There you are! What have John Quincy Adams and the rest of our conservative thoroughbreds been saying? What else was to be expected? Thoreau is a foreigner of some kind; his people, they say, were Frenchmen from the Isle of Jersey, and that's what happens when you let in foreigners! If they're not satisfied with the privileges America offers them, why don't they go back where they came from?) "It is true," Henry continues, "I might have run amok against society; but I preferred that society should run amok against me, it being the desperate party." (There you are again! He's a pacifist, just like that preacher Parker who's denouncing the agitation for war with Mexico!)

Boston shudders at what may come of all this radicalism. Something must be done to put a stop to it. The fact is—and a very significant one it is, too—the Devil himself is at war with the Lord. Emerson is the guilty one. He's older than the rest of these dangerous agitators and ought to know better. Prating about idealism! He's responsible for the spirit of revolt which is sweeping through all New England like a pestilence. What's got into these fellows, anyhow? There are Phillips and Parker and Emerson and Ripley, all of them arch-heretics. They've had the advantages of a liberal education—a Harvard education, if you please!—and what are they doing with it? Stirring up trouble and dissension; criticizing our President; sowing seeds of disloyalty and sedition; condemning our judges and statesmen! (Emerson goes home to Concord from Charlestown and next day writes in his journal under date of June 18, 1843: "Yesterday at Bunker Hill . . . Webster gave us his plain statement . . . yet the oration was feeble. . . Where there is no antagonism, as in these holiday speeches, things sound not heroically. It is a poor oration that finds Washington for its highest mark. The audience give one much to observe, they are so light-headed and light-timbered".) This man is alien-minded, though God knows he ought not to be. Was not his grandfather Emerson, the minister of Concord, a sterling patriot? The Sunday before the British marched in from Lexington he preached a sermon on "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God". Old Dr. Emerson was a patriot. How on earth could his grandson have become such a dangerous radical?

And Margaret Fuller, too. They've named a cottage for her out there at Brook Farm, where she talks on equal rights for women. Votes for women, instead of being married and having babies! She comes of a thoroughly respectable and respected family over

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in Cambridgeport, but she always seems to prefer the company of these cranks and agitators. She is warm-hearted, sentimental and ebullient, loving wit and anecdotes. Everywhere she goes she is a welcome guest, in town and country, and her arrival, as Emerson puts it, is the signal for a holiday. She likes Brook Farm, for there, it seems, are gathered most of the people in Massachusetts worth talking and listening to. A morning canter across the hills, a walk to the River Charles in the afternoon, boating and conversation—are these not all one could ask in these days of pork-barrel legislation and flub-dub oratory? Margaret has been editing *The Dial* for two years—a poorly paid undertaking but she has managed to get on, what with metaphysical doubts and certainties to occupy her thoughts.

"All the art, the thought, the nobleness of New England seems related to her, and she to it," Emerson tells the Brook Farmers; "she is like a queen of some parliament of love who carries the key to all confidences." But let some addle-pated standpatter, some conservative hunky, cross verbal swords with her, and all the defiance and pent-up scorn beneath her sharp personality surge to the surface. Margaret has opinions of her own and, what is more, she has no more fear of a Webster than she has of an Egyptian mummy dead these thirty centuries. Who is this Webster that he should think her and her kind unfit for the ballot? Give her her inalienable right of suffrage and she'll be sober when she votes. That's more than she can say for Mr. Webster. (These feminists are so tactless, so forward in their criticisms of great men. If the younger generation shows no respect for Age and Wisdom, is it not evident that Youth is growing away from God and losing reverence for the Great Traditions? Here is a bright idea and the Rev. Hubbard Winslow will preach a sermon on it!)

III

The religion of beauty is in these fields and hills of Brook Farm. Here Watts's doleful tunes are taboo, and in their stead are the sonatas of Beethoven and Mozart and the masses of Haydn. Poetry even flourishes in Minott Pratt's potato patch. It may be dangerous, but it beats Calvin and Jonathan Edwards. So Dwight thinks as he calls his singing-class to order and young men and old hurry in from their plowing and chores for the afternoon music hour. "There is your accomplished friend Dwight," Ripley remarks to Parker, who has just come in; "he would hoe corn all Sunday if I would let him, but all Massachusetts could not make him do it on Monday."

Puritan blue laws have no terrors for this preacher turned singing-master. Better that he should teach music than that he should awake on Sunday morning and find that he had forgotten to prepare his sermons. Music at Brook Farm is worth a dozen pulpits in Northampton. Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony* it not to be compared with piddling doctrines and creedal guesses. Let the croaking conformists rattle the dry bones of the dead Calvin. Tonight we are going to the old Federal Street Theatre (sixteen miles in and out, along the Tremont Road and through Jamaica Plain in a rumbling wagon that knows every chuck-hole) to see the lithe Schmidt directing his orchestra and swaying to the limpid tones of Auber's *Zanetta*.

Heathens all, these sons of the morning. Let the pious and sanctimonious Hubbard Winslow attend to his soul-saving. Let the bells of Church Green toll for lost sinners. They shall not disturb even an eighth note in the symphony!

There is Isaac Hecker, a baker (a German he is, one suspects), brought up in John Street Methodist Church in New York and come recently to Brook Farm. His new friends call him a mystic and Curtis addresses him as Ernest, the Seeker. He's been going from one church to another, and now at last has turned his steps toward Rome. (That Jesuit, Orestes A. Brownson, a renegade son of Luther, has been proselyting again, say the New England Ku Kluxers, who thank God for their Christian Americanism and celebrate their religious zeal by burning Roman Catholic convents.) Isaac is going to Belgium to study for the priesthood but, first, he must go once more to Concord to bid Emerson farewell and (of all

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things!) to urge Thoreau to accept Catholicism. Henry smiles benevolently at the suggestion and wishes his friend godspeed. There is something admirable in Hecker's earnestness; but what earthly good would Henry be to the Vatican when even the Unitarians can do nothing with him? . . .

The clucking bantams of West Point are shaking their feathers in warlike mood. Drum-beats are echoing across Boston Common and out through the hills of Middlesex and Norfolk. "On to Mexico!" is the cry, but the patriotic sophistry is meeting resistance. "This is a war for unholy conquest," the liberals charge and the military dodos summon prejudice and hatred to their standard. "Pacifists!" they hiss. In his Concord study Emerson hears the hissing and replies magnificently, "The cause of peace is not the cause of cowardice".

In Milk Street the Cotton Whigs are apprehensive. They have not forgotten that smashing protest Emerson dispatched in 1838 to the pliant, pleasant President Van Buren against the enforced removal of the Cherokees to the Indian Territory. "A crime is being projected that confounds our understanding," he had written. "You, sir, will bring down that renowned chair in which you sit into infamy if your seal is set to this instrument of perfidy, and the name of this nation, hitherto the sweet omen of religion and liberty, will stink to the world."

Plain words, these! (A bold piece of impudence, conservative New England is still declaring.) What will Emerson do next? He's a human powder-keg that strikes fire on the flint of standpatism. (Have these men no respect for our sacred institutions?) Wendell Phillips's voice thunders above the milling multitudes in reply. "The difficulty of the present day and with us is, we are bullied by institutions," he calmly announces. "A man gets up in the pulpit, or sits on the bench, and we allow ourselves to be bullied by the judge or the clergyman, when if he stood side by side with us on the brick pavement, as a simple individual, his ideas would not have disturbed our clear thoughts an hour."

Conservative Boston chafes under the criticism. The Reverend Hubbard Winslow is not too dull to know whom Phillips has in mind, nor too deaf to hear the verbal broadside whistling around his ecclesiastic ears. "The Constitution is being assailed!" cry the defenders of Respectability.

This time another radical accepts the challenge. He is James Russell Lowell of Cambridge. Hear this anti-slavery poet: "We must get rid of the habit we have fallen into of affirming all the geese who come to us from the magic circle of Respectability to be swans. As far as the outward machinery of government is concerned, we are democratic only in our predilection for little men. The Constitution has acquired a superstitious potency in our eyes, and the vitality of the State has been transferred from the citizens to this machine of parchment. It is amazing what importance anything, however simple, gains by being elevated into a symbol!" He speaks of the "armed minions of tyranny" when he means the militia and the police, and he says that "the churches, the great bulwark of our practical Paganism, must be reformed from foundation to weathercock because they are silent in the face of great evils".

But there is one man of the churches who is not silent. The minister of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society condemns the war with Mexico. The preachers of the other twenty-seven are still blaming Eve for committing the original sin. Theodore Parker is exposing what Lowell calls "the lying phrase that sweetens the foul breath of demagogues". Old Faneuil Hall, on the evening of February 4, 1847, hears the ringing utterance above the shuffling of feet and the shouts of militiamen in the streets below:

> We have come here to consult for the honor of our country. The honor and dignity of the United States are in danger. I love my country; I love her honor. It is dear to me almost as my own. I have seen stormy meetings in Faneuil Hall before now, and am not easily disturbed by a popular tumult. But never before did I see a body of armed soldiers attempting to overawe the majesty of the people, when met to deliberate on the people's affairs. . . . They went to our meeting last Monday night, the hireling soldiers of President Polk, to overawe and

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disturb the meetings of honest men. Here they are now, and in arms!

We are in a war; the signs of war are seen here in Boston. . . It is a mean and infamous war we are fighting. It is a great boy fighting a little one, and that little one feeble and sick. What makes it worse is, the little boy is in the right, and the big boy is in the wrong, and tells solemn lies to make his side seem right. He wants, besides, to make the small boy pay the expenses of the quarrel.

The friends of the war say, "Mexico has invaded our territory!" When it is shown that it is we who have invaded hers, then it is said, "Ay, but she owes us money." Better say outright, "Mexico has land and we want to steal it."

This war is waged for a mean and infamous purpose, for the extension of slavery. . . It began illegally, unconstitutionally. Your Congress lied about it. . . . Why, only sixteen voted against the war, or the lie. . . I say this war is mean and infamous all the more, because waged by a people calling itself democratic and Christian. . . . The Congress voted the dollars, voted the men, voted the lie. Your President called for volunteers, 50,000 of them. Then came an opportunity such as offers not once in one hundred years, an opportunity to speak for freedom and the rights of mankind! . . .

That was what a democratic nation, a Christian people ought to have said, ought to have done. But we did not say so; the Bay State did not say so, nor your Governor, nor your merchants, nor your manufacturers; the Governor accepted the President's decree, issued his proclamation calling for soldiers, recommended men to enlist, appealing to their "humanity" . . .

I think there is a good deal to excuse the volunteers. I blame them, for some of them know what they are about. Yet I pity them more, for most of them, I am told, are low, ignorant men. From the uproar they make here tonight, arms in their hands, I think what was told me is true! I say pity them! . . . I blame most the men who have duped the rank and file! I blame the captains and colonels, who will have least of the hardships, most of the pay, and all of the "glory". I blame the men who made the war; the men who make money out of it. Has it not been said, all round, "Our country, right or wrong!" I say I blame the famous men who deceive the nation! . . .

Your President tells us it is treason to talk so! Treason is it? treason to discuss a war which the government made, and which the people are made to pay for? If it be treason to speak against the war, what was it to make the war, to ask for 50,000 men and $74,000,000 for the war? Why, if the people cannot discuss the war they have got to fight and pay for, who under heaven can? Whose business is it if it is not yours and mine? If my country is in the wrong, and I know it, and hold my peace, then I am guilty of treason, moral treason.

The fulfillment of life is not to be found in the fleshpots of Israel, nor in ancestral sea-chests in Cape Ann attics, nor in the social registers of Beacon Hill and Tory Row. Social authority must stand fast for God and Country. These damned agitators must be put down! Conservative Boston trembles for the safety of the country.

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BIG BLONDE

By Dorothy Parker

HAZEL MORSE was a large, fair woman of the type that incites some men when they use the word "blonde" to click their tongues and wag their heads roguishly. She prided herself upon her small feet and suffered for her vanity, boxing them in snub-toed, high-heeled slippers of the shortest bearable size. The curious things about her were her hands, strange terminations to the flabby, white arms splattered with pale tan spots—long, quivering hands with deep and convex nails. She should not have disfigured them with little jewels.

She was not a woman given to recollections. At her middle thirties, her old days were a blurred and flickering sequence, an imperfect film, dealing with the actions of strangers.

In her twenties, after the deferred death of a hazy widowed mother, she had been employed as a model in a wholesale dress establishment—it was still the day of the big woman, and she was then prettily colored and erect and high-breasted. Her job was not onerous, and she met numbers of men and spent numbers of evenings with them, laughing at their jokes and telling them she loved their neckties. Men liked her, and she took it for granted that the liking of many men was a desirable thing. Popularity seemed to her to be worth all the work that had to be put into its achievement. Men liked you because you were fun, and when they liked you they took you out, and there you were. So, and successfully, she was fun. She was a good sport. Men like a good sport.

No other form of diversion, simpler or more complicated, drew her attention. She never pondered if she might not be better occupied doing something else. Her ideas, or, better, her acceptances, ran right along with those of the other substantially built blondes in whom she found her friends.

When she had been working in the dress establishment some years she met Herbie Morse. He was thin, quick, attractive, with shifting lines about his shiny, brown eyes and a habit of fiercely biting at the skin around his finger nails. He drank largely; she found that entertaining. Her habitual greeting to him was an allusion to his state of the previous night.

"Oh, what a peach you had," she used to say, through her easy laugh. "I thought I'd die, the way you kept asking the waiter to dance with you."

She liked him immediately upon their meeting. She was enormously amused at his fast, slurred sentences, his interpolations of apt phrases from vaudeville acts and comic strips; she thrilled at the feel of his lean arm tucked firm beneath the sleeve of her coat; she wanted to touch the wet, flat surface of his hair. He was as promptly drawn to her. They were married six weeks after they had met.

She was delighted at the idea of being a bride; coquetted with it, played upon it. Other offers of marriage she had had, and not a few of them, but it happened that they were all from stout, serious men who had visited the dress establishment as buyers; men from Des Moines and Houston and Chicago and, in her phrase, even funnier places. There was always something immensely comic to her in the thought of living elsewhere than New York. She could not regard as serious proposals that she share a western residence.

She wanted to be married. She was nearing thirty now, and she did not take the years well. She spread and softened, and her darkening hair turned her to inexpert dabblings with peroxide. There were times when she had little flashes of fear about her job. And she had had a couple of thousand evenings of being a good sport among her male acquaintances. She had come to be

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more conscientious than spontaneous about it.

Herbie earned enough, and they took a little apartment far uptown. There was a Mission-furnished dining room with a hanging central light globed in liver-colored glass; in the living-room were an "overstuffed suite", a Boston fern and a reproduction of the Henner *Magdalene* with the red hair and the blue draperies; the bedroom was in gray enamel and old rose, with Herbie's photograph on Hazel's dressing table and Hazel's likeness on Herbie's chest of drawers.

She cooked—and she was a good cook—and marketed and chatted with the delivery boys and the colored laundress. She loved the flat, she loved her life, she loved Herbie. In the first months of their marriage, she gave him all the passion she was ever to know.

She had not realized how tired she was. It was a delight, a new game, a holiday, to give up being a good sport. If her head ached or her arches throbbed, she complained piteously, babyishly. If her mood was quiet, she did not talk. If tears came to her eyes, she let them fall.

She fell readily into the habit of tears during the first year of her marriage. Even in her good sport days, she had been known to weep lavishly and disinterestedly on occasion. Her behavior at the theatre was a standing joke. She could weep at anything in a play—tiny garments, love both unrequited and mutual, seduction, purity, faithful servitors, wedlock, the triangle.

"There goes Haze," her friends would say, watching her. "She's off again."

Wedded and relaxed, she poured her tears freely. To her who had laughed so much crying was delicious. All sorrows became her sorrows; she was Tenderness. She would cry long and softly over newspaper accounts of kidnapped babies, deserted wives, unemployed men, strayed cats, heroic dogs. Even when the paper was no longer before her, her mind revolved upon these things and the drops slipped rhythmically over her plump cheeks.

"Honestly," she would say to Herbie, "all the sadness there is in the world when you stop to think about it!"

"Yeah," Herbie would say.

She missed nobody. The old crowd, the people who had brought her and Herbie together, dropped from their lives, lingeringly at first. When she thought of this at all, it was only to consider it fitting. This was marriage. This was peace.

But the thing was that Herbie was not amused.

For a time, he had enjoyed being alone with her. He found the voluntary isolation novel and sweet. Then it palled with a ferocious suddenness. It was as if one night, sitting with her in the steam-heated living room, he would ask no more; and the next night he was through and done with the whole thing.

He became annoyed by her misty melancholies. At first, when he came home to find her softly tired and moody, he kissed her neck and patted her shoulder and begged her to tell her Herbie what was wrong. She loved that. But time slid by, and he found that there was never anything really, personally, the matter.

"Ah, for God's sake," he would say. "Crabbing again. All right, sit here and crab your head off. I'm going out."

And he would slam out of the flat and come back late and drunk.

She was completely bewildered by what happened to their marriage. First they were lovers; and then, it seemed without transition, they were enemies. She never understood it.

There were longer and longer intervals between his leaving his office and his arrival at the apartment. She went through agonies of picturing him run over and bleeding, dead and covered with a sheet. Then she lost her fears for his safety and grew sullen and wounded. When a person wanted to be with a person, he came as soon as possible. She desperately wanted him to want to be with her; her own hours only marked the time till he would come. It was often nearly nine o'clock before he came home to dinner. Always he had had many drinks, and their effect would die in him, leaving him loud and querulous and bristling for affronts.

He was too nervous, he said, to sit and do nothing for an evening. He boasted,

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probably not in all truth, that he had never read a book in his life.

"What am I expected to do—sit around this dump on my tail all night?" he would ask, rhetorically.. And again he would slam out.

She did not know what to do. She could not manage him. She could not meet him.

She fought him furiously. A terrific domesticity had come upon her, and she would bite and scratch to guard it. She wanted what she called "a nice home". She wanted a sober, tender husband, prompt at dinner, punctual at work. She wanted sweet, comforting evenings. The idea of intimacy with other men was terrible to her; the thought that Herbie might be seeking entertainment in other women set her frantic.

It seemed to her that almost everything she read—novels from the drug-store lending library, magazine stories, women's pages in the papers—dealt with wives who lost their husbands' love. She could bear those, at that, better than accounts of neat, companionable marriage and living happily ever after.

She was frightened. Several times when Herbie came home in the evening, he found her determinedly dressed—she had had to alter those of her clothes that were not new, to make them fasten—and rouged.

"Let's go wild to-night, what do you say?" she would hail him. "A person's got lots of time to hang around and do nothing when they're dead."

So they would go out, to chop houses and the less expensive cabarets. But it turned out badly. She could no longer find amusement in watching Herbie drink. She could not laugh at his whimsicalities, she was so tensely counting his indulgences. And she was unable to keep back her remonstrances —"Ah, come on, Herb, you've had enough, haven't you? You'll feel something terrible in the morning".

He would be immediately enraged. All right, crab; crab, crab, crab, that was all she ever did. What a lousy sport *she* was! There would be scenes, and one or the other of them would rise and stalk out in fury.

She could not recall the definite day that she started drinking, herself. There was nothing separate about her days. Like drops upon a window-pane, they ran together and trickled away. She had been married six months; then a year; then three years.

She had never needed to drink, formerly. She could sit for most of a night at a table where the others were imbibing earnestly and never droop in looks or spirits, nor be bored by the doings of those about her. If she took a cocktail, it was so unusual as to cause twenty minutes or so of jocular comment. But now anguish was in her. Frequently, after a quarrel, Herbie would stay out for the night, and she could not learn from him where the time had been spent. Her heart felt tight and sore in her breast, and her mind turned like an electric fan.

She hated the taste of liquor. Gin, plain or in mixtures, made her promptly sick. After experiment, she found that Scotch whiskey was best for her. She took it without water, because that was the quickest way to its effect.

Herbie pressed it on her. He was glad to see her drink. They both felt it might restore her high spirits, and their good times together might again be possible.

"'Atta girl," he would approve her. "Let's see you get boiled, baby."

But it brought them no nearer. When she drank with him, there would be a little while of gaiety and then, strangely without beginning, they would be in a wild quarrel. They would wake in the morning not sure what it had all been about, foggy as to what had been said and done, but each deeply injured and bitterly resentful. There would be days of vengeful silence.

There had been a time when they had made up their quarrels, usually in bed. There would be kisses and little names and assurances of fresh starts . . . "Oh, it's going to be great now, Herb. We'll have swell times. I was a crab. I guess I must have been tired. But everything's going to be swell. You'll see".

Now there were no gentle reconciliations. They resumed friendly relations only in the brief magnanimity caused by liquor, before more liquor drew them into new battles. The scenes became more violent. There were shouted invectives and pushes, and some-

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times sharp slaps. Once she had a black eye. Herbie was horrified next day at sight of it. He did not go to work; he followed her about, suggesting remedies and heaping dark blame on himself. But after they had had a few drinks—"to pull themselves together"—she made so many wistful references to her bruise that he shouted at her, and rushed out, and was gone for two days.

Each time he left the place in a rage, he threatened never to come back. She did not believe him, nor did she consider separation. Somewhere in her head or her heart was the lazy, nebulous hope that things would change and she and Herbie settle suddenly into soothing married life. Here were her home, her furniture, her husband, her station. She summoned no alternatives.

She could no longer bustle and potter. She had no more vicarious tears; the hot drops she shed were for herself. She walked ceaselessly about the rooms, her thoughts running mechanically round and round Herbie. In those days began the hatred of being alone that she was never to overcome. You could be by yourself when things were all right, but when you were blue you got the howling horrors.

She commenced drinking alone, little, short drinks all through the day. It was only with Herbie that alcohol made her nervous and quick in offence. Alone, it blurred sharp things for her. She lived in a haze of it. Her life took on a dream-like quality. Nothing was astonishing.

A Mrs. Martin moved into the flat across the hall. She was a great blonde woman of forty, a promise in looks of what Mrs. Morse was to be. They made acquaintance, quickly became inseparable. Mrs. Morse spent her days in the opposite apartment. They drank together, to brace themselves after the drinks of the nights before.

She never confided her troubles about Herbie to Mrs. Martin. The subject was too bewildering to her to find comfort in talk. She let it be assumed that her husband's business kept him much away. It was not regarded as important; husbands, as such, played but shadowy parts in Mrs. Martin's circle.

Mrs. Martin had no visible spouse; you were left to decide for yourself whether he was or was not dead. She had an admirer, Joe, who came to see her almost nightly. Often he brought several friends with him—"The Boys", they were called. The Boys were big, red, good-humored men, perhaps forty-five, perhaps fifty. Mrs. Morse was glad of invitations to join the parties—Herbie was scarcely ever at home at night now. If he did come home, she did not visit Mrs. Martin. An evening alone with Herbie meant inevitably a quarrel, yet she would stay with him. There was always her thin and wordless idea that, maybe, this night, things would begin to be all right.

The Boys brought plenty of liquor along with them whenever they came to Mrs. Martin's. Drinking with them, Mrs. Morse became lively and good-natured and audacious. She was quickly popular. When she had drunk enough to cloud her most recent battle with Herbie, she was excited by their approbation. Crab, was she? Rotten sport, was she? Well, there were some that thought different.

Ed was one of The Boys. He lived in Utica—had "his own business" there, was the awed report—but he came to New York almost every week. He was married. He showed Mrs. Morse the then current photographs of Junior and Sister, and she praised them abundantly and sincerely. Soon it was accepted by the others that Ed was her particular friend.

He staked her when they all played poker; sat next her and occasionally rubbed his knee against hers during the game. She was rather lucky. Frequently she went home with a twenty-dollar bill or a ten-dollar bill or a handful of crumpled dollars. She was glad of them. Herbie was getting, in her words, something awful about money. To ask him for it brought an instant row.

"What the hell do you do with it?" he would say. "Shoot it all on Scotch?"

"I try to run this house half-way decent," she would retort. "Never thought of that, did you? Oh, no, his lordship couldn't be bothered with that."

Again, she could not find a definite day, to fix the beginning of Ed's proprietorship. It became his custom to kiss her on the

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mouth when he came in, as well as for farewell, and he gave her little quick kisses of approval all through the evening. She liked this rather more than she disliked it. She never thought of his kisses when she was not with him.

He would run his hand lingeringly over her back and shoulders.

"Some dizzy blonde, eh?" he would say. "Some doll."

One afternoon she came home from Mrs. Martin's to find Herbie in the bedroom. He had been away for several nights, evidently on a prolonged drinking bout. His face was gray, his hands jerked as if they were on wires. On the bed were two old suitcases, packed high. Only her photograph remained on his bureau, and the wide doors of his closet disclosed nothing but coat-hangers.

"I'm blowing," he said. "I'm through with the whole works. I got a job in Detroit."

She sat down on the edge of the bed. She had drunk much the night before, and the four Scotches she had had with Mrs. Martin had only increased her fogginess.

"Good job?" she said.

"Oh, yeah," he said. "Looks all right."

He closed a suitcase with difficulty, swearing at it in whispers.

"There's some dough in the bank," he said. "The bank book's in your top drawer. You can have the furniture and stuff."

He looked at her, and his forehead twitched.

"God damn it, I'm through, I'm telling you," he cried. "I'm through."

"All right, all right," she said. "I heard you, didn't I?"

She saw him as if he were at one end of a cañon and she at the other. Her head was beginning to ache bumpingly, and her voice had a dreary, tiresome tone. She could not have raised it.

"Like a drink before you go?" she asked.

Again he looked at her, and a corner of his mouth jerked up.

"Cockeyed again for a change, aren't you?" he said. "That's nice. Sure, get a couple of shots, will you?"

She went to the pantry, mixed him a stiff highball, poured herself a couple of inches of whiskey and drank it. Then she gave herself another portion and brought the glasses into the bedroom. He had strapped both suitcases and had put on his hat and overcoat.

He took his highball.

"Well," he said, and he gave a sudden, uncertain laugh. "Here's mud in your eye."

"Mud in your eye," she said.

They drank. He put down his glass and took up the heavy suitcase.

"Got to get a train around six," he said.

She followed him down the hall. There was a song, a song that Mrs. Martin played doggedly on the phonograph, running loudly through her mind. She had never liked the thing.

"Night and daytime,
Always playtime.
Ain't we got fun?"

At the door he put down the bags and faced her.

"Well," he said. "Well, take care of yourself. You'll be all right, will you?"

"Oh, sure," she said.

He opened the door, then came back to her, holding out his hand.

"'Bye, Haze," he said. "Good luck to you."

She took his hand and shook it.

"Pardon my wet glove," she said.

When the door had closed behind him, she went back to the pantry.

She was flushed and lively when she went in to Mrs. Martin's that evening. The Boys were there, Ed among them. He was glad to be in town, frisky and loud and full of jokes. But she spoke quietly to him for a minute.

"Herbie blew today," she said. "Going to live out west."

"That so?" he said. He looked at her and played with the fountain pen clipped to his waistcoat pocket.

"Think he's gone for good, do you?" he asked.

"Yeah," she said. "I know he is. I know. Yeah."

"You going to live on across the hall just the same?" he said. "Know what you're going to do?"

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"Gee, I don't know," she said. "I don't give much of a damn."

"Oh, come on, that's no way to talk," he told her. "What you need—you need a little snifter. How about it?"

"Yeah," she said. "Just straight."

She won forty-three dollars at poker. When the game broke up, Ed took her back to her apartment.

"Got a little kiss for me?" he asked.

He wrapped her in his big arms and kissed her violently. She was entirely passive. He held her away and looked at her.

"Little tight, honey?" he asked, anxiously. "Not going to be sick, are you?"

"Me?" she said. "I'm swell."

II

When Ed left in the morning, he took her photograph with him. He said he wanted her picture to look at, up in Utica. "You can have that one on the bureau," she said.

She put Herbie's picture in a drawer, out of her sight. When she could look at it, she meant to tear it up. She was fairly successful in keeping her mind from racing around him. Whiskey slowed it for her. She was almost peaceful, in her mist.

She accepted her relationship with Ed without question or enthusiasm. When he was away, she seldom thought definitely of him. He was good to her; he gave her frequent presents and a regular allowance. She was even able to save. She did not plan ahead of any day, but her wants were few, and you might as well put money in the bank as have it lying around.

When the lease of her apartment neared its end, it was Ed who suggested moving. His friendship with Mrs. Martin and Joe had become strained over a dispute at poker; a feud was impending.

"Let's get the hell out of here," Ed said. "What I want you to have is a place near the Grand Central. Make it easier for me."

So she took a little flat in the forties. A colored maid came in every day to clean and to make coffee for her—she was "through with that housekeeping stuff", she said, and Ed, twenty years married to a passionately domestic woman, admired this romantic uselessness and felt doubly a man of the world in abetting it.

The coffee was all she had until she went out to dinner, but alcohol kept her fat. Prohibition she regarded only as a basis for jokes. You could always get all you wanted. She was never noticeably drunk and seldom nearly sober. It required a larger daily allowance to keep her misty-minded. Too little, and she was achingly melancholy.

Ed brought her to Jimmy's. He was proud, with the pride of the transient who would be mistaken for a native, in his knowledge of small, recent restaurants occupying the lower floors of shabby brownstone houses; places where, upon mentioning the name of an habitué friend, might be obtained strange whiskey and fresh gin in many of their ramifications. Jimmy's place was the favorite of his acquaintances.

There, through Ed, Mrs. Morse met many men and women, formed quick friendships. The men often took her out when Ed was in Utica. He was proud of her popularity.

She fell into the habit of going to Jimmy's alone when she had no engagement. She was certain to meet some people she knew, and join them. It was a club for her friends, both men and women.

The women at Jimmy's looked remarkably alike, and this was curious, for, through feuds, removals and opportunities of more profitable contacts, the personnel of the group changed constantly. Yet always the newcomers resembled those whom they replaced. They were all big women and stout, broad of shoulder and abundantly breasted, with faces thickly clothed in soft, high-colored flesh. They laughed loud and often, showing opaque and lustreless teeth like squares of crockery. There was about them the health of the big, yet a slight, unwholesome suggestion of stubborn preservation. They might have been thirty-six or forty-five or anywhere between.

They composed their titles of their own first names with their husbands' surnames—Mrs. Florence Miller, Mrs. Vera Riley, Mrs. Lilian Block. This gave at the same time the solidity of marriage and the glamour of freedom. Yet only one or two were actually divorced. Most of them never referred to

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their dimmed spouses; some, a shorter time separate, described them in terms of great biological interest. Several were mothers, each of an only child—a boy at school somewhere, or a girl being cared for by a grandmother. Often, well on towards morning, there would be displays of kodak portraits and of tears.

They were comfortable women, cordial and friendly and irrepressibly matronly. Theirs was the quality of ease. Become fatalistic, especially about money matters, they were unworried. Whenever their funds dropped alarmingly, a new donor appeared; this had always happened. The aim of each was to have one man, permanently, to pay all her bills, in return for which she would have immediately given up other admirers and probably would have become exceedingly fond of him; for the affections of all of them were, by now, unexacting, tranquil and easily arranged. This end, however, grew increasingly difficult yearly. Mrs. Morse was regarded as fortunate.

Ed had a good year, increased her allowance and gave her a sealskin coat. But she had to be careful of her moods with him. He insisted upon gaiety. He would not listen to admissions of aches or weariness.

"Hey, listen," he would say, "I got worries of my own, and plenty. Nobody wants to hear other people's troubles, sweetie. What you got to do, you got to be a sport and forget it. See? Well, slip us a little smile, then. That's my girl."

She never had enough interest to quarrel with him as she had with Herbie, but she wanted the privilege of occasional admitted sadness. It was strange. The other women she saw did not have to fight their moods. There was Mrs. Florence Miller who got regular crying jags, and the men sought only to cheer and comfort her. The others spent whole evenings in grieved recitals of worries and ills; their escorts paid them deep sympathy. But she was instantly undesirable when she was low in spirits. Once, at Jimmy's, when she could not make herself lively, Ed had walked out and left her.

"Why the hell don't you stay home and not go spoiling everybody's evening?" he had roared.

Even her slightest acquaintances seemed irritated if she were not conspicuously lighthearted.

"What's the matter with you, anyway?" they would say. "Be your age, why don't you? Have a little drink and snap out of it."

When her relationship with Ed had continued nearly three years, he moved to Florida to live. He hated leaving her; he gave her a large cheque and some shares of a sound stock, and his pale eyes were wet when he said good-bye. She did not miss him. He came to New York infrequently, perhaps two or three times a year, and hurried directly from the train to see her. She was always pleased to have him come and never sorry to see him go.

Charley, an acquaintance of Ed's that she had met at Jimmy's, had long admired her. He had always made opportunities of touching her and leaning close to talk to her. He asked repeatedly of all their friends if they had ever heard such a fine laugh as she had. After Ed left, Charley became the main figure in her life. She classified him and spoke of him as "not so bad". There was nearly a year of Charley; then she divided her time between him and Sydney, another frequenter of Jimmy's; then Charley slipped away altogether.

Sydney was a little, brightly dressed, clever Jew. She was perhaps nearest contentment with him. He amused her always; her laughter was not forced.

He admired her completely. Her softness and size delighted him. And he thought she was great, he often told her, because she kept gay and lively when she was drunk.

"Once I had a gal," he said, "used to try and throw herself out of the window every time she got a can on. Jee-*zuss*," he added, feelingly.

Then Sydney married a rich and watchful bride, and then there was Billy. No—after Sydney came Ferd, then Billy. In her haze, she never recalled how men entered her life and left it. There were no surprises. She had no thrill at their advent, nor woe at their departure. She seemed to be always able to attract men. There was never another as rich as Ed, but they were all generous to her, in their means.

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Once she had news of Herbie. She met Mrs. Martin dining at Jimmy's, and the old friendship was vigorously renewed. The still admiring Joe, while on a business trip, had seen Herbie. He had settled in Chicago, he looked fine, he was living with some woman—seemed to be crazy about her. Mrs. Morse had been drinking vastly that day. She took the news with mild interest, as one hearing of the sex peccadilloes of somebody whose name is, after a moment's groping, familiar.

"Must be damn near seven years since I saw him," she commented. "Gee. Seven years."

More and more, her days lost their individuality. She never knew dates, nor was sure of the day of the week.

"My God, was that a year ago!" she would exclaim, when an event was recalled in conversation.

She was tired so much of the time. Tired and blue. Almost everything could give her the blues. Those old horses she saw on Sixth Avenue—struggling and slipping along the car-tracks, or standing at the curb, their heads dropped level with their worn knees. The tightly stored tears would squeeze from her eyes as she teetered past on her aching feet in the stubby, champagne-colored slippers.

The thought of death came and stayed with her and lent her a sort of drowsy cheer. It would be nice, nice and restful, to be dead.

There was no settled, shocked moment when she first thought of killing herself; it seemed to her as if the idea had always been with her. She pounced upon all the accounts of suicides in the newspapers. There was an epidemic of self-killings—or maybe it was just that she searched for the stories of them so eagerly that she found many. To read of them roused reassurance in her; she felt a cozy solidarity with the big company of the voluntary dead.

She slept, aided by whiskey, till deep into the afternoons, then lay abed, a bottle and glass at her hand, until it was time to dress to go out for dinner. She was beginning to feel towards alcohol a little puzzled distrust, as toward an old friend who has refused a simple favor. Whiskey could still soothe her for most of the time, but there were sudden, inexplicable moments when the cloud fell treacherously away from her, and she was sawn by the sorrow and bewilderment and nuisance of all living. She played voluptuously with the thought of cool, sleepy retreat. She had never been troubled by religious belief and no vision of an after-life intimidated her. She dreamed by day of never again putting on tight shoes, of never having to laugh and listen and admire, of never more being a good sport. Never.

But how would you do it? It made her sick to think of jumping from heights. She could not stand a gun. At the theatre, if one of the actors drew a revolver, she crammed her fingers into her ears and could not even look at the stage until after the shot had been fired. There was no gas in her flat. She looked long at the bright blue veins in her slim wrists—a cut with a razor blade, and there you'd be. But it would hurt, hurt like hell, and there would be blood to see. Poison—something tasteless and quick and painless—was the thing. But they wouldn't sell it to you in drug-stores, because of the law.

She had few other thoughts.

There was a new man now—Art. He was short and fat and exacting and hard on her patience when he was drunk. But there had been only occasionals for some time before him, and she was glad of a little stability. Too, Art must be away for weeks at a stretch, selling silks, and that was restful. She was convincingly gay with him, though the effort shook her viciously.

"The best sport in the world," he would murmur, deep in her neck. "The best sport in the world."

One night, when he had taken her to Jimmy's, she went into the dressing-room with Mrs. Florence Miller. There, while designing curly mouths on their faces with lip-rouge, they compared experiences of insomnia.

"Honestly," Mrs. Morse said, "I wouldn't close an eye if I didn't go to bed full of Scotch. I lie there and toss and turn and toss and turn. Blue! Does a person get blue lying awake that way!"

"Say, listen, Hazel," Mrs. Miller said, im-

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pressively, "I'm telling you I'd be awake for a year if I didn't take veronal. That stuff makes you sleep like a fool."

"Isn't it poison, or something?" Mrs. Morse asked.

"Oh, you take too much and you're out for the count," said Mrs. Miller. "I just take five grains—they come in tablets. I'd be scared to fool around with it. But five grains, and you cork off pretty."

"Can you get it anywhere?" Mrs. Morse felt superbly Machiavellian.

"Get all you want in Jersey," said Mrs. Miller. "They won't give it to you here without you have a doctor's prescription. Finished? We'd better go back and see what the boys are doing."

That night, Art left Mrs. Morse at the door of her apartment; his mother was in town. Mrs. Morse was still sober, and it happened that there was no whiskey left in her cupboard. She lay in bed, looking up at the black ceiling.

She rose early, for her, and went to New Jersey. She had never taken the tube, and did not understand it. So she went to the Pennsylvania Station and bought a railroad ticket to Newark. She thought of nothing in particular on the trip out. She looked at the uninspired hats of the women about her and gazed through the smeared window at the flat, gritty scene.

In Newark, in the first drug-store she came to, she asked for a tin of talcum powder, a nail-brush and a box of veronal tablets. The powder and the brush were to make the hypnotic seem also a casual need. The clerk was entirely unconcerned. "We only keep them in bottles," he said and wrapped up for her a little glass vial containing ten white tablets, stacked one on another.

She went to another drug-store and bought a face-cloth, an orange-wood stick and a bottle of veronal tablets. The clerk was also uninterested.

"Well, I guess I got enough to kill an ox," she thought, and went back to the station.

At home, she put the little vials in the drawer of her dressing-table and stood looking at them with a dreamy tenderness.

"There they are, God bless them," she said, and she kissed her finger-tip and touched each bottle.

The colored maid was busy in the living room.

"Hey, Nettie," Mrs. Morse called. "Be an angel, will you? Run around to Jimmy's and get me a quart of Scotch."

She hummed while she awaited the girl's return.

During the next few days, whiskey ministered to her as tenderly as it had done when she first turned to its aid. Alone, she was soothed and vague, at Jimmy's she was the gayest of the groups. Art was delighted with her.

Then, one night, she had an appointment to meet Art at Jimmy's for an early dinner. He was to leave afterward on a business excursion, to be away for a week. Mrs. Morse had been drinking all the afternoon; while she dressed to go out, she felt herself rising pleasurably from drowsiness to high spirits. But as she came out into the street the effects of the whiskey deserted her completely, and she was filled with a slow, grinding wretchedness so horrible that she stood swaying on the pavement, unable for a moment to move forward. It was a gray night with spurts of mean, thin snow, and the streets shone with dark ice. As she slowly crossed Sixth Avenue, consciously dragging one foot past the other, a big, scarred horse pulling a rickety express-wagon crashed to his knees before her. The driver swore and screamed and lashed the beast insanely, bringing the whip back over his shoulder for every blow, while the horse struggled to get a footing on the slippery asphalt. A group gathered and watched with interest.

Art was waiting, when Mrs. Morse reached Jimmy's.

"What's the matter with you, for God's sake?" was his greeting to her.

"I saw a horse," she said. "Gee, I—a person feels sorry for horses. I—it isn't just horses. Everything's kind of terrible, isn't it? I can't help getting sunk."

"Ah, sunk, me eye," he said. "What's the idea of all the bellyaching? What have you got to be sunk about?"

"I can't help it," she said.

"Ah, help it, me eye," he said. "Pull

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yourself together, will you? Come on and sit down, and take that face off you."

She drank industriously and she tried hard, but she could not overcome her melancholy. Others joined them and commented on her gloom, and she could do no more for them than smile weakly. She made little dabs at her eyes with her handkerchief, trying to time her movements so they would be unnoticed, but several times Art caught her and scowled and shifted impatiently in his chair.

When it was time for him to go to his train, she said she would leave, too, and go home.

"And not a bad idea, either," he said. "See if you can't sleep yourself out of it. I'll see you Thursday. For God's sake, try and cheer up by then, will you?"

"Yeah," she said. "I will."

In her bedroom, she undressed with a tense speed wholly unlike her usual slow uncertainty. She put on her nightgown, took off her hair-net and passed the comb quickly through her dry, vari-colored hair. Then she took the two little vials from the drawer and carried them into the bathroom. The splintering misery had gone from her, and she felt the quick excitement of one who is about to receive an anticipated gift.

She uncorked the vials, filled a glass with water and stood before the mirror, a tablet between her fingers. Suddenly she bowed graciously to her reflection, and raised the glass to it.

"Well, here's mud in your eye," she said.

The tablets were unpleasant to take, dry and powdery and sticking obstinately halfway down her throat. It took her a long time to swallow all twenty of them. She stood watching her reflection with deep, impersonal interest, studying the movements of the gulping throat. Once more she spoke aloud to it.

"For God's sake, try and cheer up by Thursday, will you?" she said. "Well, you know what he can do. He and the whole lot of them."

She had no idea how quickly to expect effect from the veronal. When she had taken the last tablet, she stood uncertainly, wondering, still with a courteous, vicarious interest, if death would strike her down then and there. She felt in no way strange, save for a slight stirring of sickness from the effort of swallowing the tablets, nor did her reflected face look at all different. It would not be immediate, then; it might even take an hour or so.

She stretched her arms high and gave a vast yawn.

"Guess I'll go to bed," she said. "Gee, I'm nearly dead."

That struck her as comic, and she turned out the bathroom light and went in and laid herself down in her bed, chuckling softly all the time.

"Gee, I'm nearly dead," she quoted. "That's a hot one!"

III

Nettie, the colored maid, came in late the next afternoon to clean the apartment, and found Mrs. Morse in her bed. But then, that was not unusual. Usually, though, the sounds of cleaning waked her, and she did not like to wake up. Nettie, an agreeable girl, had learned to move softly about her work.

But when she had done the living room and stolen in to tidy the little square bedroom, she could not avoid a tiny clatter as she arranged the objects on the dressing table. Instinctively, she glanced over her shoulder at the sleeper, and without warning a sickly uneasiness crept over her. She came to the bed and stared down at the woman lying there.

Mrs. Morse lay on her back, one flabby, white arm flung up, the wrist against her forehead. Her stiff hair hung untenderly along her face. The bed covers were pushed down, exposing a deep square of soft neck and a pink nightgown, its fabric worn uneven by many launderings; her great breasts, freed from their tight confiner, sagged beneath her arm-pits. Now and then she made knotted, snoring sounds, and from the corner of her opened mouth to the blurred turn of her jaw ran a lane of crusted spittle.

"Mis' Morse," Nettie called. "Oh, Mis' Morse! It's terrible late."

Mrs. Morse made no move.

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"Mis' Morse," said Nettie. "Look, Mis' Morse. How'm I goin' get this bed made?"

Panic sprang upon the girl. She shook the woman's hot shoulder.

"Ah, wake up, will yuh?" she whined. "Ah, please wake up."

Suddenly the girl turned and ran out in the hall to the elevator door, keeping her thumb firm on the black, shiny button until the elderly car and its Negro attendant stood before her. She poured a jumble of words over the boy, and led him back to the apartment. He tiptoed creakingly in to the bedside; first gingerly, then so lustily that he left marks in the soft flesh, he prodded the unconscious woman.

"Hey, there!" he cried, and listened intently, as for an echo.

"Jeez. Out like a light," he commented.

At his interest in the spectacle, Nettie's panic left her. Importance was big in both of them. They talked in quick, unfinished whispers, and it was the boy's suggestion that he fetch the young doctor who lived on the ground floor. Nettie hurried along with him. They looked forward to the limelit moment of breaking their news of something untoward, something pleasurably unpleasant. Mrs. Morse had become the medium of drama. With no ill wish to her, they hoped that her state was serious, that she would not let them down by being awake and normal on their return. A little fear of this determined them to make the most, to the doctor, of her present condition. "Matter of life and death" returned to Nettie from her thin store of reading. She considered startling the doctor with the phrase.

The doctor was in and none too pleased at interruption. He wore a yellow and blue striped dressing-gown, and he was lying on his sofa, laughing, with a dark girl, her face scaly with inexpensive powder, who perched on the arm. Half-emptied highball glasses stood beside them, and her coat and hat were neatly hung up with the comfortable implication of a long stay.

Always something, the doctor grumbled. Couldn't let anybody alone after a hard day. But he put some bottles and instruments into a case, changed his dressing-gown for his coat and started out with the Negroes.

"Snap it up there, big boy," the girl called after him. "Don't be all night."

The doctor strode loudly into Mrs. Morse's flat and on to the bedroom, Nettie and the boy right behind him. Mrs. Morse had not moved; her sleep was as deep, but soundless, now. The doctor looked sharply at her, then plunged his thumbs into the lidded pits above her eyeballs and threw his weight upon them. A high, sickened cry broke from Nettie.

"Look like he tryin' to push her right on th'ough the bed," said the boy. He chuckled.

Mrs. Morse gave no sign under the pressure. Abruptly the doctor abandoned it, and with one quick movement swept the covers down to the foot of the bed. With another he flung her nightgown back and lifted the thick, white legs, cross-hatched with blocks of tiny, iris-colored veins. He pinched them repeatedly, with long, cruel nips, back of the knees. She did not awaken.

"What's she been drinking?" he asked Nettie, over his shoulder.

With the certain celerity of one who knows just where to lay hands on a thing, Nettie went into the bathroom, bound for the cupboard where Mrs. Morse kept her whiskey. But she stopped at the sight of the two vials, with their red and white labels, lying before the mirror. She brought them to the doctor.

"Oh, for the Lord Almighty's sweet sake!" he said. He dropped Mrs. Morse's limp legs, and pushed them impatiently across the bed. "What did she want to go taking that tripe for? Rotten yellow trick, that's what a thing like that is. Now we'll have to pump her out, and all that stuff. Nuisance, a thing like that is; that's what it amounts to. Here, George, take me down in the elevator. You wait here, maid. She won't do anything."

"She won' die on me, will she?" cried Nettie.

"No," said the doctor. "God, no. You couldn't kill her with an axe."

IV

After two days, Mrs. Morse came back to consciousness, dazed at first, then with a

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comprehension that brought with it the slow, saturating wretchedness.

"Oh, Lord, oh, Lord," she moaned, and tears for herself and for life striped her cheeks.

Nettie came in at the sound. For two days she had done the ugly, incessant tasks in the nursing of the unconscious, for two nights she had caught broken bits of sleep on the living room couch. She looked coldly at the big, blown woman in the bed.

"What you been tryin' to do, Mis' Morse?" she said. "What kine o' work is that, takin' all that stuff?"

"Oh, Lord," moaned Mrs. Morse, again, and she tried to cover her eyes with her arms. But the joints felt stiff and brittle, and she cried out at their ache.

"Tha's no way to ack, takin' them pills," said Nettie. "You can thank you' stars you heah at all. How you feel now?"

"Oh, I feel great," said Mrs. Morse. "Swell, I feel."

Her hot, painful tears fell as if they would never stop.

"Tha's no way to take on, cryin' like that," Nettie said. "After what you done. The doctor, he says he could have you arrested, doin' a thing like that. He was fit to be tied, here."

"Why couldn't he let me alone?" wailed Mrs. Morse. "Why the hell couldn't he have?"

"Tha's terr'ble, Mis' Morse, swearin' an' talkin' like that," said Nettie, "after what people done for you. Here I ain' had no sleep at all, an' I had to give up goin' out to my other ladies!"

"Oh, I'm sorry, Nettie," she said. "You're a peach. I'm sorry I've given you so much trouble. I couldn't help it. I just got sunk. Didn't you ever feel like doing it? When everything looks just lousy to you?"

"I wouldn' think o' no such thing," declared Nettie. "You got to cheer up. Tha's what you got to do. Everybody's got their troubles."

"Yeah," said Mrs. Morse. "I know."

"Come a pretty picture card for you," Nettie said. "Maybe that will cheer you up."

She handed Mrs. Morse a post card. Mrs. Morse had to cover one eye with her hand, in order to read the message; her eyes were not yet focussing correctly.

It was from Art. On the back of a view of the Detroit Athletic Club he had written: "Greeting and salutations. Hope you have lost that gloom. Cheer up and don't take any rubber nickles. See you on Thursday".

She dropped the card to the floor. Misery crushed her as if she were between great smooth stones. There passed before her a slow, slow pageant of days spent lying in her flat, of evenings at Jimmy's being a good sport, making herself laugh and coo at Art and other Arts; she saw a long parade of weary horses and shivering beggars and all beaten, driven, stumbling things. Her feet throbbed as if she had crammed them into the stubby champagne-colored slippers. Her heart seemed to swell and fester.

"Nettie," she cried, "for heaven's sake pour me a drink, will you?"

The maid looked doubtful.

"Now you know, Mis' Morse," she said, "you been near daid. I don' know if the doctor he let you drink nothin' yet."

"Oh, never mind him," she said. "You get me one, and bring in the bottle. Take one yourself."

"Well," said Nettie.

She poured them each a drink, deferentially leaving hers in the bathroom to be taken in solitude, and brought Mrs. Morse's glass in to her.

Mrs. Morse looked into the liquor and shuddered back from its odor. Maybe it would help. Maybe, when you had been knocked cold for a few days, your very first drink would give you a lift. Maybe whiskey would be her friend again. She prayed without addressing a God, without knowing a God. Oh, please, please, let her be able to get drunk, please keep her always drunk.

She lifted the glass.

"Thanks, Nettie," she said. "Here's mud in your eye."

The maid giggled. "Tha's the way, Mis' Morse," she said. "You cheer up, now."

"Yeah," said Mrs. Morse. "Sure."

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TWO POEMS

By Katherine Mansfield

THE two poems following were found among Katherine Mansfield's papers early this year. They are typewritten and undated; but they are indisputably hers: nor have I much doubt concerning the times when they were written. "A Sunset", I feel sure, belongs to the latter end of 1919 when, under the stress of the sudden realization that she had not much longer to live, she was driven to the more immediate and personal expression of poetry. "A Sunset" has an obvious relation to her published poem, "The Wounded Bird". The "Old-Fashioned Widow's Song" belongs, I believe, to a year later. In the winter of 1920 Katherine Mansfield was living in a small villa at Ospedaletti on the north Italian coast. Her illness and her loneliness then caused her moments of bleak and terrible depression. Moreover, her heightened sensibility, exactly like Keats's at Shanklin in 1818, suffered a physical torment from the unending sound of the sea. At such moments of intense and intolerable depression, Katherine Mansfield had an almost uncanny clarity of vision. Some of her most mysteriously moving stories—in particular, "Je ne parle pas français" and "A Married Man's Story"—were the direct outcome of such moods. She had, as she wrote in a letter shortly to be published, two distinct moods from which she wrote: the one, an overflowing delight in the sheer beauty of the created world, the other a movement of rebellion against the pain of things. Both these poems have their origin in the latter mood.

—J. Middleton Murry.

A Sunset

A beam of light was shaken out of the sky
On to the brimming tide, and there it lay
Palely tossing like a creature condemned to die
Who has loved the bright day.

Ah, who are these that wing through the shadowy air?
She cries, in agony. Are they coming for me?
The big waves croon to her: Hush, now! There, now, there!
There is nothing to see.

But her white arms lift to cover her shining head,
And she presses close to the waves to make herself small.
On their listless knees the beam of light lies dead,
And the birds of shadow fall.

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Old-Fashioned Widow's Song

She handed me a gay bouquet
Of roses pulled in the rain,
Delicate beauties, frail and cold—
Could roses heal my pain?

She smiled: "Ah, c'est un triste temps!"
I laughed and answered, "Yes,"
Pressing the roses in my palms.
How could the roses guess?

She sang, "Madame est seule?" Her eye
Snapped like a rain-washed berry.
How could the solemn roses tell
Which of us was more merry?

She turned to go: she stopped to chat;
"Adieu," at last she cried.
"Mille mercis pour ces jolies fleurs!" . . .
At that the roses died.

The petals drooped, the petals fell,
The leaves hung crisped and curled.
And I stood holding my dead bouquet
In a dead world.

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INDIAN DETOUR

By Mary Austin

THERE is an Indian Detour. It takes off from the continental lines at Las Vegas in New Mexico and goes on past the blooming meadows, past Starvation Rock, past the ruins of old Pecos, past little Spanish-speaking towns that have not changed much since the road through them was the Santa Fé trail, with great ox teams lumbering down to the Fonda, where the first stage of the present Detour comes to rest. Here the Indian interest begins. It alters north toward Taos, toward the little towns of the Sangre de Cristo, towns with names such as you would expect of mountains that call themselves Blood of Christ: Questa, Talpa, Peñasco, Cundio, Chimayo, Rio Media. On this stretch you pass through San Juan of the Gentlemen, that San Juan from whose roofs the astounded aborigines watched—July 10, 1598—the first European drama ever played on the soil of the United States. If you are lucky you might see it played again with all the original business, at Santa Cruz or Alcalde, by the descendants of the first performers.

Or you might detour west and climb through the Small House country to the region of cliff ruins, Puye, Tsankawi and Ottowi and the Rito de los Frijoles where in barely traceable touches of red and green and yellow paint you discover remains of stage settings for dramas older than Aristotle. Or, if your purse and your endurance hold out, you can go south and west again until, in the middle of a vast desert region between the Rio Grande and the Grand Canyon, you can still, at the proper season, see things that Aristotle would have gladly revised his *Poetics* to include.

Innumerable tourists go that way every year; because they really wish to see something strange and new or, potent urge with the American public, because they have heard that it is something that one ought not to miss, because they have been told that significant people think it the most significant sight in the United States. And they come back, whether or not they have been able to take the measure of that significance, never quite the same, touched in spite of themselves with the wildness of beauty and the strength of strangeness. For this is the rewarding quality of the Indian Detour, that the dullest Babbitts know, when they have been there, that they have seen *something*, even when they do not know at all what it means.

It is not of tourists, however, that I wish to write, but of the people to whom the Indian Detour is an esthetic adventure not easily to be mapped or explained. For them the Detour begins either at Santa Fé or Taos and is referred to from centers like Vienna and New York as the Santa Fé Movement. Actually there is nothing either at Santa Fé or at Taos in the least resembling a "movement", not anything that is ordinarily called a "school" among the representatives of the various types of creative work going on there. Nor does the group at Santa Fé, as it is irritatingly described, constitute an "artist colony". Of the painters, no two came there for the same reasons, no two arrive at the same expression of what they find. Naturally, there couldn't be any schools of writing, since these are found only in centers of population where there are so many people who fail to make a living at writing that they are obliged to eke out their incomes by teaching other people how. Yet, to this loosely co-ordinated society of workers with no center other than a common way of life gather and dissolve and regather, from year to year, the foot-loose figures of the creative world here at home and even from abroad. If all these agree on anything at all, it is upon the immense significance, the vital importance of what may be discovered by the initiate in the region about Taos and Santa Fé. Two years ago, when

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it appeared that the district in question was about to be pre-empted by a group of people whose idea of the good life is to listen periodically, in mass formation, to what is said by people who have read what has been written about what has been done, the profound inarticulate agreement of the creative group of New Mexico manifested itself in a voltage of resistance that arrested national attention. There must, then, be an idea, a consolidating hope or aspiration behind so much devotion. However, no delimiting phrase, no dogmatic exposition of the New Mexico idea have yet appeared. It can perhaps be described most satisfactorily, to those who have adventured in it, not so much as an idea, an illumination, but by the phrase that heads this account of it, a detour, a variation from the well mapped creative way, an Indian Detour.

By elimination, it is the Indian life here that gives the note, that subtends like a deep embracing chord the various themes that arise and sing themselves out in various mediums in varied minds. It is upon the unaccented throbbing of the cloud-calling Indian drum that all the lesser rhythms are orchestrated, all the colors harmonized, all the lights and shadow stayed. The country is, of course, immensely exciting. Its contours are noble and dynamic—sharp sky-reaching peaks, alternating with long, level stretches of brooding power. Everywhere the landscape affords that sense of participation in the immense activities of nature that are natural to countries at once open and mountainous. The landscape color is subtly persuasive, making itself felt under vibrating intricacies of light and muting mountain shadows. The response, in natures at all sensitive, is a sort of triumphant excitement which, no doubt, has much to do with the curative properties attributed to the sun, the super-oxygenated air and the elevation.

There is also an entertaining quality in the daily life here, not easily achieved elsewhere in the United States, that extraordinarily contents minds habituated to the professional entertainment of cities; the low adobe huts, the dark people, the unabashed primitiveness of Indian ceremonial, the old world quaintness of Spanish custom. New Mexico is still the most Catholic state, and its mellow bells, candle-lit interiors and colorful processions are a satisfying substitute for much that the Republic lacks. Say what he will, the creative worker, though he may be hopelessly inhibited from ever taking part in it, likes to have the symbol and ritual of spiritual practice going on around him. It saves him, if nothing else, from getting bored with the monotony of "progress". Between the life here and the environment in which it is lived, one is never bored at Santa Fé and, if one resorts to stimulants, it is rather with the idea of relaxing the high key than of screwing oneself up to a daily stint. This, to the creative worker, is a great gain—though New Mexico is not a particularly inexpensive place to live, it is a place where one naturally affords the relief from economic strain. It is no place for the worker who is still under the necessity of the daily or monthly sale of himself and his product, but for the worker who can quiet his necessities with one or two visits a year to the market place, it presents long, level stretches of opportunity not likely to be impinged upon against his will.

But these things alone are not enough to account for the attraction New Mexico has for types as diverse as Dr. Jung, of psychoanalytic fame, Willa Cather, Sinclair Lewis, Agnes DeMille, Sidney Howard and more poets and painters than have elsewhere set their faces in any other common direction.

Here, where within the fifty mile circuit of Santa Fé there are more ruined cities than can be found in Europe, interest accrues from a past sufficiently mapped to give easy contact and little enough known to afford the delight of discovery. Man being an animal afflicted with a curious itch to impress himself on the background of his being, most Americans, owning nothing but a future, have so over-reached themselves to get at it that they overlook the necessity of having oil in their lamps for its proper illumination. But here, against a past in which every driven spade turns up another thousand years, the strain of the great American future is sensibly relaxed. One feels, at Santa Fé, strangely little responsibility for what ought to happen next, accepting the present gladly.

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There are here that releasing sense of the past and a sense of folk. This last, of course, is a flat contradiction of the American prepossession. That there should be within the Republic groups of people rendered distinct from the rest of us and homogeneous among themselves through what comes to them from their locality, achieving a culture which is purely regional and differentiated from the culture of our national institutions, such as the newspapers and the public schools, is an affront to the early American equalitarian doctrine. But the artist group at Santa Fé embraces it with the joyous affinity of the uplifter's child for the offspring of the unregenerate. The folk element in the southwest comes to us by annexations, misnamed conquest, of the Spanish Colonies already falling away from Mexico through distance and neglect. This people, which still constitutes forty percent of the population of New Mexico, had a culture of their own not unlike that which may still be found in remote districts of Spain, plus what was added to it by the pueblo Indian culture which they found already at a level higher than had been reached anywhere else within the United States.

That, in our characteristic neglect of all but economic values, this culture had been despised into desuetude, by the time the artist began to come, was inevitable. It was equally natural that the artist group should have shortly involved the whole community in a movement to revalue and revive the creative elements, still to be uncovered in New Mexico in Spanish Colonial custom and craft. Perhaps this was a little helped by the belated discovery that the Republic was bound to make, that there are natural limitations to man's cultural capacity which defy both the public schools and the Declaration of Independence. At any rate, the dark, colorful Spanish strain is a vivid note of interest in the New Mexican scene today and a point of departure for much that distinguishes what is going on there in the way of constructive undertaking.

Something of this sense of folk is in the Indian appeal. As far as the insistent pressure of white life permits him, the Pueblo Indian is leading the good life, the life of complete adaptation between his spiritual perception and his natural environment. It is the dignity, the courage and the profound spiritual integrity which the Indian opposes to the pressure, continuously brought to bear upon him to abandon this good life for a shallow imitation of lower middle-class American ways, that first of all excite the interest of the artist group. There is something of fellow feeling in it, since the Indian is discovered to be artist and craftsman of no mean distinction, judged even by the most exacting standards. Perhaps the most moving and hopeful index of what has happened at Santa Fé, observed by those who have been seven or eight years in the country, is the recovery of racial pride in the Indian, the tautening of lines of character, as much by recognition of artist quality as by economic regeneration of his crafts. But the re-estimation of the Indian as artist requires time and contact with the conditions and the life outlook of which his design, his music, his song and drama are the transparently sincere and subtly modulated expression.

The Indian Detour *de facto,* which is for the average traveller the most convenient approach, carries him in a few hours back into a cultural epoch that, except for the debilitating contacts of white life, can be checked off comparatively against the culture of sea-tempered ancient Crete. The difference between the tempering of human metal by the desert and the sea is the difference between the in-knowing and out-going adventure: rugged attack on the environment by the sea rover, as against the desert dweller's profound intuitive accommodation to it. But take away from Cretan remains the foreign ideas and artifacts which their ships brought in, and you have a fair equivalent in the ruins of Chaco Canyon for the great Labyrinth. You can match snake priest against snake goddess, bison hunt against bull ring and, in any decorative scheme, wreathing sea creatures for desert beast and bird. The pottery glazes were harder at Crete; in general, the textile technique and the feeling for form carried further; but the murals of the King's house at Knossos do not measure up either in feeling or design to the pictures painted today by Fred Kabote at Zuñi and Velino Shiji of Sia. Whether the

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pre-classic period of Mediterranean song and dance was plotted on anything like the complexity of rhythms which underlie Indian dance-drama, it is impossible at this distance to feel certain. Rhythmic overlappings in Greek prosody and the Aristotelian tradition of an unaccented—in Aristotle's time already obsolete—rhythm called pyrrhic, unaccented as the beat of the Tewa tombe, suggest that all primitive verse passed through similar stages on its way to becoming the medium peculiar to an age, a people in the process of adaptation to a strongly characterized environment. The point of this comparison is that at Crete we have the stage of literary and dramatic development immediately antecedent to that one out of which, with a few local variations and additions, arose the whole scheme of art expression in Europe. What makes a poem, a play, a picture, a sonata, an opera, in the European classic tradition to which America is a somewhat disgruntled inheritor, can all be traced back with reasonable continuity to states of culture amply illustrated by what is still extant in New Mexico.

Here the Indian Detour touches the creative quest of today, having begun a little further back than it began in Europe three thousand years ago, purely American in its origins, an influence which has shaped our birth and contributes to our present being. With all this European commentary on the modern scene, which every artist carries about with him more or less subconsciously as a part of his personal baggage, we arrive here, with a sense of finality which no other modern approach affords. With an inarticulate consciousness of having come at something fresher, we are nearer the original creative impulse than the schools have been able to take us, even though it is the theory of the schools that here exactly is where the modern should take up his soul's residence, in a frame of society which requires nothing of the artist but that he should exteriorize successfully his own penetration of phenomena. Here the Indian Detour debouches into the highway, having convinced those who follow it that it is the rest of the company which is detouring, side-tracking in a tangle of old traces and stopped-end trails.

This, it seems to me, is the common denominator of the New Mexico interest. It has other and more explicit connotations for the individual according to his capacity. For one, it is new color relations; for another, a more robust sense of form, new rhythms in verse, new approaches to the story; to others, perhaps no more than a new source of unused material. Others, like John Sloan, have already found their way to that region of reality which lies, as Sloan puts it, beyond the reach of the "one-eyed eye expert", in dimensions of relative significance, and come to Santa Fé because it is the pleasantest way home.

Here and there in the work of particular artists, this common denominator flashes on the observer; in the water colors of Frank Applegate, where, out of the apparently inextricable welter of landscape, a sky piercing peak, a wet gleam of *arroyo* and rearing cliff leap as freshly, as completely disentangled from the foreground as if it had just proceeded out of the in-knowing thought of the All-Father. Or, in the portraits and still life paintings of Andrew Dasburg, there is the same disentanglement from an over-Europeanized subjective foreground, such a foreground as is completely non-existent for the aborigine. For the aborigine is himself still in the picture, not looking across at it from traditionally established points of view. You can get the force of this distinction by attending an Indian dance which is being produced, say, for a visiting convention of Rotarians and, then, one of the dances the Pueblos give for themselves and a bare handful of invited guests, a private view to fellow artists. As the dance moves about the plaza, the Indian audience moves, but always subdued to the accent of the scene, never outside its implications, participators with the Invisible Powers, present in their symbol and in the tribal consciousness. I took Paxton Hibben once to the dance of the Emergence at San Felipe where, as the drama of man's emergence from the dark underworlds proceeded, the audience flowed and regrouped themselves in schemes of color and motion that Reinhardt or Arthur Hopkins would have wept to produce—and wept chiefly because they could

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not. The president of Princeton naïvely confessed that he had seen snapshots of such things but that he had always taken it for granted that they had been posed for that purpose. There's the true inwardness of the modern American approach, the approach to art as something that has been made for the audience, a "good show". But watch such an American audience at an Indian dance for its characteristic reaction, a disposition to grab something off for itself, a private view, a souvenir, a snapshot preferably including members of their party. For the Indian, however, the dance is a means of including himself in the assemblage of ever present Invisible Powers.

Not that being tremendously moved by what they find here enables all the detourists to grasp its essential structures. There are still people building modern houses at Santa Fé and plastering them with mud under the fond illusion that they are achieving the Santa Fé architecture which looks so picturesque in pictures. But if the picture studied had been one of Nordfeldt's etchings or Baumann's wood blocks, it might be seen that native New Mexican houses are not modern structures smoothed and rounded with adobe, but human shells drawn up out of the constituent earth by an original creative impulse of the human habitant. You can sometimes catch Nordfeldt painting a man that way, as if he had just been turned out by his creator redolent of the stuff that makes him, or Baumann being humorous the way Koshare are humorous because it is in the principle of his growth. I take liberties with the names of those whose standing will excuse the literary interpretation of their work, in place of the painter's patter of which I am unsure. For literary exemplars, I am too much implicated to be critical. Except, of course, that all poets are beginning to be touched as were the first Americans, with the effort to co-ordinate their work with the environmental script, the landscape line, the subtle orchestration of its rhythms of form and color and dominant occupations. Yet, if you should happen to be annoyed, as American readers so often are by my habit of presenting my subject with its relative perspectives merely signified instead of pleasingly graduated as the American reader loves to have them, to simulate the distances which have nothing really to do with the picture's meaning, you might suspect that I had been living in the Indian country too long. I have often thought, if Willa Cather had the courage to present her stories as she sees them, Indian fashion, in episodes of high significance, so distributed that the blank spaces between are occupied without being filled, as she almost perfectly did in *A Lost Lady*, she would have justified the Indian detour which several of her characters have undertaken and not quite made. But one cannot start over at a point further back than the classic tradition indicates and arrive abreast of the Twentieth Century in one generation.

Probably for the lifetime of those who have discovered it, the New Mexican detour is one of escape, avoidance, at least, of the pit of depression into which too many of their contemporaries, compelled to travel the highway of the usual, have dropped. It is unlikely that it will appear to the dwellers in the market place anything more than a happy aside, until after its connection with what is going on in old Mexico has attained recognizable dimensions. For what Mexico is doing is the same thing, more intensively and extensively, since Mexico is the more Indian. Year by year our people are seeing this and extending their detour across the border in a movement that needs only some method of making it more generally practicable to establish it as generally popular. For the basic thing in Mexico, the thing, I mean, which is bringing out of its political and economic welter what so seldom does come out of such confusion, a significant national expression in art, is the orchestration of rhythms upon which all Indian art in the United States is grounded.

It is not easy to say to audiences unacquainted with its exemplar in sound, color, form or movement what an orchestration of rhythms is. Practically all primitive art can be analyzed back into rhythmic structure intricate beyond what the modern eye can detect or the ear realize; complexities that have, for the modern, to be worked out like a problem in algebra but of which the aborigine is acutely conscious in his own drama, his de-

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signs and his dances. The nearest modern approach is that of the driver who is consciously aware of the clacks and purrs and whirrs and beats of his racing car or plane; with this distinction, that the modern realizes them only as evidences of mechanical adjustment, while the primitive is able to receive them as esthetic enjoyment, orchestrated into wholes by a faculty which Europe has long lost. There is some reason to believe that the primitive art of southern Europe, until it was overlaid by the heavy simplicity of the Nordic primitives, was plotted on a similar complication of rhythms. Along about the Twelfth Century, Europe transmuted its rhythms into harmony, tied to established scales, harmonies of tone, of color, of vowel sequences, assonance and rhyme, which have thinned by use to a syrupy sweetness no longer able to bear up the movement of an age in which the stroke of piston rods, the purr of dynamos, the steady click of the steering gear, the unaccented flick and spark of the electric current give the dominant rhythms.

In Mexico there are Indian artists sufficiently masters of the modern medium to bring this to sharper realization than has yet been done in New Mexico. Moreover, Mexico is not waiting for us to go after the key to our own material, but is beginning, here at Santa Fé, to come to us. Rather simply at present, it comes by way of strolling players and dances and dramatic companies freely demonstrating out of native material that, professionally schooled or not, they have to an appealing degree what is known on Broadway as *It*. Whether the *entrada* is accomplished by means of Tipica orchestra with heathenish instruments, or Tempraniti Beltri, Alfonso Mateos or Pedro and Carmen Doblado, putting themselves across to a native New Mexican audience willing to go half way to meet them, every now and then between more sophisticated and occasionally professionally rewarding performances, they will suddenly with great gusto show you what Covarrubias and Diego Rivera and Maximo Pacheco have shown, the dark, infinitely humorous and tragic heart of the Indian. In New Mexico we have, on a lesser scale and overlaid with disuse and Nordic ignorance and snobbishness, precisely what Mexico has, even though we still have to look to Mexico for the evidence of what a genuinely native regional culture might become. I say *might* because the great American mill is at work also upon the Indian material, rubber-stamping him down into dull replicas of the elements in our population by whom the hope of a genuinely American esthetic is denied. It is this possibility that gives a tragic zest to the Santa Fé adventure, pursued into the very jaws of disaster and, thus, serving for a point of contact by which the richer culture possibilities of Mexico can be modulated to the American understanding may well prove one of the functions of the devoted detourists. Certainly, the dimensions of the Indian expression in Mexico give to the experiment here a validity which as a purely regional issue it might not have. If it fails of being prophetic for the United States, it is assured, at least, of a soundly American immortality.

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PUTTING IN AND LEAVING OUT

By C. E. Montague

THERE are two ways of making a statue, if you know how. You may plump it out from within or you may pare down to it from without. You may take a lath and stick more and more clay or wax round about it, till you have thickened it into a bust. Or you may take a block of rough stone and chip away at it till there is nothing left but a bust.

One sculptor will feel his work going better when he is building out towards the shape that he wants to fashion; another, when he is cutting in towards it. The one would seem to be more happily stirred by a sense of making something out of nothing—relatively nothing; the other by a sense of releasing a pre-existent beauty from a kind of limbo. The one feels as if he were assembling granules to make up a gem; the other, as if he were disengaging a natural gem from its matrix —stripping it of a coarse sheath of waste stuff that clogs and hides it. To the one the essential act of creation is a putting in; to the other it is a leaving out.

Be warned. The distinction is not a profound one. Still, it may be useful, if cautiously used. It serves, at any rate, to illustrate a variation between the modes in which different writers address themselves to a new piece of work. Some, like Swinburne and Victor Hugo, you seem to see hunting about for any significant word they can add. Others, such as Bacon and Tacitus, are as visibly searching for words to omit. "A boss word! Let's work it in." That is the manifest impulse of the inclusionist, as you may call him. "Now, can't I do without that word?" is the question that besets the exclusionist, as he scans the too, too solid flesh of his draft manuscript and thinks how to melt out of it just an ounce more of fat.

The study of this contrast in procedure might be easier if people cared as much about seeing the writer's art in the rough as they care when the art in question is painting. The happy painter's prefatory sketches for his monumental canvas of "King Alfred in the Neatherd's Hut" are eagerly sought and justly cherished by the world. The hems-and-haws of his genius, as it clears its throat before the bell-like note comes forth, can be exhibited in Bond Street, with a proper charge at the door and with critics pointing out that the half is often more than the whole. But when shall we see a public gallery hung with early drafts of *Babbitt,* or the first false starts and infant stammers of *If Winter Comes,* or the original sketch, the second version, the revised typescript and the corrected proofs of *Won by a Neck* or all the abortive half-pages on which the Olympian leader-writer tunes his thunderous instrument before breaking into the effective peals that we know?

> Alas, what boots it with incessant care
> To ply the homely, slighted writer's trade?

However, even to this cold rule of neglect there are bright exceptions. At times the waste-paper basket does give up its dead, and then a masterpiece known to the world may be seen struggling up into completion in one or other of the two ways here noted. In the many series of photographs of "celebrities at every stage of their lives" in popular magazines, you may see how some of the great and wise have put on flesh since childhood, whereas others who are but small herbs of grace are seen to have set out on their course as decidedly full-bodied seedlings. So is it with some great books or plays discovered in process of growth. Some of them you find to have swollen from the most thinly mewling and puking infancy to their magnificent adult girth and stature. Others have steadily diminished in bulk as their elements of force and fire and music have been gradually set free from hampering masses of dead verbiage which at first muffled their significance.

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Of works of art which have swelled from the first, the major plays of Ibsen seem to be fortunate instances. Through infancy and youth to their coming of age, the benign process may be conveniently viewed in the sympathetic book that William Archer filled with Ibsen's notes, scenarios and early drafts. Ibsen's first beginnings may strike you as neither bulky nor good. Some basic idea or inchoate subject presented itself, and the work began coldly and scrappily. Without delight or animation the craftsman laboriously worked up a scraggy lay-figure out of the clay. And then, no doubt, the divine accident happened. The magic interaction of technical effort and imaginative insight commenced. From the moment when that genial miracle began to come off, in the bosom of Ibsen, the original nucleus of the thing seems to have continuously waxed in stature as well as in grace; good things came into sight, out of nowhere, as stars seem to do, or somehow he managed to summon them out of the vasty deep by conjuring or by hauling amain.

Think of *A Doll's House* and count up the touches that you remember as giving the play its edge and harsh savor. There are the macaroon business, the facile fibbing by Nora, the Christmas tree, the glimpse of Helmer as esthete, Rank's malady, Nora's thwarted appeal to him, Helmer's gust of vinous amorousness, the tarantella, the silk stockings, the repartee, "Millions of women have done so". Scarcely one of these things can be found, even in germ, in the first draft of the play. They were imposed on that early sketch. The thing grew like a piece of encrusted architecture. First, came a bare frame, just a thing made to wear decorations; then the precious stones, the gold and the mosaics were fastened upon it, as they were built on to the skeleton of St. Mark's at Venice until by degrees the thickened walls glowed into full expressiveness. "And he's cleckit this great muckle bird out o' this wee egg!" said Saddletree admiringly to Dumbiedikes when the learned counsel for Effie Deans sat down at last. With similar emotion we watch Ibsen expanding the first written germ of *A Doll's House* into the large and grim masterpiece that we know.

Of the opposite school the head man is Shakespeare. Shakespeare seems to have shunned, wherever he decently could and sometimes where the strict ethics of letters might say that he decently couldn't, the pang of sitting down to a desk with nothing to hand except pen, ink, paper and the uncertain gusts of the creative spirit. If possible, he made the job an affair of revision or disengagement—the paring down and burnishing of some pre-existent work, or the extrication of a core of significance and beauty from the clumsy Colossus left in the stoneyard by some previous mason. One can imagine him, feeling his art might be dulled or held down to the earth by the coolie work of making all his own raw material first. Sooner than that, he would take someone else's middling play or novel and lick it into fineness; or out of the rough rock of some old chronicler like Holinshed he would carve just what he wanted, seeming sometimes to esteem himself considerably on doing not a bit more of this chiselling-out than he need, so close does his metrical dialogue come to the prose he found in those naïve historians. Like the sagacious builders in Renaissance Rome, who quarried the stone for the Vatican out of the ruins of the Colosseum, he took every bit of ready-made stuff he could find.

Of course, he was more free to do this than anyone is now. No fuss was made in his day if a new writer took from an old one whatever material he found congenial for his own operations. Greene, no doubt, spoke nastily about an upstart crow decked in other birds' feathers; nobody else seems to have minded, so long as the result was agreeable, any more than they reprobated the practice of an equally spirited acquisitiveness by British heroes in the Spanish Main. But nowadays one cannot quite see Sir James Barrie meeting the public demand for another of his charming plays by taking down a dusty volume of W. G. Wills, or the author of *Caste*, and falling to work with a blue pencil. The ears of the critics would prick up at once; their neck hairs would bristle. Like our young married couples after the war, the gifted literary cuckoo of today is oppressed by an intractable housing question; people who, with a little assistance, might build Vaticans find their genius cramped by notice

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boards to the effect that anyone who carries off any more of the Colosseum will be prosecuted.

Under this persecution, only one way is left to the modern writer who feels that the technique of the sculptor in marble is the technique for him. He must make his own marble. For each work that he meditates he must lay down first a sort of Carrara to quarry it out of and then hack away so much of this prior work of his own hands as is not the latent figure, the immured Sleeping Beauty whom it is his business to disengage and to awaken. Or you might put it another way, especially if your author be young. His work, in the rough, is a kind of hulking 'prentice figure of himself; and then he divests this lumbering hobbledehoy of his graceless superfluities of verbiage, his trumpeting, booming, grimacing and facetiousness; he trains the creature down; he files and bevels it into concision, proportion, modulation and wit. And so the whole of the latter half of the affair is a sustained attempt to leave things out.

Here, too, we have our instances and documents. Shakespeare himself, who illustrates everything, seems to have had a habit of roughing out his plays pretty large and then cutting them down for their presentation to the world. How else account for the unabridged *Hamlet* or for the rough-hewn mass of *Antony and Cleopatra*. About half of each of these works is as much as any modern manager can induce the public to relish; and, from all that we can gather about the theatrical habits of our forefathers in the spacious days, the only doubt is whether they would go even as near as this to sitting out *Hamlet* acted verbatim. Possibly the entire "magnoperation" was first tried upon the vile body of some audience assembled for the experiment, as the authors of modern Christmas pantomimes sometimes put in about fifty percent more of text on the first night than they propose eventually to use; then, observing what goes down well with the house and what fails, they cut away the least successful third part, and there they are. Shakespeare may well have done much the same after first nights or at rehearsals. We cannot fancy him vowing he never, never would let some darling child of his invention be cut, like the fond mother in the law-suit heard by Solomon.

Perhaps the best illustrations of this practice are some modern instances, because so many modern writers speak much, and some few speak so well, about themselves and their methods. The late Monsieur Sardou was a sovereign prince of "best sellers" among the dramatists of his time. That, in the fuller sense of the words, he was far from a great dramatist is the faith that fire will not burn out of me. Still, I shall be almost as ready to perish, at least in some figurative sense, at the stake for the belief that he was a very clever one and a veritable master of the grammar of play-making. No dramatist can have added more cubits than he (simply by taking thought about these technical matters) to a somewhat low artistic stature. He had brought himself to resemble a house swept and garnished, all ready for the spirit of genius to enter in if ever it should care to. Besides, he was the most fluent of those engaging workmen who will tell any passer-by the way they set about it.

"My instinct," he said in one of these chats, "is always to cut down." But how was he, first, to procure that which should then be cut down? He explained. He began at the very beginning. His plan was first to lay down the rude geological strata from which the vein of marble should come. He kept a large set of letter-cases or pigeon-holes, and whenever he had an idea for a play he would file it in one of these. Then he would go on with life—the daily paper, the latest books, the common round; and, whenever his eye or his ear lit on anything that seemed to have something to do with one of the filed and waiting ideas, this, too, would be filed in the pigeon-hole which the idea inhabited.

Left, thus, to itself, it seems that this fundamental stuff of the drama would sometimes begin to ferment. In this it did not strictly follow the accepted lines of geological procedure. But Nature, as well as mankind, may let herself use a mixed metaphor now and again. One may not readily connect full pigeon-holes and files of cuttings from the press with the cup of a glorious drunkenness. But Mr. Sardou appears to

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have felt, with regard to the letter-case or of a corresponding receptacle in his mind, what Mr. Yeats has said of the starting-point of another kind of creation in art, "All is in the wine-press, all is in the drunken ecstasy and the grapes begin to stammer". So, from the stammering lips of his *dossier,* M. Sardou would take down a first draft of the first act of a play. The draft was pretty rough. We are to understand that the stammer was no small impediment—that the lips were, in the richer sense of the phrase, distinctly not touched. What Sardou thus obtained was (if you will give plenary absolution for all this jumbling of metaphors) a lump of marble, clumsily hewn, formless and lustreless stuff, like the world at two A.M. on the first day of creation or like the old grammarian's book in Browning,

> tremendous,
> Monstr' inform' ingens, horrendous.

It contained, without grace or finality, not only all that might in the end be found to be to the purpose, but everything else that could even come within hail of it. It was almost as if Shakespeare had first written something like Holinshed's *Chronicles* for himself, by way of making a start on his own *King Henry V.* All the raw material had now been acquired. The mining or quarrying labor was over; only the diamond-cutting had to be done, the dropping of spare bulk, the tactful omissions, the gainful and creative destruction.

One must be careful not to overrate the ease of these fruitful operations. Just to make the general idea clear, we have to put things in a form artificially simple. It may, therefore, read as if one who wished to begin, say, a pastoral drama had but to place together in one pigeon-hole some notes of the normal prices of sheep at the period chosen, the figures of annual rainfall in any particular Forest of Arden selected, a few "vital statistics" of the shepherd's trade, with anything casually obtainable about the state of education among local shepherdesses, their previous family history, if known, average age when married and any relevant odds and ends that might turn up in the daily papers. The prospect of any payable fermentation would be so slight that practical wisdom would write it off as desperate. A character in one of Gilbert's operas gives a philosophic analysis of the ingredients of such measure of perfection as is attained by the average British officer of dragoons. But when he says of these elements,

> Boil them together and take off the scum,
> And a heavy dragoon is the residuum,

the precept can hardly be taken so strictly "to the foot of the letter" as the similar recipes of the admirable Mrs. Beeton. So is it, too, with Sardou's complacent cookery-book. Its value is only illustrational. However, if used with the caution due to a naked light carried in places full of delicate fabrics, it does help you a little to see what is meant by the sculpturesque way of writing.

At a certain point in the writing of *The Golden Bowl,* that one of his books which satisfied him most, Henry James wrote to tell his literary agent that he was within 15,000 words of the end.

> But I can work only in my own way. . . . I have really done it fast, for what it is, and for the way I do it—the way I seem condemned to; which is to *overtreat* my subject by developments and amplifications that have, in large part, eventually to be greatly compressed, but to the prior operation of which the thing afterwards owes what is most durable in its quality. I have written . . . 200,000 words of "G.B." . . . and you can imagine how much of that, which has taken time, has had to come out. It is not, assuredly, an economical way of work in the short-run, but it is, for me, in the long; and at any rate one can proceed but in one's own manner.

No, the laying down of quarries is not a thing that can be done in a hurry. But if it be the only way to get some kinds of good statues, what would you?

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WHEN TRAVEL BOOKS WERE YOUNG

By Foster Rhea Dulles

"OF ALL the pleasures in the World," wrote Thomas Coryat in 1611, "travell is the sweetest and most delightful." And the enthusiasm of this adventurer of the Court of James the First gave us our first travel book, modern style. It was not that he was the first traveller, nor the first of whose journeys we have intimate record, but he was the first Englishman to travel, simply that he might write of his experiences and "better encourage Gentlemen and lovers of travell to undertake journeys beyond the seas".

He wandered over the face of the globe observing "beautiful Cities, Kings and Princes Courts, gorgeous Palaces, impregnable Castles and Fortresses, Towers piercing in a manner to the Cloudes", with no other aims than those of satisfying an insatiable curiosity about foreign lands and reporting home as self-appointed "traveller for the English Wits". Almost the last word we have of him is from a fellow voyager in India, who wrote that he had such copious notes that they were enough "to make any stationer an alderman that shall but serve the printer with paper".

Coryat was born in Odcombe, the son of a Somersetshire clergyman and, after studying at Winchester and Oxford where he acquired a knowledge of Latin and Greek which he later lost no opportunity of exhibiting, he spent some time at the Court of James. There he quickly won a unique position, for his unusual appearance and gift for repartee admirably fitted him for the rôle of popular buffoon. He was tall and ungainly, with a sloping, egg-shaped head—a natural butt for the none too subtle jokes of the English courtiers. But it worried him little if no one would take him seriously, for there was nothing which could disconcert him and he never doubted the wit, the learning or the worth of Tom Coryat. He was as much at home at the Mermaid Tavern as at court, and Ben Jonson described him as "an Engine wholly consisting of extremes, a Head Fingers, and Toes. For what his industrious Toes have trod, his ready Fingers have written, his subtle Head dictating".

It was in 1608, when he was thirty-one, that he decided to travel, and set off on a tour of France, Italy, Switzerland and Germany from which he returned with a book which he called *Coryats Crudities, hastily gobbled up in five moneths travells.* At first he could not find a publisher willing to dare the risk of bringing out a book of ordinary travel, but Coryat was ingenious enough to overcome every difficulty. He made the round of his friends of the Mermaid Tavern and with what has been described as "unwearied pertinacity and unblushing importunity", he wrung from them an amazing series of commendatory verses and epigrams singing the praises of his *Crudities.* His advance notices and mock-heroic blurbs, written by the foremost literary figures of the England of King James, would today be the envy of any publisher.

Ben Jonson was induced to write a foreword in which he made fine fun of the "curteous impertinences" of the author, but hailed him as a "great and bold carpenter of words". Michael Drayton spoke of the "vertuous Coryat", Rowland Cotton declared that the travels of Columbus, Magellan and Drake could not compare with his "high deeds", and John Donne ended a long rhyming review with:

"Thy Gyant wit o'erthrowes me, I am gone;
And rather then reade all, I would reade none."

But it was perhaps William Baker who best summed up the feeling, half of ridicule and half of praise, with which Coryat and his book were regarded when he wrote:

"To praise thee or thy worke (which is the moddell

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Of most the wit enskonsed, in thy noddell)
Were madnesse; since the Poets of our daies
Run giddie in the circle of thy praise."

Whether these verses were serious or jesting, Coryat knew that they were good publicity, and so did the publishers. His book was brought out.

II

From the moment he lands at Calais and tells us that he "had varnished the exterior parts of the ship with the excrementall ebullitions of my tumultuous stomach, as desiring to satiate the gormandizing paunches of the hungry Haddocks", we are glad to follow him in his wanderings. He was the sightseer *par excellence*. The churches, the monasteries and the cemeteries of Europe he examined in minute detail, even copying down the Latin inscriptions on tombstones, but he could also note the chestnut and walnut trees in Savoy, the birds in the forest of "Fountaine Beleau", and the oxen and kine in the fair at Moulins which are "coupled together with yoakes, and not loose as our Oxen and Kine are sold at Fairs in England". While the palaces of Paris and Venice awoke his enthusiasm and he showed a special passion for staircases and ceilings, he perhaps reached the heights of admiration over a great wine vat at Heidelberg, which he thought the writers of antiquity would have put down with the Colossus of Rhodes and the Temple of Diana as one of the seven wonders of the world if they had only been able to see it.

He comments upon the paved streets of Holland, the women of Savoy who from drinking snow water had "great bunches or swellings in their throates . . . almost as great as an ordinary foot-ball with us in England", the queer Italian habit of using a fork and sprinkling meat with cheese, and the choir boys at Notre Dame—"pretty innocent punies"—who aroused his compassion because their heads were so closely shaved they did not have "a quarter so much haire left . . . as they brought into the world with them".

There was little which escaped his observing eyes and he wrote plainly of what he liked or did not like, in many instances finding the things he saw sadly inferior to the more familiar sights of England.

Paris, for instance, awakened few raptures. While he found one room in the Louvre "which for such kinde of roome excelleth in my opinion, not only all those that are now in the world, but also all whatsoever that ever were since the creation thereof", he considered the streets of the French capital "the durtiest and so consequently the most stinking of all that ever I saw in any citie in my life", Notre Dame "nothing so faire as our Lady Church of Amiens", and the exchange "nothing comparable to the place of our Marchants meeting in London".

At Fountaine Beleau, where he noted a "pond of very goodly great Carpes," he admired two famous beach trees but was not unduly impressed "for I have seen higher in England". He was interested in the king's horses but they were "neither for finesse of shape comparable to our King's hunting horses, nor, as I take it, for swiftnesse".

His readers were always in his mind. When circumstances prevented him from seeing all that he felt he should have seen, he apologized profusely, and on one such occasion, when he sadly neglected Turin because he was rather upset by the sweet wines of Piedmont, he sagely added: "I would advise all English-men that intend to travell into Italy, to mingle their wine with water as soon as they come into the country". And this in spite of his love for the "toothsome and delectable" Lacrima Christi—or perhaps because of it.

In Venice, "the most glorious, peerlesse and mayden citie", which he hesitated to describe because his "rude and unpolished pen may rather staine and eclipse the resplendent rays of her unparalled beauty, then adde any lustre unto it", Coryat's trip reached its climax. He spent there some five weeks—"the sweetest time (I must confesse) for so much that ever I spent in my life"—and despite his hesitations he does describe it, for page after page, with every possible detail.

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His conscientiousness even led to a description of the "Cortezans", whose faces were adorned with "the quintessence of beauty" and who were "famoussed over all Christendom". This was in spite of his fears that some "might taxe me for luxury and wantonesse to insert so lascivious a matter into this Treatise of Venice", because he felt that it was especially his task, as other writers had side-stepped their responsibilities. His account of their manner of living shows that he went into the subject thoroughly, but this he again excuses by saying that he thinks "a virtuous man will be the more confirmed and settled in virtue by the observation of some vices, then if he did not know at all what they were".

Everywhere he investigated the arts and crafts of the country people, reported on the climate, went into exhaustive studies of past history liberally sprinkled with quotations from Latin authors, and dug out amazing statistics. Only one thing he did not do. Despite all the difficulties of travel in Seventeenth Century Europe and the hardships of the road—most of the 1975 miles of his trip were done on foot—he did not dwell upon his own discomforts. He wrote of what he thought would interest his readers and of his amusing experiences, but there was no disposition upon the part of this pioneer of travel-writing to emphasize the obstacles he overcame and his very real achievements.

Upon the completion of this trip which had taken him over most of Europe, and after successfully bringing out his book, Coryat sighed for new worlds to conquer and formed the laudable ambition of doing for Asia what he had done for Europe. It is a distinct loss to the world's travel literature that he never lived to complete this project and that the notes he took so copiously were lost somewhere in the East. What we do know of his journey from Constantinople to India simply whets our appetite to know more.

Writing to Sir Edward Phillips, Master of the Rolls, after he had been three years and some odd days "in this second peregrination" and found himself at the Court of the Great Mogul at Ajmere, he declared his intention—"such is my insatiable greediness of seeing strange countries which exercise is indeede the very Queene of all the pleasures in the world"—of spending seven more years on his journeys. Already he had visited Aleppo, Jerusalem, Nineveh, Babylon, Bagdad and Ur of the Chaldees—"a very delicate and pleasant Cittie"; had spent two months at the capital of the Persian king; had journeyed more than four months by caravan into India; and had followed the great trunk road bounded by its long line of trees—"the most incomparable shew of that kinde, that ever my eies survaied"—to Delhi and Agra. He had walked the whole route, travelling, as he tells us, at the rate of twopence a day, but having finally arrived at Ajmere and found some fellow Englishmen at the Indian court, he was ready to set out again as soon as he had caught his breath.

There is one letter from Ajmere which shows us the relation of this unusual traveller to his friends in England. It is addressed "to the High Seneschall of the Right Worshipfull Fraternity of Sireniacal Gentlemen, that meet the first Fridaie of every Moneth, at the signe of the Mere-Maide in Breade-streete in London" and is signed with mock solemnity, "Your generosities most obliged Countreyman, ever to be commanded by you, the Hiero-Solymitan Syrian-Mesopotamian Armenian-Median-Parthian-Persian - Indian-Legge-stretcher of Odcomb in Somerset, Thomas Coryat". The blessings of these lovers of "vertue and literature" are asked for his "laborious pedestriall perambulations of Asia, Africa and Europe".

But Coryat was reaching the end of his travels and neither the blessings of his cronies of the Mermaid Tavern nor the good wishes of his friends at court were enough to allow him to complete his seven years' voyage. "There hath itched a very burning desire in me, within these few years," he wrote at another time, "to survey and contemplate some of the chiefest parts of this goodly Fabricke of the World." But the flame of that desire consumed him. After spending some time at the Mogul court he made his way to Surat, on the western coast of India somewhat above the present site of Bombay, and there we learn from the journal of the Rev. Edward Terry, chaplain

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to the English ambassador to the Emperor Jahangir, that "he overtook death in the month of December, 1617".

But if his death and the loss of all but a few of his Indian letters deprive us of what might have made another fascinating volume of the *Crudities,* at least we have the inimitable story of his wanderings in Europe. It is a book which lives today not because of the strange manner of its publication, with its collection of verses by authors more famous than Coryat himself, nor because of his eccentricities: it is a model for travel books of any age.

AUDIT

By John Drinkwater

Was it not well on clear December nights
Upon that Kentish road to reach the gate,
See the blue shutters and the golden lights,
Knowing that eager Love was there to wait
His traveller loves, his ministers, his own,
His truants, still returning late or soon
To share his kindling logs with him alone,
Warming their lives under a frosty moon?
Was it not well? And of that providence,
Behold, our promised land. The year is now
All seasons glad with industry, and thence
What fuller fruit shall come upon the bough?
The year is ours, its pastures, and for us
To prosper Time that makes us prosperous.

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JACK LONDON

By C. Hartley Grattan

THE work of Jack London is balanced precariously on the fence that separates literature from popular stuff. The least critical bias will push it one way or the other. Yet there is great writing in London, and he will remain to puzzle the historians of American literature for years to come. Like that of Fenimore Cooper, his vogue in Europe is tremendous and his most ardent admirers are the French and the Russians. Before the Revolution and after, the latter read him ardently and persistently. At the moment, his books stand with those of Lenin in popularity. Both of these peoples admire the same qualities in him. In an admirable essay on London's positive characteristics, the French student of American literature, Régis Michaud, characterizes London as *un romancier de l'énergie américaine*. And the Russian Andreyev found in him *l'appel impérieux d'une vie de travail et d'action*. The active life and the primitive life were the two dominant concerns of London. In them he found his only satisfactions. And, like most Americans, he felt no high admiration for the intellectual life. His intensity was physical, muscular.

He belongs to that American generation of which Theodore Dreiser is the greatest representative. Yet his work is parallel to that of none of his contemporaries. To be sure, the circle of his interests intersects that of Frank Norris, but I believe that the partial agreement is fortuitous. Like all the writers of his generation, he was severely hampered by his literary environment. But vastly more important were the limitations of his personality. There will be found the secret of his tragedy and there the student of him must probe. What London might have been as a writer is not very interesting to speculate about. It is probable that he achieved all that was in him. It is doubtful whether he would have been capable of more, had he moved in more favoring circumstances. He could never have made *The Road* a work worthy of a place with the books of Gorki or Dostoevski. If, indeed, he had fully realized his personality, he would not have been a writer at all. And in this circumstance is to be found the secret of his despair and his tragedy.

His fiction is his autobiography. So closely did he stick to what he had experienced, so little did he fuse it in his creative imagination, that Charmian London was able constantly to quote his stories in telling his life. There is a cruelly ironic turn now to the advice given to a friend: "Pour all yourself into your work until your work becomes you, but nowhere let yourself be apparent". London tried all his life long to escape himself, but he could not, and in the end it was evident that autobiography had limited him to his own limitations.

Persisting through all his work is the note of masculinity. A very great deal of his fiction turns on the demonstration of the possession or lack of this quality. All conceivable activities are important only in so far as they serve to accentuate this quality. In his rationalization of his alcoholism, *John Barleycorn*, he attributes his drinking to the desire to be a man among men. To drink with them—to drink as much as any man—made him an equal of any man. He dominated men when he could outdrink them. For he was not satisfied to be merely masculine; he must dominate men as well. Domination in all fields was his aim. He must be a master of men. To shift from drinking to thinking, we find in Ernest Everhard in *The Iron Heel* a typical intellectual hero of London. Everhard is the typical Jack London intellectual Alger boy—from ignorance to cosmic knowledge in a few months by the consultation of Marx and Spencer. (The same trait appears in Martin Eden.) He is most lovingly portrayed when he reduces a group of selected capitalists to inarticulate rage by

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his "unanswerable" arguments for socialism. London got a sadistic pleasure out of his punishment of those who disagreed with him. He was master, and he punished; he dominated everything. The reverse trait appears in his incessant references to his heroic and devastating labors, physical and intellectual. He "punished" his body and brain as hard as he "punished" liquor. Take the gusto with which he records his Gargantuan drunks in *John Barleycorn*. Or his labors in the laundry, told in the same book. Or the weeks in which he prepared for college. His pleasure is in recording this flagellation. It made him a martyr before the world. And the inevitable reward for all this was, every time, disillusion and death. The hero in *John Barleycorn* almost commits suicide. Martin Eden does. His books are his autobiography. He told his own story over and over again.

Jack London was a man of action to whom, deep down, learning was a fraud and a delusion. The energy he communicated to his heroes, *l'énergie américaine,* was in a large part his own and was physical or coarse. Even the intellectual labors are recounted in physical terms. He made a great show of loving knowledge, but it is significant that all his heroes, including himself as the archetype, who got much of it, voluntarily sought death. With the primitives whom he portrayed it was not so. They had a firm "love of life". It was civilization that brought on mental sickness. For London, the man of civilization, all was glory or despair, and despair was death. Ideas were very real to him, as real as things. He concreted them so thoroughly, and the spectres he conjured up were so gruesome, that in the end he had an intellectual nightmare. Being essentially unsophisticated, he took no joy in the free play of ideas. There was no humor, nor irony, nor subtlety in his intellectual life. He demanded, as a man of action, the finality which is necessary to action and made no concessions to relativity. He judged truth by its workability and held to it with a table-pounder's finality.

This hard positivity measurably weakened his fiction. There is in London none of that awe and wonder which has so much to do with the quality of Theodore Dreiser and Joseph Conrad. It is curious, too, that he should have victimized himself in this fashion in his studies of civilized life, for in his stories of the Alaskan natives he could render their bafflements vividly. He could see, apparently, their strange incomprehensions of the universe and of the white man's ways only as so much appealing ignorance, and his superior attitude would not allow him to believe that civilized man is only more ingenious, and not more penetratingly final, in his explanations. It is, therefore, aimless to compare him to Maxim Gorki, to whom in social origin he roughly corresponds, for much of Gorki's attraction is precisely his capacity for wonder—for scepticism.

This inability to assume a saving scepticism led London to entertain certain cheap ideas which either subtly flattered his intelligence or rationalized his activities. For instance, in 1915 he shouted, almost, at a harmless correspondent, "God abhors a mongrel. In nature there is no place for a mixed breed". London was a proponent of the Nordic nonsense, and wrote *The Mutiny of the Elsinore* to show that the inferior races were crowding the Nordic blondes out of America. In *The Valley of the Moon* he harps on the transcendent virtues of the old Americans, too. And in the same book he rationalized elaborately his own back-to-the-land activities. London was always going back to something, and his only satisfying intellectual orientation was in a large measure retrospective.

The ability, or necessity, to make ideas concrete was of great value to London, the writer, however much it may have damaged him as a thinker. The extroverted personality always demands a close relation to things. It does not grasp abstractions easily. Without invidious intent, attention may be called to London's success in giving a great air of plausibility to his studies of the primitive mind in *The Children of the Frost.* He must have found it easy to think in terms of concrete objects rather than in abstractions. A direct, uncomplicated relation to the world was balm to his spirit. These considerations give point to the idea that *The Call of the Wild* is his spiritual autobiography—and his

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best work. Concreteness is characteristic of his style also. It is organic to an astonishing degree. Each sentence has direct reference to a thing—often to more than one thing. Progression in his stories is from object to object, from act to act. In none of them is there any elaborate exposition of mental states. No one can discover the intellectual basis of Martin Eden's career. His acts are there, but where are his mental activities? London could not portray them, for such things eluded him. The result is that the novel lacks plausibility, however true to the facts of London's life it may be.

To be sure, not all facts got equal attention from London. He fumbled the matter of sex as badly as anyone of his generation. It is more than usually interesting to dig into the matter for, though he could with great frankness detail his alcoholic career in *John Barleycorn*, he never brought himself to the composition of the projected *Jack Liverpool* which would have detailed his sexual career. The testimony is that it was as varied and as disillusioning as his experience with alcohol. "He meant to write it," says Upton Sinclair, who often heard London talk of the episodes to be included, "with the same ruthless honesty he had used in *John Barleycorn* . . . . Jack's conquests among the sex had been many, and too easy, it would seem . . . the women who threw themselves at his head came from all classes of society" with the result that "there were few among them that he could respect". Yet he sought ideal love all of his life, and his failure to find it was one of his many discouragements. One would suspect as much from his fiction. The masculinity of his heroes is always emphasized by reference to their high sexual attraction. In *John Barleycorn* the hero with no effort takes French Frank's girl away. The sex experience of Wolf Larsen is potentially very grand, but he is carefully emasculated in the interests of the public.

Jim Tully testifies to the story that the love episodes in *The Sea Wolf* were inserted to please a magazine editor and did not form a part of London's plan. The fact remains that they explain a large part of the failure of the story. When the book appeared Ambrose Bierce gave voice to the accepted opinion: "The 'love element' with its absurd suppressions and impossible proprieties is awful". "Absurd suppressions" characterizes the love element in all the novels. The sex attraction of Martin Eden breaks through all class barriers and leads to his engagement to Ruth Morse against her own class judgment. But when later, after they have been separated and he has tasted success—and disillusion—she offers her person without resort to clergy, he refuses and coldly escorts her home. His attitude is the same toward a working girl who makes a similar offer.

Perhaps London meant to convey by these episodes the depths of Eden's despair, but more likely the explanation of this strange course is to be found in London's enslavement to the editors. He started out bravely enough. In 1899 he wrote in a letter: "This undue care to not bring the blush to the virgin cheek of the American girl is disgusting". Later in the year he decided that the young girl "seems to rule our destinies". Four years later he had submitted to the rule and wrote to a friend, "I have just tried to assure him (Richard Watson Gilder) that I won't shock the American prude, and, anyway, that he can bluepencil all he wants". By 1916 he had achieved the American philosophy when he said "with all gravity" in reply to the satirical observation that he had written much on many subjects but never so-called "smut", "No!—and I never shall. I have never yet written a line for print that I would be ashamed for my two little girls who are growing up to see and read, and I never shall!" Nevertheless, this repression will not entirely account for his disgust with fiction.

Enslavement to the editors was in a large measure inevitable with London. He was not interested in writing as writing, but in writing in so far as it gave access to money with which he could acquire and control things. He was not, fundamentally, an artist and thinker at all; he was a man of action, a doer. Here we touch the quick of the problems of Jack London. He tried to realize his personality *through* literature, not *in* literature. His course was through words to things. "I am not," he yelled in *Brown*

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Wolf, "an attic singer, nor ballroom warbler. And why? Because I am practical." "The more he pondered," Mrs. London has written, "the more convinced he became that fiction writing would pay the best, bringing to him the means of good living for himself and others." In 1900 he wrote significantly, "I am writing for money; if I can procure fame, that means more money . . . every time I sit down to write it is with great disgust. I'd sooner be out in the open wandering around most any old place". Discounting these statements a bit to take care of the natural—even to an artist—desire for monetary ease and physical comfort, it is still very apparent that they indicate a sharp clash of ideals. The man of thought and art clashed with the man of action, the lover of things. The latter won, and art was subverted to cash. London finally made a contract with Hearst involving thirty-six thousand dollars a year, bought up thousands of acres of land and built a huge house. The result was miles of trash. One cannot simulate a personality for any considerable length of time.

The orgies of spending and possession caused much amusement then and since, for London at the same time shouted loudly for socialism. The truth is that London's socialism was really a product of his early life and entirely out of harmony with his fundamental nature. His life in the beginning was unquestionably hard. He worked long hours for small pay on inadequate food. He saw horrible suffering in the underworld of the United States and England. His reaction was revolt and the rationalization was socialism. His socialism was not a gaudy utopianism. "Socialism," he wrote, "when the last word is said, is merely a new economic and political system whereby more men can get food to eat." As has been pointed out, London had a passion to dominate—men, women, things. He had many of the characteristics which Dreiser attributes to his financiers. The drive of his personality was in the direction of domineering individualism, which is hostile to collectivism. Thus, while his head argued socialism his nature argued individualism. His heroes were projected in his own image and were regarded by him with both love and hostility. One of his last notes was: "*Martin Eden* and *Sea Wolf*—attacks on Nietzschean philosophy, which even the socialists missed the point of . . ." Even Ernest Everhard in *The Iron Heel,* a book which commanded the admiration of Anatole France in his communistic moments, is an individualist. He, by the force of his personality, dominates the revolutionists. It is his to command; it is his to move among the masters; in seeking to free the sordid slaves, he releases himself.

But Jack London found no final satisfaction in socialism—or in anything else, for that matter. It is undoubtedly accurate to say that his most satisfying orientation was retrospective and so unrealizable. He got great joy out of his studies of primitive life, primitive peoples—he constantly heard the call of the wild. In fact his novel, *The Call of the Wild,* epitomizes his ideals and aspirations. On the dog Buck is lavished all his admiration. Buck is born a creature of luxury and ease. He is carried away into the Alaska of the gold-rush times, where he is forced to learn the law of the club and to exercise his native, but previously dormant cunning. He becomes a splendid beast whose muscles ripple under his coat. He strives for and achieves the domination of his team, and he gets leadership by browbeating his inferiors into submission. He kills his most persistent and powerful enemy. Leadership achieved, he demonstrates his capacity for cruel toil. Exhausted, he is restored to health and strength by love. He demonstrates his love by an unparalleled exhibition of strength. But he feels the necessity of freedom, the call of the wild, and is restrained only by the love for his master. The master dead, he answers the call and becomes the leader of the pack. This is, it is reasonably apparent, Jack London himself, even to the rippling muscles, for it is difficult to recall a single hero of his who doesn't bulge with muscles to such an extent that his coat does not fit! Here we have London's struggle for domination. We have his sadistic delight in punishing his opponents and his masochistic delight in punishing himself by devastating labor. We have his belief in the healing power of love. He epitomized his re-

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jection of civilization—the call of the wild. He fictionized his spiritual aspiration. He thought to reconcile the conflict within him by rejecting all of civilization. Alas, a man's only escape and release is death.

A great deal that London wrote is trash, but certain short stories and *The Call of the Wild* belong to permanent literature. It was London's tragedy that he was the battle-ground of conflicting tendencies. His life was, underneath, a tragedy. In addition, he became a self-made victim of a philosophy which, true or not true, is not enough in any case to make a man long to die. It was, however, tremendously real to London and contributed greatly to the destruction of his interest in living. The world became for him a bloody *abattoir* where the obscene in spirit raged and roared, followed by a black, perpetual oblivion. His imagination was so active and concrete that he was appalled by what he had conjured up. He tried to lay his filthy imaginings at the door of liquor. He talked wildly about White Logic and a Long Sickness. He sought release through conventional sociability, bolstering up his depressed spirits with drink. But the fundamental conflict (which, of course, he could not perceive) could not be escaped. He could win neither to detachment nor to the saving illusion of love. He had looked, so he thought, upon the bile and it was black. There was nothing but death and he chose it. Once more, to justify Oscar Wilde, life imitated fiction. There is little to wonder at in the fact that Jack London voluntarily (according to Upton Sinclair) committed suicide.

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THE ENGLISH NOVEL

From the Earliest Days to the Death of Joseph Conrad

By Ford Madox Ford

IN FOUR PARTS: PART THREE

Historical: Towards Flaubert

IT MAY at first sight seem curious that a section of a small work, devoted to the English and, of course, the American novel, should bear in its caption the name of a French novelist. But in the first place the art and, still more, the frame of mind of the Sage of Croisset are so deep-embedded in the art and frame of mind of the English and, even more, of the American novelist and all thought of the great, Nordic work of "that poor dear Gustave", as Mr. Henry James used to call him, is so cast out of all French literary practices or aspirations today that if Flaubert is not an English novelist his Titanic and Norman ghost has no place at all. To state one of those half-truths that are infinitely illuminating, you may say that without *Madame Bovary, Babbitt* could never have existed and without *Bouvard et Pécuchet* there could have been no *The Way of All Flesh.* For all I know, Mr. Sinclair Lewis may never have read a word of Flaubert and I will bet my hat, for the purposes of this discussion, that the shade of Samuel Butler would declare that he knew no French at all . . . But the point is, without those two works in French those two English national monuments could hardly at this time exist or weigh with the public, since the public would not be prepared for them.

Let us go a step further and declare that without Cranmer we should have had another three centuries to wait for Flaubert, Henry James, Stephen Crane, Joseph Conrad, Mr. John Galsworthy and my friend, "Red" Lewis. Without the English Prayer Book and its follower in date and style, the English Bible with or without Cranmer's suppressed preface, and without the followers in date and style of those three English writers who are called Defoe, Bunyan and Samuel Richardson, how should we have today any English prose or novel-form or an English frame of mind? Or an Anglo-American Concord literature? Or a British Empire or an Anglo-Saxon anything?

You may say that that is stretching things a little. Yet I do not know that it is. Let us make concessions. If you will concede to me my little point about the descent of the English Novel from Cranmer's Prayer Book and the English Bible (which cannot matter to you at all) I shall willingly concede to you that it was the phraseology, if not the doctrine, of the *Book of Common Prayer* and the frame of mind of the *Old Testament As By Law Appointed* that gave to England the Empire of India and to the world the United States of America, those two shining products of English stiff-neckedness and non-theological Bible-reading. Without the *Books of Kings,* how could either Clive or, say, Andrew Jackson have found heart or courage to continue in their courses? . . . Of course, a thought or so might be given to North's *Plutarch* that was published in 1579.

Be that as it may, what I am here getting at is the fact that, preceding and underlying the ornate florescences of Lyly and the prodigious formlessnesses of Spenser, preceding and underlying the incredible verbal felicity and neat plottings of Shakespeare himself, went the stream of dogged, menacing prose and the realist's native imagery of those two religious compilations. And that subterranean stream immensely fecundated, to make no larger claim, at once the Anglo-Saxon national character and the literature that is to be found in the English language.

I am aware that here we are on ticklish ground and that reformers and the advanced generally deny with a great deal of heat that

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literature has any influence at all on peoples. I remember once being furiously lectured by the most moral and one of the most advanced of English novelists—being furiously and minatorily taken to task because, mildly and rather to make conversation, I alleged that *Don Quixote* had something to do with the passing of the sham chivalric spirit in Europe. The lecture was, indeed, so furious that, being a non-combative person and caring nothing about the matter, I have from that day to this rather given up considering the subject at all. You see, my friend, the novelist, was so notoriously virtuous and benevolent that hitherto I should have hated to hurt him by intimating that anyone could be influenced by any book at all. What he alleged, like an apostle announcing some kind of creed, was that populaces influence literature—that Cervantes was produced because a wide-spread spirit of mockery toward chivalry, real or sham, was so abroad in the world that *Don Quixote* was written merely in answer to a demand as articles on the Calcutta Sweepstake are written about the time Derby Day approaches.

As to that I am no authority and the reader must settle for himself whether that hen or that egg came first—I mean whether the spirit of the English populace demanded, first, the English Prayer Book and the English Bible and demanded afterwards in due course *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Robinson Crusoe;* or whether the English Bible so influenced the English people that they demanded in due course the works of Bunyan and Defoe. Or, as a third proposition, did the English Bible so influence Bunyan and both so influence Defoe that in the end the product was *Pamela,* the short tales of Diderot, the novels of Stendhal, Flaubert and his successors and so on until the novel of today was arrived at?

As I have said, I do not immensely care about the matter. Bunyan may never have read the Bible, Defoe may never have read Bunyan or Richardson, Defoe. But it makes such a convenient pattern to assume that writers are descended the one from the other that I mean to assume it and the reader may modify the theory how he will.

Regarded from that point of view, in *pre* as in *post*-Elizabethan days and underlying Elizabethan days themselves, you did have that stern but decorated prose and that determination to rely on illustrations, parables and images drawn solely from normal people the world over and throughout time; simultaneously, on the surface of things you had a courtlier and more elaborated prose which had the sublime as its ideal and nothing less vulgar than passages modelled on Juvenal or the plays of Plautus for its light relief. The Bible says, "Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines", as an illustration of a love passage, and "He shall feed his sheep" as the highest expression of the divine function of the Saviour. The *Faërie Queene* cannot deal with any fox or any hound of lower extraction than Cerberus and the only redeemer who could have saved the world for the writers of romances was, in his panoply, King Arthur, with Lancelot, Gawain and the rest for his apostles all pricking o'er the plain of Camelot.

So let us say that it was to the homespun illustrations, the simple imagery and the stern diction of the Bible that we owe Bunyan—for, obviously, Bunyan read the Scriptures, year in and year out, during a lifetime of Bedford Gaol, of persecution and turmoil, whereas the only remains of the courtlier modes are found to come from North's *Plutarch* which influenced profoundly Shakespeare and possibly Sir Thomas Browne. But Shakespeare obviously could not have any successors and Browne found none till R.L.S. came to be his sedulous ape—so that the influence of North's translation remained, if profound, at least rather ethical than literary, until it was finally ousted by the versions of Langhorne and Church in days much more modern.

Our space not being boundless, we must now skip to Richardson. For Richardson I have the profoundest respect; indeed, it amounts very nearly to an affection—if it is possible to have an affection for a man whose death preceded one's birth by one hundred and twelve years. I do not apologize for the fact that *Pamela* is my personal favorite whereas the graver critics and mankind in general prefer *Clarissa.* By that the reader need not be guided but he should certainly

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pay a good deal of attention to the works of Richardson and, indeed, to Richardson himself.

That tranquil person came into the world in 1689, twenty-seven or eight years after the birth of Defoe and one year after the death of Bunyan. Both of his predecessors seem to strike notes almost entirely of the Seventeenth Century; but Richardson seems to be absolutely of the Eighteenth and with him sentimentality was born into the world of the novel. That perhaps was necessary to an age that banished, if not conventional, then, at least, doctrinal, moralizings to its collections of sermons in volume form. For them, of course, there was a prodigious demand.

Of course, too, it would be wrong to assert that moralizing found no place in the novels of Richardson since the high moral purpose breathes from every pore of his pages. But it was not with moralizing that he made his primary appeal as had been the case with Bunyan, nor was it likely, had he so done, that he would have found many readers. No, it is his sentimentalizing that is his E string.

Against that I have nothing to say. Anglo-Saxons are sentimentalists before everything and in all their arts and it is probable, without sentimentality as an ingredient, that no Anglo-Saxon artist could work; certainly, he could have no appeal. To produce national masterpieces in paint Turner must bathe his canvases deep in that gentle fluid; the English lyric is a marvel of sentimentality and so is English domestic architecture with its mellow—or mellowed!—red brick, its dovecotes, its south walls for netted fruits. So the first of modern novelists must be one of the greatest of sentimentalists. And on those lines his appeal is universal and everlasting.

Only today the ship on which I am writing reached the port of Lisbon. Among those who left us at this port there was a certain American—a professor and practitioner of a sister art. It so happened that I had mentioned, because he was in my mind, the name of Richardson to this American and this gentleman assured me solemnly that he read *Clarissa Harlowe* at least twice every year and cried often during each reading. Now there must be some reason for this phenomenon which appears very singular. It is not, however, rare, for the hottest literary discussions I have ever had in England —where, of course, the discussion of literature is not in good form—have been with laymen like professors or lawyers as to the relative merits of *Pamela* and *Clarissa*.

As for myself, I read Richardson for a hearty and wholesome dose of sentimentality and, if one does that, one may as well have that quality laid on thickly. And it seems to me that the history of a serving maid who resists her master's efforts at seduction and ultimately forces him to marry her is a more sentimental affair than that of a young lady of quality who permits herself to be seduced by a relatively commonplace Lothario. I have always felt inclined to cheer over the success of the one young female rather than to weep for the tribulations of the other. Pamela certainly seems to be the more sporting character of the two.

Still, one should perhaps not read Richardson for his sporting quality, and that sort of thing is really no affair of mine. The main point is that Samuel Richardson is still read and read with enthusiasm. I have even met persons who were engrossed by the conversations in the cedar parlor of *Sir Charles Grandison*.

That Richardson's tender muse was too much for the robuster and more cynical taste of his age is proved by the fact that Fielding's first famous novel was begun as a parody on the first famous novel of Richardson. By that date the novel of commerce was well on the way to the market and young ladies, lying on sofas, reading the latest fiction or furiously sending their maids to the circulating libraries for the next five volumes of their latest favorite—such young ladies were familiar features of the social landscape. Literature had, in fact, become a sound, if not an immensely lucrative, proposition.

It is pleasant to think, moreover, happy as he was in everything that he touched, that Richardson was not only novelist but printer and publisher and quite a warm business man in either capacity. He was, too, a favorite correspondent and companion of innu-

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merable young ladies who consulted him as to their amatory predicaments and, because of that, he is not only the first novelist in the modern sense of the word but also the first literary feminist. You might call him an Eighteenth Century Henry James and not go so far wrong.

At any rate, he stands alone as a modern novelist and had in England neither appreciable imitators nor rivals until the arrival on the scene of the author of the *Barchester Towers* series.

Except for Smollett, whom it is hopeless to expect Anglo-Saxon readers to appreciate or to consume, the main stream of development of the novel passed once more to the Continent of Europe. Smollett begat Captain Marryat, who was one of the greatest of English novelists and is, therefore, regarded as a writer for boys, Smollett himself being most prized by the purveyors of books called "curious" in second-hand catalogues.

However, before considering Diderot, Stendhal, Chateaubriand and Flaubert, all avowed followers of the author of *Clarissa,* it might be as well to think a little about Fielding—as at once a dreadful example of how not to do things and as the begetter of Thackeray and the product that it is convenient to call the "nuvvle" as opposed to the novel. At about the date of the births of Napoleon, Wellington, Ney and many others who began the modern world, just a little after the death of Richardson and just a little before the birth of the North American Republic, and still a little more before the Cæsarian operation that produced the French Republic, distinct cleavages began to make themselves observed in the fields of writing, these eventually hardening themselves into the three main streams of the Literature of Escape from the everyday world; into the commercial product that mamma selected for your reading, that it is convenient to call the nuvvle and that formed the immense bulk of the reading matter; and, finally, into the modern novel which does not avoid the problems of the day and is written with some literary skill. This last Richardson begat.

It is convenient to say that Defoe, in spite of his moralizations, was the first writer of the Literature of Escape just as Smollett and Marryat may be described as carrying it on and the young H. G. Wells and the young Rudyard Kipling as bringing it—at any rate temporarily—to a triumphant close.

Were it not that they were avowed moralizers of a middle-to-lower-middle class type, the Fielding-to-Thackeray lineage of writers might also be regarded as purveyors of the Literature of Escape but their moralizations, continually injected, are such a nuisance that they cannot be ignored. Though they were both amateurs in the sense that neither knew how to write or cared anything about it, Thackeray at times projected his scenes so wonderfully that now and then he trembles dreadfully excitingly on the point of passing from the stage of purveyor of the nuvvle to that of the real novelist. And it is to be said for Fielding, although *Tom Jones* contains an immense amount of rather nauseous special-pleading, that the author does pack most of it away into solid wads of hypocrisy at the headings of Parts or Chapters. These can in consequence be skipped and the picaresque story with its mildly salacious details can without difficulty be followed. One might, indeed, almost say that Fielding was a natural story-teller whereas Thackeray was none at all. Fielding, at least, like a story-teller in a school dormitory, does manage to lose himself in details of people running into and out of each other's bedrooms in hotel corridors at night . . . something like that. But Thackeray never could: the dread spectre of the Athenæum Club was forever in his background.

And I imagine that the greatest literary crime ever committed was Thackeray's sudden, apologetic intrusion of himself into his matchless account of the manoeuvres of Becky Sharp on Waterloo day in Brussels. The greatest crime that anyone perhaps ever committed! For the motive of most crimes is so obscure, so pathological or so fatalized by hereditary weakness that there is almost nothing that cannot be forgiven, once one has dived beneath the calm surface of things. But Thackeray, as child-murderer, can never be forgiven: the deeper you delve into the hidden springs of his offence the more unforgivable does he appear.

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I had better, perhaps, explain the cause of all this emotion for the benefit of the lay reader who has not yet got at what I am writing about.

The struggle—the aspiration—of the novelist down the ages has been to evolve a water-tight convention for the frame-work of the novel. He aspires—and for centuries has aspired—so to construct his stories and so to manage their surfaces that the reader, carried away and rapt, shall really think himself to be in Brussels on the first of Waterloo days or in Grand Central Station waiting for the Knickerbocker Express to come in from Boston though actually he may be sitting in a cane lounge on a beach of Bermuda in December. This is not easy.

Of the three major novelists that we have hitherto examined, each in his own way had a try, consciously or unconsciously, at performing this conjuring trick. Bunyan tried to do it—and succeeded remarkably well—by the simplest of story-teller's devices. He just told on in simple language, using such homely images that the reader, astonished and charmed to find the circumstances of his own life typified in words and glorified by print, is seized by the homely work and carried clean out of himself into the world of that singular and glorious tinker.

Defoe, on the other hand, in the conscious or unconscious effort to achieve a convention for the novel, adopted the biographical or autobiographical form, relying on the verisimilitude of the details that he invented to confirm the reader in the belief that his characters had really existed and so to awaken the sympathy that makes books readable. Had he possessed a little more power or a little more subtlety in presenting his figures and had his writing been a little less pedestrian, his works might have gained and held the power to arouse a great deal more enthusiasm than they actually do.

Richardson, going a good deal further, has left it on record that he was actually bothered by the problem of the novelistic convention and that he racked his brain a long time before arriving at the one he finally adopted. He asked himself, that is to say, how the reader was to be convinced that the author—and by analogy, still more, his characters—knew all the details that go to making up a book? If, to reduce the matter to its most elementary form, Sir Charles Grandison is walking in the yew walk, how can he know what characters are present in and what conversations are being carried on in the cedar parlor and since, to satisfy the reader, the author is supposed to be cognizant of all that passes in his novel, how is *he* to know simultaneously what is happening in both places?

That, at least, is what bothered Richardson and what has bothered all other novelists since his day, though until quite lately no English novelist made any serious attempt to attack the problem. The method that Richardson with characteristically homespun common sense eventually worked out was simply to cast the whole novel into correspondence, the characters exchanging letters as to events and as to their psychologies with other characters or with anyone to whom a letter could be handily addressed. In that way any character who needed to know anything could be given the information and the author had only to let it be supposed that he had an unusual knack for getting hold of the correspondence of other people to convince the reader for all Eighteenth Century purposes. As everyone knows, in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries everyone, from Madame de Sévigné upwards and downwards, addressed to everyone else letters of prodigious length and in even the most excruciating detail—and Richardson himself, as we have seen, had a prodigious knowledge of the prodigious letters that Eighteenth Century young ladies could address to even unknown correspondents, once their hearts and feelings were touched. Today, the letter is one of the worst methods that exists for telling a story if the dictates of probability are to be considered, but Richardson may be considered to have done very well, indeed, with his peculiar form.

To its disadvantages in other hands we shall come in due time but, meanwhile, enormous applause is due to the author of *Pamela* for having given the matter any thought at all. In any case, his is a figure so sympathetic and so craftsmanlike that we do well to love him. He is sound, quiet, with-

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out fuss, going about his work as a carpenter goes about making a chair and in the end turning out an article of supreme symmetry and consistence. I know of no other figure in English literature—if it be not Trollope—who so suggests the two supreme artists of the world—Holbein and Bach.

It would be hyperbole to suggest that Richardson is as great in his art as either of the other two. He had neither their power over their materials nor their sense of the beauty of natural things. Our gratitude to him, nevertheless, should be great, for he worked with the simplest materials and manoeuvred only the most normal of characters in the most commonplace of events and yet contrived to engross the minds of a large section of mankind. How to do that is the problem that still engrosses the novelist—and Richardson has been dead a century and a half.

What, more than anything, is impressive about his figure is that one knows almost nothing about it: he is as little overdrawn as are his characters, whereas the besetting sin of almost all other English novelists, from Fielding to George Meredith, is that they seem to cut their characters out with hatchets and to color them with the brushes of house-painters and, never, even at that, being able to let them alone, they are perpetually winking and pushing their own faces at you over the shoulders of Young Blifil, Uncle Toby, the Widow Wadman, Dick Swiveller, the Marchioness, Becky Sharp, Evan Harrington and the rest. This method is usually applauded by orthodox Anglo-Saxon criticism and to talk of the gallery of portraits left by this or that novelist is considered high praise. As a matter of fact, the overdrawing of characters is merely a symptom of the laziness and contempt for their vehicle that is the too usual hall-mark of the English writer of nuvvles. That it should be tremendously applauded is a symptom of the disdain that the English critic really feels for the novel. If English painting consisted of nothing but the caricatures of Rowlandson, Gilray or Cruikshank, the art-critic would discover very soon that these grew monotonous, but when it is merely a matter of prose-fiction it is easily accepted as good enough, that which is too stupid to be said in any other way being consigned to the novel.

Of course, if you choose to consider Swift and, say, Beckford as novelists, you do arrive at something that you must, as you might say, chew upon—at something that has some mental dignity and Smollett presents you with problems of humanity that are, at least, worth consideration. Naturally, great vital spirits like Dickens, floundering away in oceans of words and eccentricities, will from time to time hit upon collocations of words and confrontations of characters that are unsurpassed in the literature of any time or nation. But from the death of Swift to the publication of *The Way of All Flesh*, there is very little to be found in the English novel that is not slightly unworthy of the whole attention of a grown-up man—say, of a grown-up Frenchman.

I have adumbrated somewhere—in some previous pessimism!—the perturbation that must beset any Anglo-Saxon who desired to point out to almost any grown-up foreigner of average intelligence the glories of the English novel before the day of *The Yellow Book*. Let us, then, examine with a little more attention the chief lights of that institution between 1745, the year of the death of Swift and, say, 1890 when *The Yellow Book* was well on the way.

Swift himself is obviously one of those solitary figures like (in their different ways) Shakespeare or Smollett or the author of *The Way of All Flesh*. In a sense he resembles Bunyan, that is to say, he wrote allegories which, as a literary *genre*, are usually tiresome and unconvincing; but in his case as in that of Bunyan his fierce powers of observation and rendering carry him, as it were, in spite of himself into the realms of realism. It is to be doubted if Swift ever aimed—as did Mr. H. G. Wells in, say, *The First Men in the Moon*—at giving the reader the sense of vicarious experience. Nevertheless, he got there all the same and the corrosive nature of his misanthropy almost aids the sense of reality with which he overwhelms us. The "purpose" of *Gulliver's Travels* was, no doubt, philosophic, as the purpose of the *Pilgrim's Progress*

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was moral; but Lilliput is as real to us as the Slough of Despond and the Yahoos are the figures of the most horrible experience of every man who has come across them.

Accordingly, if to your intelligent and, of course, slightly cynical foreigner you presented *Gulliver* and left it at that, he might remain edified or horrorstruck as his individual frame of mind were pessimistic or the other thing. . . . But, suppose that you present him with the Steele-*cum*-Addison collaboration of the *Tatler* or the *Spectator* or with *Tom Jones* itself which was written about a quarter of a century later than *Gulliver* and thirty years or so after the last number of the *Spectator* appeared in 1714; and suppose you add—yes, certainly—suppose you add *Tristram Shandy* and *A Sentimental Journey*, the first appearing or being written between 1760 and 1767 and the second being published in 1768. Keep up your sleeve Tobias Smollett, whose *Humphrey Clinker* was published three years after *A Sentimental Journey* and in the year of Smollett's death at the age of fifty. And let us consider this immediate inquiry of ours as ending with the awful name of the Wizard of the North who was born in the year of Smollett's death and lived to be sixty.

As we have seen, Defoe in his "Advice from the Scandalous Club" that was a "feature" of his periodical, *Review of the Affairs of France*, very little anticipated—but by five years, indeed—what may be regarded as the fiction of the Addison-Steele collaboration. One is so likely to regard Defoe as of the Seventeenth and Addison as of the Eighteenth Centuries that this appears rather astonishing but actually the *Review* ran from 1704 to 1713 and the *Tatler* plus *Spectator* from 1709 to 1714. Defoe's publication was so essentially commercial and the other two so essentially social that the matter is rather one of chronology than comparison.

The fact that the novel had not yet begun, as a commercial "proposition", to come into its own reduced Addison and Steele, no doubt, from the rank of novelists to that of draftsmen of "characters". The novels of Defoe were "faked" memoirs and the other fiction of the period consisted mostly of equally "faked" memoirs of persons of quality, court mistresses and the like. And the "characters" and sham correspondence about social questions of the day that characterized the *Spectator* may well be considered as developments of those popular, fictitious productions. Sir Roger de Coverley, Will Wimble and the rest are, as it were, the characters of a novel, standing about and waiting for employment as the leaden soldiers of a child await their owner's orders to fall in.

The idea of sustained fiction might, indeed, if you liked and if you analyzed the matter very closely, be said not by any means yet to have reached the public consciousness and though for us *Clarissa* may seem to be the first of novels, its peculiar form—of correspondence—may well, in the public mind of its day, have given it the aspect of the last of the spurious memoirs. And, considering the nature of the future influence of Richardson over the French realists from Diderot to Flaubert, it may be more accurate to regard that aspect as the true one. For, in effect, the French realist movement from Diderot's *Le Neveu de Rameau* to *Le rouge et le noir* and, again, to *Madame Bovary* may in the last event be regarded as much more a movement for the production of fictitious memoirs than the narration of sustained tales, the difference between Richardson, Flaubert and Joseph Conrad or Turgenev being simply one of form. Richardson, that is to say, tried to assure you that Clarissa was a real person by the mechanical device of publishing her letters while Flaubert and his school try to hypnotize you into believing in their characters by methods of projection rather than of narration.

The trouble with the English "nuvvelist" from Fielding to Meredith is that not one of them cared whether you quite believe in their characters or not. If you had told Flaubert or Conrad in the midst of their passionate composings that you were not convinced of the reality of Homard or *Tuan* Jim, as like as not they would have called you out and shot you and in similar circumstances Richardson would have showed himself extremely disagreeable. But Fielding, Thackeray or Meredith would have cared relatively

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little about that, though any one of them would have knocked you down if they could, supposing you had suggested that he was not a "gentleman". So would any English novelist today.

That, of course, is admirable in its effect on Anglo-Saxon literary-social life where any one, taking pen in hand, becomes *ipso facto* an esquire for all users of typewriting machines. But it is bitter bad for the novel.

It is bitter bad for the novel because, as is the case with all human enterprises, the art of the novel is so difficult a thing that unless a man's whole energies are given to it he had much better otherwise occupy himself. If Shakespeare's ambitions for coat-armor had antedated instead of coming after *The Tempest,* where should we be today? We have to thank our stars that he was first a lousy, adulterous, poaching scoundrel—like Villon!

The lot of the novelist is, in fact, hard—but not harder than any other man's. If you put it to bakers, tram-conductors, politicians or musicians that they must be, first, bakers and the rest and, then, gentlemen, they will sigh, but admit it. It is almost only the English novelist who will aspire to being, first, a gentleman and, then, craftsman—or even not craftsman at all since it is not really gentlemanly to think of being anything but a gentleman.

This is an incisive way of putting a truth that might perhaps be more wrapped up in social or material generalizations but it is, none the less, a hard truth. If you consider the case of Fielding, connected with the best families, placeman and diplomatist in a small way, and compare him with Smollett, who was socially nothing at all with no chance of a change, you will see that truth all the more clearly.

God forbid that I should say anything really condemnatory of any book by any brother-novelist, alive or dead. One is here to commend all that one can commend and to leave the rest alone. But there are few books that I more cordially dislike than *Tom Jones.* That is no critical pronouncement but merely a statement of a personal prejudice: one may dislike grape-fruit and yet acknowledge its admirable qualities, or one may, as I do, dislike the quality of goose-flesh that reading Mr. George Moore will confer on one's skin and yet acknowledge Mr. Moore as easily the greatest of living technicians.

But as regards *Tom Jones,* my personal dislike goes along with a certain cold-blooded, critical condemnation. I dislike Tom Jones, the character, because he is a lewd, stupid and treacherous phenomenon; I dislike Fielding because he is a bad sort of hypocrite. Had Fielding been in the least genuine in his moral aspirations, it is Blifil that he would have painted attractively and Jones who would have come to the electric chair as would have been the case had Jones lived today.

Of course, that is merely saying that Fielding liked a type that I dislike; but what appalls me, in view of the serious, cynical foreigner that I have postulated our taking about with us, is the extremely thin nature of all the character-drawing, of all the events and of all the catastrophes. Is it to be seriously believed that Tom Jones's benefactor would have turned upon him on the flimsy nature of the evidence adduced against him or, equally, is it to be believed that Tom Jones's young woman would have again taken up with him after all the eye-openers she had had, since she is represented as a girl of spirit? It simply isn't in any world of any seriousness at all. The fact, in short, is, Tom Jones is a *papier mâché* figure, the catastrophes the merest invention without any pretence at being convincing and even the mere morality is of the most leering and disastrous kind.

For myself, I am no moralist: I consider that if you do what you want you must take what you get for it and that if you deny yourself things you will be better off than if you don't. But fellows like Fielding and to some extent Thackeray, who pretend that if you are a gay drunkard, lecher and squanderer of your goods you will eventually find a benevolent uncle, concealed father or benefactor who will shower on you bags of tens of thousands of guineas, estates and the hands of adorable mistresses—those fellows are dangers to the body-politic and horribly bad constructors of plots.

It is all very well to say that such happy

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endings were the convention of the day, that you find them in *The School for Scandal, The Vicar of Wakefield* and in every Eighteenth Century romance that you pick up out of the twopenny book-box and it is all very well to say that the public demands a happy ending. But the really great writer is not bound by the conventions of his day nor, if he desires to give his reader a happy ending, need he select a wastrel like Jones as the recipient of his too easily bestowed favors.

If, in short, we were to regard Fielding as a serious writer, writing for grown-up people, we must regard him as a rather intolerable scoundrel with perhaps *Jonathan Wild* to his credit. But *Jonathan Wild* is of another category and, neither winking nor leering, might be regarded as the finger on the wall, pointing out what happens to the Tom Joneses of the world if their case is regarded with any seriousness.

The fact is, however, that for a century and a half after the death of Fielding nothing in the Anglo-Saxon world was further from the idea of anyone, either novelist or layman, than the idea that the novel could be taken seriously. It was a thing a little above a fairy-tale for children, a little above a puppet-play and, if not actually as damned socially and clerically as the actor who could not be received at court or buried in consecrated ground, the novelist was practically without what the French call an *état civil* because his was not a serious profession. In England that state of things still obtains. In the demobilization forms after the late war the novelist was actually placed in the eighteenth category—along with gipsies, vagrants and other non-productive persons. My last public act in Great Britain was to allow my name to be placed on a list of voters. When I gave my avocation to the political agent as being that of a novelist, he exclaimed: "Oh, don't say that, sir! Say 'gentleman'!" He was anxious that his list should appear as gentlemanly as possible.

That being the state of things and the novelist being human—for you cannot be a novelist and lack the ordinary aspirations of the human being!—for that century-and-a-half the Anglo-Saxon public had the novels that it deserved. I do not mean to say that generous spirits were lacking among the ranks of fiction-writers. That great genius, Dickens, thrashed oppressions and shams with the resplendent fury of an Isaiah and that singular megalomaniac, Charles Reade, did, with *It Is Never Too Late to Mend*, really succeed in modifying the system of solitary confinement in English gaols. And you have had *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Those works of propaganda, however, had either no literary value at all or when, as in the case of Dickens, they did have the literary value that genius can infuse into work, however faulty, their work itself suffered by the very intensity of their reforming passions.

That tendency alone has deprived the novel in Anglo-Saxondom of almost all the artistic or even the social value that it might have had, since it became a vehicle for preventing the comfortable classes from thinking of unpleasant subjects whilst presenting their agreeable somnolences with the warming possibilities of considering their neighbors' defects. It became, that is to say, the week-day, postprandial sermon preached by a family divine anxious, above all, to avoid giving offence to those who provided his daily bread. And gentlemanly reformer the British novelist, consciously or unconsciously, remains to this day. In the great bulk.

That Dickens, on the other hand, had, any more than Bunyan, any *arrière pensée* at all should never for a moment be thought. His was an agonized soul, shuddering at the tortures that, as a poor child, he had seen inflicted on humanity in the horrible days (for the under-dog!) of the last years of the reigns of the Georges and of the early years of the reign of Queen Victoria. All the horrors of insanitation, filth, child labor, imprisonment for debt, the gallows for petty theft, the hulks and the rest, he had himself witnessed or endured and at these horrors he lashed with the mad enthusiasm of a wolf that snaps at the insupportable whip of the trainer. His novels were probably—at least in the beginning—relatively nothing to him; if he could have found any other way he would have poured out his feelings as readily in that. But, happening on the novel and having a matchless command of English, he

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took the simple course of presenting you with villains all black, heroes all white and ringletted heroines, all pink. He had to see—though that is to reverse the colors—the world in terms of Legrees, Uncle Toms or Amelia Osbornes.

That, in effect was the beginning of the end, the novel becoming *the* vehicle for the reform of abuses. And it is astonishing how short has been the career of the novel as an art compared with that of story-telling, baking, weaving or any other human avocation. You may say that it began with Richardson and ended—for the time being and as far as Anglo-Saxondom is concerned—with *Oliver Twist,* which, significantly enough, appeared in the first year of Victoria's spacious reign.

Richardson, that is to say, did have an artistic convention of sorts, did try in some way to render life, did deal almost exclusively in neither very moral nor very immoral personages but there almost all attempts at rendering life or the normal almost came to an end. *The Vicar of Wakefield,* "noted for purity and optimism", says my official guide to dates, was an obviously Richardsonian *pastiche;* Henry Mackenzie's *The Man of Feeling* may be said to have exaggerated Richardson's tearful sentimentality and Smollett (marked by coarseness and brutality), whose first book was published eight years after the publication of *Pamela* and in the same year as *Clarissa,* undoubtedly had a shot at rendering the same world that Richardson rendered. It is not as absurd as it may be to say that *Pamela* suggested *Roderick Random;* it certainly suggested *Madame Bovary* . . . and *Babbitt!*

It would, however, undoubtedly be absurd to suggest to the public that Smollett was a greater artist or a greater novelist than either Fielding or Dickens: and yet, if the novel is to be regarded as a rendering of life, there is not much way out of it. He remains, however, and will probably always remain an isolated figure. He was bitter and, as he rendered what he had seen and since what he had seen had been coarse and brutal, those will be the epithets that Anglo-Saxondom will forever bestow on him. He wrote about the sea in a period glorious for England's sea-history but, in spite of that, he could hardly be regarded, like Marryat, as a writer for boys. The life of which he treated was too remote from today for the reader, interested in the renderings of the life of today, to read of with any enthusiasm; he was little less virulent than Swift and, if he is even less read, he receives even less lip-service. So, no doubt, he is contented.

Marryat—as a writer read by boys, Anglo-Saxon men being already too dulled at twenty to appreciate him—has probably, through the boys, exercised the most potent influence on the English character. His magnificent gifts of drawing—not exaggerating—character and of getting an atmosphere have so wrought upon us that there are few of us who have not been to sea in frigates before the age of eighteen and come in some way in contact with suffering men and women. I have seldom been so impressed as when, the other day, I re-read *Peter Simple* for my pleasure. It was to come into contact with a man who could write and see and feel. For me, nothing in *War and Peace* is as valuable as the boat-cutting-out expeditions of Marryat and for me he remains the greatest of English writers. His name is not even mentioned in the manual of literary dates with which I have just been refreshing my memory of these things.

I do not, however, dwell at any length on either Smollett or Marryat because, great as for me they seem, they still remain individual figures, leaving very little trace on the traditions of English literature—and that, indeed, was the case with Fenimore Cooper who was one of the most beautiful, pure stylists that the English language has yet excited into writing. There is in *The Two Admirals* a passage descriptive of mists rising from the sails and cordage of battleships as seen from the turf of cliff-tops at dawn, that remains for me one of the incomparable passages in the language. And, while I am about the matter of pure style, I may as well mention here why I have referred to my writing in Lisbon harbor. That apparently egotistic excrescence was due to the fact that I liked to remember that—no, not Fielding—but Beckford once lay in Lisbon harbor and wrote most beautiful prose there. Beckford is known only as the author of *Vathek*

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which is, to be sure, most remarkable as a *tour de force*—and which is usually bound up with *Rasselas* in popular reprints; but he is also the author of *Portuguese Letters* which might almost be regarded as a novel, such an admirable autobiographical portrait do they give of their author in his adventurous progress from the city of Camoëns and Vasco da Gama to the monastery of Batalha.

Prose, I suppose, is to some extent the business of a writer on the English novel. I, therefore, further suppose I may be pardoned my digression about Beckford and make the note that if I wanted to put together a small, exquisitely pleasing fascicle of admirable, because simple, English prose I should take a passage from the suppressed *Preface to the Bible,* a passage from Henry V's address to his soldiers before Agincourt, one from Clarendon, one from *Gulliver,* one from Johnson's *Life of Drake,* the passage from Cooper that I have mentioned above and one from the *Portuguese Letters,* one from Mayne's *Ancient Law*—and then one from any book of W. H. Hudson. The English language is not very distinguished for its prose, but that would make a very admirable little volume! . . . One might almost add the opening description of the village from White's *Selborne.*

It is, of course, impossible to exhaust the topic of the English novel from Fielding to Henry James in a few paragraphs of an article. But the topic of main currents of that literature is more easily got rid of simply because there are practically no main currents at all. There are some good writers but, of a Tradition, practically no trace. The writers who spring most immediately to the imagination as being somewhere near in their works to the main stream of the international novel—for the novel is, after all, an international affair—the most unforgettable writers of that type are two or three women. I suppose, while the men ran about actively intent on proving that they were gentlemen or in improving the ungentle world, the women had to prove that they were not unladylike and so remained at home and looked at life without any immediate aim at publicity or even at publication.

At any rate, if you take Miss Burney's *Evelina,* Miss Edgeworth's *Castle Rackrent,* Miss Austen's *Sense and Sensibility,* Mrs. Gaskell's *Mary Barton,* George Eliot's *Scenes from Clerical Life* and Miss Brontë's *Villette,* you do get something of a kinship, if not much of a tradition, and if you add to them the *Barchester Tower* series of Trollope and the works of Mark Rutherford and George Gissing you do get, too, some attempts at rendering English life that are above the attention of adults with the mentality of French boys of sixteen. "At rendering"—that is to say, rather than at the mere relating of a more or less arbitrary tale so turned as to ensure a complacent view of life and carried on by characters that, as a rule, are six feet high and gliding two inches above the ground.

That is, of course, an arbitrary generalization as to all the English nuvvles that string out from, say, Scott to the late Marion Crawford. But, if sweeping, it is not *completely* unfair. Obviously, even Scott's *The Antiquary* is worth consideration if one had the time, or *The Cloister and the Hearth* or, let us say, *Lorna Doone.* That last work I read over twelve times when I was a boy and from the beginning—"If any man would hear a plain tale told plainly, I, John Ridd of the parish of Oare"—to the end, I daresay I could recite half the book today. . . But then Blackmore was a market-gardener!

In short, if you omit Dickens and Thackeray as immense amateurs, who wrote from time to time very admirable passages, and if you do not like the works, from *Evelina* to *New Grub Street,* that I have mentioned in my last paragraph but one, the works that you can read in English from 1799 to 1899 or so will seem extremely small—taking it for granted that your taste in literary matters is mature and your attitude sincere, if not serious.

If, on the other hand, you regard with indifference your own lack of conviction as you read, if you care little with what you occupy your spare time and desire to fill up your hours with an occupation calling for little mental concentration, I daresay you could still agreeably narcotize yourself with *Rob Roy* or *The Tower of London* or *The Woman in White,* or, say, *Rudder Grange.*

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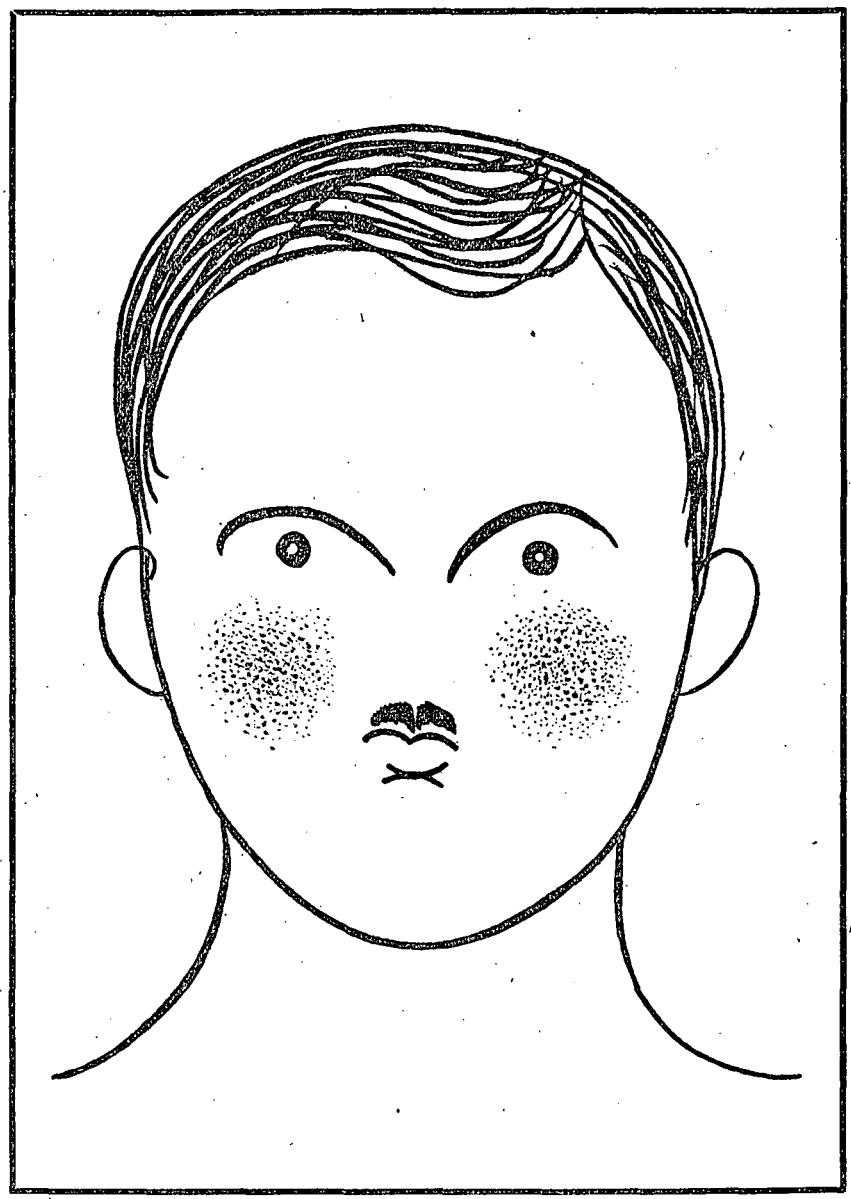

ERNEST HEMINGWAY

A Caricature by EVA HERRMANN

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TO ACT, OR NOT TO ACT

"Holiday" and Other Plays of the New York Season

By Ernest Boyd

WHEN Mr. Philip Barry wrote "Paris Bound" last season, it seemed to me that he had come nearest to achieving the kind of comedy for which his admirers have been giving him credit. The dialogue was good and amusing; there were several excellent scenes; the underlying idea, without being worked to death, had in it elements of truth and genuine humor; the play was well cast, one member of the company in particular, Miss Hope Williams, scoring a marked and unexpected success which she richly deserved. After the sufferings induced by "In a Garden" and "White Wings", here was a piece which caused one to look forward to Mr. Barry's next venture.

That venture has come in the shape of "Holiday", with Miss Hope Williams in the leading rôle, a play obviously designed to give her the fullest opportunity for the expression and development of the talent which she so effectively displayed in "Paris Bound". Once again, the underlying idea is an interesting one, and the dialogue keeps the audience in a state of almost continuous entertainment, while Miss Williams scores an even more marked, but, evidently, not so unexpected success. The three acts run smoothly in the presence of contented playgoers and by all accounts Mr. Barry has made another hit.

Nevertheless, I left the Plymouth Theatre with a curious feeling of dissatisfaction. It was not merely that many parts of the dialogue were nothing more than an echo of such facetiousness as frequently entertains those who have the pleasure of knowing Mrs. Dorothy Parker, Mr. Robert Benchley and Mr. Donald Ogden Stewart—fun, that is to say, which is quite amusing and witty when called forth by the particular moment at some social gathering, but too brittle, in this instance, to hold up three acts. Mr. Stewart, who happens to be in the cast, was called upon *à propos* of nothing, to give an autobiographical account of himself, but his speech did not compare with what he himself has said and written of the same kind.

It was not the quality of the dialogue, however, which lay at the root of my disappointment. It was the realization that, although she held her audience throughout, Miss Williams was not really acting. The droll quality of her voice and of her movements was the same which had proved so diverting in "Paris Bound". She is an amusing person, but she secures her effects by being Miss Hope Williams, not by any histrionic effort. Mr. Barry provides her with ample opportunity to be herself, apparently to the complete gratification of the audience. But there were moments, particularly the curtain scene of the second act, when the situation logically called for more than Miss Williams could put into it, and one suspected that the author had left it so in order to suit her.

I should not be surprised if Miss Williams from now on is called upon to give this impersonation of herself in a succession of comedies. To act, or not to act, is a question which is frequently answered in the negative on the American stage. Few actors are so versatile as to conceal their identity in every part, but in this country there seems to be an inexhaustible demand for a repetition of exactly the same effects, once those effects happen to occur in a successful part. In fact, it often seems as if the career of an actor depends, not upon his ability to interpret various rôles, but upon a chance part in which certain personal peculiarities happen to make a hit. Thenceforward, *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*

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The only argument in favor of this attitude which I ever heard was a surprising one. If one were too versatile, so I was told, the public would not be able to form a clear-cut and definite impression of the actor's personality. A preposterous argument, yet it may possibly account for the state of affairs to which I refer. Personality must be put over with the repetitiousness of an advertising slogan. I thought of "Holiday" as I watched Miss Alice Brady in "A Most Immoral Lady", by Mr. Townsend Martin, and fell into the meditation whose substance I have reproduced in the preceding paragraphs. Miss Brady, it is commonly agreed, is one of the foremost actresses on the American stage, but her choice of plays is regarded as disastrous. Can this be really a case of the failure of great versatility? Miss Brady's last two plays were "Bless You, Sister" and "Bride of the Lamb". In both she was superb, in both she was entirely different, both dealt with the hysterics of evangelism and both were failures. "Lady Alone" likewise revealed her qualities and, as it was not a play about religion—always a dangerous topic—its failure cannot be attributed to that cause. Miss Brady can act and she is never "herself", in the bad sense of that term.

This was again evident in "A Most Immoral Lady", which turned out to be a competent piece of playmaking, without perhaps any of Mr. Barry's sincerity, but redeemed by the acting of Miss Brady. No more pointed contrast could be found than that between the method of Miss Williams and that of Miss Brady. Here was proof, if any were required, that a character must be created and interpreted and that it is precisely an actor's profession to be able to do this, and not merely to display certain personal characteristics, however charming or diverting these may be.

The same thing is true of A. A. Milne's delightful mystery comedy, "The Perfect Alibi". What a relief to find a mystery play in which there is no hokum whatsoever; no secret panels, sinister Orientals, strangling hands, vampires and so forth. A murder is committed before one's eyes in the first act, an apparently perfect alibi is established, and by the end of the third act it is upset by perfectly logical reasoning. But the "find" of the play is Mr. Harry Beresford, of "Old Soak" fame, in the part of an English village constable. Perhaps originally intended as the sort of comic relief provided by the stupid detective in the usual crook play, this part became in Mr. Beresford's hands a work of art. He in no way obtrudes upon the action and says few words, but while he is on the stage he is a joy to watch, in his fatuousness, his good nature, his crumpled uniform, his creaking boots. Every gesture is accurately observed and a real, live character is projected onto the stage, not by Mr. Milne, but by Mr. Beresford.

Another play which, through no fault of my own, I can only belatedly recommend to those who have not seen it is "This Thing Called Love", by Edwin Burke, which deserves more attention than it has received. It is a deftly written comedy of domestic manners, in the fullest sense of that word, showing the devastating effect upon the civilized relations of a man and woman of the intrusion of the possessive passion commonly regarded as the test of true devotion. Miss Violet Heming is graceful and charming and urbane in her rendering of the woman who becomes the victim of that thing called love. No one, I think, could mistake her identity, yet she does more than merely exploit her personality.

Adaptations of novels are rarely successful in the theatre, and Mrs. Edith Wharton's "The Age of Innocence" was hardly a happy choice for Miss Margaret Ayer Barnes to make. Its five scenes are very wordy, and the fifth is one of the most ridiculous that I have ever seen in its far-fetched attempt to provide us with a happy ending. All that holds the play together is the personality of Miss Katharine Cornell, who wears the costumes of the 'seventies to the greatest advantage and invests her part with the charm and dignity of that period. In the fifth scene she does not appear at all, and we are invited to contemplate Mr. Rollo Peters, forty years after, in a gray wig, looking preternaturally

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young, as he explains to his grown son what a grand woman Countess Olenska was and how successful his married life has been without her.

Miss Peggy Hopkins Joyce, during an interlude in those activities with which her fame is chiefly identified, appeared in a play from the French of Jacques Natanson, called "The Lady of the Orchids". It is an old-fashioned piece in the Sardou-Dumas *fils* tradition, with all the roses and raptures and despairs of the unvirtuous when true love conflicts with financial interest. It all turned into a splendid advertisement for the firms which supplied the habiliments of sin worn by Miss Joyce.

Having referred somewhat disrespectfully to Ferenc Molnar as the purveyor of Budapest servant girls' romance, I cannot do better than permit Mr. David Belasco to state his views about "Mima", in which Miss Lenore Ulric appeared after many months of mechanical and building construction.

> "In presenting Miss Ulric in 'Mima,' which I consider the greatest of the brain-children of Ferenc Molnar, it is my purpose to give to the public a play differing in its essentials from that which has been the accepted vogue for the past few years.
>
> "I have sensed the public's demands for a play dealing with the basic rather than merely surface emotions; something away from the hackneyed eternal triangle, the tales of conjugal misfits, and the sometimes plotless drawing-room dramas.
>
> "With this guide I have gone about the stupendous work of producing 'Mima' as one of the happiest and soul-filling tasks of my career. Building the vast machine, the 'psycho-corrupter' or soul destroyer, requiring an unbelievable number of months, involving as it has the manufacture of a huge quantity of machinery—some of which had to be as precise as the parts of a watch.
>
> "Eminent art authorities of America, Europe and the Orient were searched for costuming designs. The looms of the world made specially designed fabrics for this purpose. Scenery was built, rejected and replaced innumerable times before all finally combined into the harmonious whole.
>
> "But now the task is done, and in the manner visioned in my dreams when I bought the world-rights to this remarkable play. I have been happy in the doing, and if my production brings happiness and a better understanding of life's greatest truth—the triumph of good over evil—to my friends everywhere, then I will not have labored in vain."

All I can say to this is that I am astounded by Mr. Belasco's eye for the spectacular and that I ought to be impressed by the ingenuity and money and patience expended upon this production. But I am not. The mechanical devices did all the acting that was required, and it all seemed a somewhat excessive effort in order to convey the fact that a mother's forgiveness is something that even Satan cannot stand. It throws hell into confusion and finally prevents a gentleman from murdering a mechanical siren, invented by the super-scientist of Hades, to be used with the psycho-corrupting machine.

Connoisseurs of the exotic reverse romanticism of "The Shanghai Gesture" will doubtless get the pleasure intended by Mr. Harry Hervey in "Congai", a passionate melodrama of Indo-China, with Miss Helen Menken very much to the fore in the part of a native girl who combines a profitable connection with the French officers and an undying love for a native admirer. It is, I suppose, good merchandise of its kind, but Miss Menken has been seen to better advantage, if never quite so unclothed.

Among the mysteries of Broadway this season was the departure of "Rainbow", a romantic musical play of California in '49, with music by Vincent Youmans and a story by Laurence Stallings and Oscar Hammerstein II, who also supplied the lyrics. It was a very fine musical entertainment in addition to being a most amusing musical comedy. Presumably the songs, at least, have survived; "I Want a Man", "I Like You as You Are" and the hymn, "Let Me Give All My Love to Thee". It was a piece which promised to rival "Show Boat", well staged, a fine cast and first-rate singing, choruses and dancing. Its withdrawal is sad to record.

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FICTION WITH A PURPOSE

By T. S. Matthews

IT MAY seem a rash statement to say that the six various books of fiction reviewed here are books with a purpose: in fact, only one of them, Upton Sinclair's *Boston*, could properly be classed as propaganda—and it is considerably more than that. Generally speaking, neither the author nor the reader is particularly concerned about the purpose of a novel; the author may give any one of a dozen reasons why he wrote it, and the reader will praise or condemn it as it pleases or displeases him. Between the extremes of propaganda and pleasure lies the gamut of the craft. And, just as there is a little bit of bad in every good little girl, so every artist has a little of the propagandist in him, and *vice versa*.

Undine, by Olive Schreiner (Harpers, $2.50), is a novel that "dates". It was written in 1884, and to a reader of 1929 that fact alone is enough to lend the story a tinge of purposefulness that perhaps would have been less obvious to readers of its own generation. Earnest young people in those days, much more than earnest young people in these times of freedom, were likely to take social problems seriously. Society then was —according to the way you look at it—more decorous, or more hidebound. A woman with brains, for instance, was more likely to have a bad time of it.

Undine is a little South African girl, brought up on a farm overwhelmingly inhabited by step-father and step-sisters, from which she is sent, on the death of her mother, to the even more rigid household of her Nonconformist grandfather in England. She is considered a queer child, broods passionately over good and evil, and indulges herself on the sly in such reading as "A Careful and Strict Enquiry into the Modern Prevailing Notions of the Freedom of Will, which is supposed to be essential to Moral Agency, Virtue and Vice, Reward and Punishment, Praise and Blame". In England she falls in love with a cool and conceited young country gentleman, who condescends to become engaged to her, but afterwards thinks better of it. Undine, with the best intentions in the world, marries his rich father, who soon dies; and she gives away her fortune and goes back to Africa. With hardly a penny to her name, she makes her way to Kimberley and gets work in the mining camp, ironing shirts. She discovers her long-lost lover, only to find him dead, and soon afterwards dies herself, worn out and broken-hearted.

Undine was never published during Olive Schreiner's lifetime and was apparently the first novel she wrote. Into it she poured all the bitterness and the aspiration of a girl conscious of her talent, and conscious of how "unwomanly" that bitterness and that aspiration are. It is obviously autobiography of a sort. But Olive Schreiner was enough of a young person to breathe her own passion into this lay-figure of an Undine: so that although the novel is immature, written in a style and from a feminist point of view that now seem very much out of date, the emotional sincerity of the author carries us with her, and we see often in this book the promise which she afterward fulfilled in *The Story of an African Farm*.

As nearly as can be discovered, the purpose of Viola Paradise in *Wits' End* (Dutton, $2.50) is to please the reader. And she succeeds. There is not an unpleasant character in the whole crowd. Meekam, an old theorizing liberal, is a bore, but he is never allowed to bore us for long, and Maisie, a strident flapper, ends by winning our sympathy, if not our affection. Philip Douglas, a young New York newspaper man, is working on a play, and is invited to spend the summer in Maine at the Witaker's country place. Near-by is the cottage of Kate and Elinor, two hard-working young artists. Philip saves Maisie, one of the Witaker's guests, from drowning, whereupon she falls

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in love with him, but he will none of her. He finishes his play—it is stolen! Who took it, what happened to Maisie, and whether Philip married the right girl, must be left to the eager reader; but it may be added without betraying the author's secrets that the end is not tragic. In the course of this sprightly story, there is a little frank and earnest dialogue about the relations of the sexes, some high thoughts on "creative art", and a little mild satire on the dryness and general hollowness of the intellectuals—but nothing heavy, nothing harmful, and nothing to upset anybody.

Isa Glenn's purpose in *Transport* (Knopf, $2.50) is straightforward and surgical. (Not that she can be accused of wanting to cure anything: the operation is purely exploratory.) Her purpose is to show what happens to a group of civilized people when they are shut up together in uncomfortable circumstances, for an uncomfortable length of time. The scheme of the book is clever, and it has been neatly carried out. She has taken the voyage of an army transport, in peacetime, from San Francisco to Manila. The book is divided into three parts, corresponding to the three weeks of the voyage, and each day makes a separate chapter.

As in any ship's company, her characters are a job lot. Some of them, like Mrs. Mellish and Mrs. Bhutis, are extremely unpleasant people; others, like Dr. Prime and Mrs. Gildersleeve, you can't help liking; others still, like Mrs. Thwait and Mrs. Swan, you are in two minds about. Which, of course, is as it should be. As far as Honolulu, everyone remains clothed respectably and in his right mind; but after leaving Hawaii, with the weather getting hotter every day, the dining saloon smellier, the gossip more acrid and impulses more unrestrained, the passengers' social poses begin to disintegrate; and by the time the ship anchors off Manila, there are very few left who have not something to regret. Mrs. Gildersleeve, looking back on the trip, wonders "if the sea could bring out qualities that were not latently in the same people on land. Had it a magic to transform, or only to evoke? As she thought of the antics of her fellow-passengers, she wondered. Then, as she recalled her own, she shook her shoulders with almost the only unqualified chuckle of the voyage".

Isa Glenn has a sense of the ridiculous which saves us from what would otherwise be a wholly saddening experience. Colonel Gildersleeve "was a splendid figure of a man . . . . His chest out, his back straight, the loins thin and moving rhythmically, he strode in advance of his wife who could be glimpsed dodging along to get a better view of him". In short, though she does not conceal either the vulgar or the abominable traits of her characters (for whom, after all, a writer has only the remotest "responsibility"), neither does she deny, to some of them, the desperate defense of laughter. This is not a pretty book, but it is a good one.

The story of *Boston* (Boni, two vols., $5.00), in so far as Upton Sinclair has invented it, should be familiar to all readers of THE BOOKMAN. Mr. Sinclair has at last, in the Sacco-Vanzetti case, a subject not only made to his hand, but made for a novel. Ordinarily this author is not so concerned to write a good novel as he is to write good socialistic propaganda; but this time he has done both. And in combining the story of Sacco and Vanzetti with the history of a fictitious family of "old Boston", Mr. Sinclair has given us not only the necessary background but the most effective possible contrast. The hero of the story is Vanzetti, the heroine an old lady by the name of Cornelia Thornwell, who turns radical in her old age, runs away from her family, and, while working in a factory in Plymouth, boards in the same house with Vanzetti. She afterwards is discovered and returns to Boston but her friendship with Vanzetti continues.

Nowhere, in the book, perhaps, does Mr. Sinclair use his two contrasting planes more forcibly than when he quotes, from Elbert Gary's will: "I earnestly request my wife and children and descendants that they steadfastly decline to sign any bonds or obligations of any kind as surety for another person, or persons; that they refuse to make any loans except on the basis of first-class, well-known securities"; and then quotes from a letter of Sacco's to his son, written in prison: "So, Son, instead of crying, be

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strong, so as to be able to comfort your mother, and when you want to distract your mother from the discouraging soulness, I will tell you what I used to do. Take her for a long walk in the quiet country . . ."

If it were only for the words of Vanzetti which Mr. Sinclair preserves, *Boston* would be worth reading. Many followers of the Sacco-Vanzetti case might never have known, for instance, that Vanzetti ever really knew how to smile. Yet here he writes to a friend: "It is easy to create a universal sistem, to human minds; that is why we are blessed by so many of universal sistems while no one know what a bed-buck is". And his statement after sentence of death had been passed upon him can never be repeated too often: "If it had not been for these thing, I might have live out my life, talking at street corners to scorning men. I might have die, unmarked, unknown, a failure. Now we are not a failure. This is our career and our triumph. Never in our full life can we hope to do such work for tolerance, for joostice, for man's onderstanding of man, as now we do by an accident".

Whether this book will accomplish the purpose (or the hope) that was in its author's mind may be gravely doubted. For Sacco and Vanzetti are dead, and it would take more than a Zola to prove the innocence of a corpse. But let us hope that among the book's many readers will be some Bostonians, and that among those Bostonians some will keep their tempers and search their hearts.

Joseph and his Brethren, by H. W. Freeman (Holt, $2.50), is a novel, but the sponsors of the back-to-the-land movement would be well advised to use it as insidious propaganda for the farmer's life. It is a perfectly delightful book. But if novels could actually be weighed by their content, *Joseph* would far outweigh most of its "perfectly delightful" compeers. For it deals not with a cloud-cuckoo-land of yokels from *Punch,* but with true men and women of the stubborn Suffolk earth.

The Geaiter family—old Benjamin, his wife and five sons—have worked the derelict acres of Crakenhill until it is the best farm in the countryside. The Geaiters seem, *on first acquaintance, a dour lot: the mother* dies in the first chapter and is immediately replaced, without any fuss and feathers, by a housekeeper; and when the housekeeper is worn out and dies, she is followed by another. But the second housekeeper, Nancy, is a young girl, who gradually succeeds in thawing out this silent band of stalwarts. They all, in their dumb and desperate way, fall in love with her; and then it comes out that she is with child, and by the old father. After the birth of Joseph, the old man marries her, and when he dies, she gets married again, to a wastrel. There is a row between her ne'er-do-well husband and the brothers, and they are sent packing from the farm they have made themselves but is theirs no longer. Soon the farm is derelict again: the brothers reunite and rent it and set to work all over again to make it the farm it was, that it may go to their young half-brother Joey, in the end.

The tale is told with the utmost simplicity and candor by one who not only knows and loves the country but the country people. The dialect they speak is the stout, honest speech of men who feel deeply and much, think slowly and speak little. There is plenty of sentiment in the book, and plenty of humor. As far as the story takes us, none of the five brothers ever marries; they are all in love with the farm—though three of them, on various occasions, try to run away, their home is too strong for them, and none of them gets very far. Ernest thinks he will enlist, and the recruiting sergeant almost gets him. " 'Of course [says the sergeant], you may get killed, but tell me, I arst you, what is nobler than to die on the field of battle, fighting heroically for your queen and country with all your beaten enemies around you?' He slapped his chest and stared fiercely at a stuffed squirrel on the mantelpiece. 'Can you think of a better death?'

" 'Now I come to think of it,' said Ern, 'I can't. That's a real grand life, that is. I'd like to die for my country and no mistake.'

" 'Well, why have you been wasting all this time?' said the sergeant, seizing him by the shoulder and peering intently into his face."

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Procession (Harper, $2.00), Fannie Hurst's latest book, is a collection of five short stories. It is not hard to see this author's purpose, nor does she ever attempt to conceal it. She wants to tell the world that life is a grand and glorious feeling, some smiles and some tears, and that she is just simply crazy about it. Her maternal instinct, as applied to her characters, is something tremendous; in this particular brood she mothers some pretty queer ducklings, but she mothers them all. A young tea-taster with a passion for Beauty marries a girl in the office; he is sent on a trip to the Orient, and returns to his beloved wife and unseen daughter (who is vaguely but horribly deformed) to find the daughter mercifully suffocated, and in her only becoming pose. An ugly old business man is desperately in love with a none-too-moral stenographer, helps her through a disastrous first marriage, waits a decent interval and is then anticipated by the first husband's brother. A sissy-boy, after desperate attempts to become manly, dies of heart-failure after the heroic rescue of his beloved's doll. A German-American *hausfrau* watches, with secret sympathy, her daughter's struggles for freedom and is broken-hearted when the daughter repents on the eve of an elopement. The last story, "Give This Little Girl a Hand", seems to be based on the career of Miss Texas Guinan. "Broadway's hostess", fair, fat and forty, but pure, and with a tender heart beneath her calcimined exterior, is made an honorable proposal by a millionaire, only to turn it down and marry an old hanger-on with a withered arm—an arm that once saved her life. Bravo, Miss Hurst! It is, indeed, an "elegant" ending.

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LOST JEHOVAH AND SIX POETS

By William Troy

THE poets are plainly not satisfied with their world. These six volumes, representing both sexes and geographical centers as far apart as Bloomsbury and Portland, Oregon, attest to the unanimity of their complaint. While discontent as a poetic program is not altogether new, there seem to be special contemporary features. Mr. Harold Monro, for example, offers us, in one sweeping title, *The World for Sale* (Dial Press, $1.50); but in a revealing foreword he confesses that for the past fifteen years he has been unsuccessfully engaged in the writing of an epic to be entitled *Jehovah*. All he has managed to complete is a distinctly synoptic outline of some sixty-four lines which he calls "God of the World". The modern poet, it would seem, is singularly embarrassed when it comes to seeking elsewhere for comfort or release from a world which he finds thoroughly insufficient. He is no longer able to read in the waves of the sea or the stars of the heavens the justification or consolation that sustained so many of the poets of the past. Not only has the earth become less tolerable; but Jehovah and the other gods have forsaken their ancient seats. If they should rant again in the skies, Jehovah and his old compeer, Zeus, "ruined among his marble", Mr. Monro assures us that "their lightning would crackle damply". All the same, Mr. Monro and a few others are too desperate to cease troubling "the clock-work heart of God". It is the mark of his importance, and of all the other really important poets of his generation, that he has been trying hard for fifteen years to write an epic about Jehovah. The others have been too dully occupied sounding their requiems, beating their retreats, lamenting their separate lost verities.

In his title poem Mr. Monro projects a picture of a future world so filled with people that there will no longer be any room for either primroses or poets. An even more devastating nightmare is presented in "Dream Exhibition of a Final World", a poem remarkable for possessing a new variety of *sæva indignatio* which may become more and more popular in our time. Here Mr. Monro finds his most suitable symbol of what the world may become in the figure of a huge vaunting gorilla who clutches at the heart. Not all of this verse is cast so definitely in the Jeremiah mood. Once again, in the opening lyrics, Mr. Monro shows that sympathy with concrete things which made his *Strange Meetings* of several seasons ago such a welcome respite from the holiday abstractions of most Georgian poetry. He is still able to exorcise the mystery of the familiar by draining whatever of reality lies silently embedded in rooms, doors, staircases, the clock upon the mantel. He writes about these things with the same care and understanding that one would use in writing about people. The quality of this poet's imagination is most elastic, applied with equal success to the commonplace or to the larger objects of prophetic vision.

Neither reality nor prophecy is a source of any disturbance in the work of Mr. Edmund Blunden. *Retreat* (Doubleday, Doran, $1.75) is a book which embodies its own most drastic criticism in its title. Although it is apparent that Mr. Blunden views his age in no less unfavorable light than Mr. Monro, he prefers turning his back on it to living in it. He prefers, on the contrary, "The Age of Herbert and Vaughan", and has in fact written a whole volume of verse which just manages to recapture the manner, although never quite the spirit, of that green and shaded period. This verse is so frankly dependent for its small effect on the mention of other poets, on its cultivated naïveté, on its archaic diction that we are never for an instant allowed to forget the consciousness of escape. Besides, the prospect of flying back with Mr. Blunden to the happy

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land where Corinna's gone a-Maying is not very exciting. The charge against this poet is not that he is a traditionalist, but that he has chosen to appropriate the style as well as subject-matter of a literary period never too remarkable for its vitality. He has swallowed rather than digested; and, to make matters worse, selected a regrettably insubstantial fare.

John Gould Fletcher, in *The Black Rock* (Macmillan, $2.00), recognizes that the time when "Man's heart was full of singing stars" is long enough past for the poet to arrive at some new terms with his universe. Precisely what these terms are, however, is never quite clear in Mr. Fletcher's verse, which exhibits all the unfortunate results of attempting to reconcile two distinct influences in a single style. Mr. Fletcher is affected on one side, his poetic or vatic side, by the rhapsodic mysticism of Walt Whitman; he is affected on his formal side by certain of the tenets of the Imagist school, of which he was once a member. It is to be wondered whether Mr. Fletcher might not still gain much by rereading these last two statements in the Imagist credo to which he once subscribed: that "poetry should be hard and clear, never blurred or indefinite"; "that concentration is the very essence of poetry". For it is exactly these qualities which are most lacking in Mr. Fletcher's verse, exactly these qualities which are most irreconcilable with his diffuse and reiterated mysticism. Mr. Fletcher is, of course, an Imagist to the extent that he very often uses images to convey his thoughts and feelings. In this habit he is not unlike the general run of poets, new and old. There is in his work, however, a tendency to distend the image more than is usual, to the degree that his poetry becomes like some immense heliotrope, or like life, which for Mr. Fletcher is nothing else "But blue smoke rising slowly in still air".

None may charge Alfred Kreymborg with lack of clearness or indifference to form, although it was confessedly in the high Alps that he was first overtaken by the "sonnet seizure" which finally resolved itself in this diary of a Cape Cod summer entitled, *The Lost Sail* (Coward-McCann, $2.00). Nothing of Mr. Kreymborg's earlier grace or spontaneity is sacrificed by his sudden switch of allegiance to the sonnet form. These qualities are actually so abundant that it would almost seem as though he had won a certain freedom through the discipline. Perhaps a self-consciousness of this hard-won freedom is responsible for the frequent lapse of poetic taste—that is to say, the sure sense of what is and is not the legitimate stuff of a poem. Mr. Kreymborg brings to most of these pieces written on occasion the generalizing force of his irony and not inconsiderable wit. A reading of another poet's sequence about two lives that suffocated in a narrow university atmosphere prompts a sonnet in defence of New York ending with this couplet:

> Manhattan's a hell where culture rarely grew;
> But it lets two lives do all they care to do.

But many of the sonnets dedicated to his friends and neighbors at Cape Cod can scarcely possess more than the interest of association. The lost sail of the title is a symbol of no more resounding application than the loss of youth; here Mr. Kreymborg is treading rather close to a current national sentimentalism for an ironist of such long standing. It would be somewhat of a pity if Harlequin should suddenly emulate the antics of the Sunday supplement.

In Marion Stroebel's *Lost City* (Houghton Mifflin, $1.50) this world is reduced to its narrowest possible dimensions, but the emotion is never allowed to become crystallized. What is here lost appears to be nothing more universal than the poet's own emotional equilibrium; a loss which renders impossible anything like a unified poetic vision. For the most part, these cold and brittle lyrics represent the varied facets of a single experience. The mood, as is not altogether rare in verse of this kind, is often wilful and perverse. There is no effort to integrate separate experiences into some whole that will have a meaning to the mind or the imagination. All this has nothing to do with Miss Stroebel's craftsmanship; such pieces as "Fall of Snow", "Out of Wisdom", "Last Migration" illustrate an aptitude for writing verses as crisply turned as fine steel. Her

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work is certain to improve when she is able to rid herself of her exaggerated sense of the importance of individual emotion.

Hazel Hall, whose posthumous volume *Cry of Time* (Dutton, $2.50) suggests the immediate need of a total revaluation of her work, achieves the most sustained excellence of any of the poets in this group. Her poems, read separately or as a whole, constitute one of the clearest, deepest and most individual testaments presented by any modern poet. Although Hazel Hall was an invalid, she did not write a sick poetry. Her work, on the contrary, possesses a solid and wholly unsentimental health that might put to shame the most robust of her contemporaries:

I am better for what is mine
And for love of what I lack,
Better for the tremulous design
Of a leaf the moon made black.

In such poems as "Hand in Sunlight", "For a Broken Needle" and the group "Protest", she unites the clairvoyance of the invalid with the fastidious impatience of the true artist. The impatience is directed partly against the too facile abandonment to sorrow that her condition always threatened, partly against the dim looseness of words. Desiring to match the darkness of her mind "With syllables so taut they wind Their meaning in a living death", she shows herself closer to Emily Dickinson than to any of the woman poets of her generation. She arrived, shortly before her death, at an even more harmonious vision than did Emily Dickinson, and her verse attained a smoother texture without losing compression. In her "Audience to Poet" she expresses belief in a kind of salutary virtue to be derived from perfect verse:

That we may live enough to feel
Living, with something more than heart,
Lay on our eye your tonic smart,
Clang in our ear your uttered steel.

Her anxiety to cultivate "the something more than heart", besides relieving itself in the practice of a fine and aristocratic art, led also to her scorn of conventional variations on the themes of pain, melancholy and despair. Her ultimate triumph was the unmystical process by which she was able to lose her own emotional identity in the impersonal realities of nature. To understand how this was accomplished it is necessary to read her "Tract on Living", one of her last poems, whose mood of quiet ecstasy may prove to be the right one for the apocalypse that this generation is awaiting. These lines of recapitulation are broad enough to account for all the Jehovahs, all the lost sails and cities, for which the poets of today are mourning:

Almost it seems that you,
The seeker, are the something sought,
Yourself the bell that called you through
The dawn, the noon, the dusk, the dew.
Almost it seems the tiger beat
Of your own pulses is the all,
The only answer is the call.

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MUSICIANS TO THE FORE

By Elbert Lenrow

CAN we not rejoice just a little that there is no new centenary imminent on the musical horizon, now that we have but recently settled back from rendering systematically organized "justice" to Schubert and, before him, Beethoven? Fiercely efficient have been that thirsty exploration of the lives and that thorough exploitation of the works of these composers, whose centennial anniversaries proved more than timely for schools, clubs, lecturers, program-makers of all kinds, and even certain business concerns, so that now not even the most distant persons remain uninformed or unaware of the nature of the genius lost to the world a century ago. However, we cannot overlook the happy fact that much of Schubert's music hitherto neglected or never before performed has now been heard, and the newly-focused attention has uncovered facts and permitted interpretations of a fresh and illuminating character. Among the recent works concerning Schubert, we may speak here of three varied and representative volumes.

For the layman wishing an introduction to the comparatively uneventful and tragically short life of Schubert, with a non-technical survey of his music, the anonymous translation of Oscar Bie's *Schubert the Man* (Dodd, Mead, $3.00) should prove satisfactory. Written originally in Vienna by a critic who has already demonstrated considerable literary distinction and musical knowledge in books on the opera, the dance and the history of music, this study should meet with considerable success in view of its endorsement as the "Centennial biography" by the International Advisory Body of the Schubert Centenary. The highly readable text is accompanied by a large number of reproductions of drawings and photographs of Schubert, his family and friends, houses and other places frequented by him. The portion of the work treating of his life is inclined to be "appreciation" rather than factual, vivid and concentrated presentation of events and personalities. Dubious and romantic legends, although half-jokingly questioned, are given space which might profitably have been devoted to detailed information about the events and background of the composer's life. However, the chapters which treat of Schubert's work, divided into the five groups, Piano Music, Songs, Chamber Music, Symphonies and "The Rest", prove considerably better stuff, offering clear analysis, sympathetic interpretation and unhesitating appraisal, accompanied by much excellent illustration from the many scores discussed. There is, unfortunately, no index.

Newman Flower's book, *Franz Schubert: The Man and His Circle* (Stokes, $5.00), is unquestionably the most informed and the best written. It makes no attempt to evaluate Schubert's musical creations. Instead, the distinguished author of well-known works on Händel and Sullivan has filled his three-hundred page text with a fascinating and beautifully modulated account of the many —often remote—aspects of the composer's life and the nature of his friends and background. The writing is supplemented by more than fifty reproductions from photographs, which alone give the volume great value, while the text is followed by a thorough thirty-page bibliography, by Mr. William C. Smith, of the British Museum, which should be of service to Schubert students. In the Appendix are listed Schubert's works

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and editions, together with briefly detailed accounts of the lesser figures with whom he came into contact, or people who had some bearing upon his work and who are not fully discussed in the text itself. The long and ample index adds to the permanent value of this work for reference.

Here are printed for the first time extracts from the Luib correspondence (a few years after Schubert's death Luib wrote to Schubert's relatives and friends, asking them to express their memories of the composer, but the would-be biographer never lived to carry out his projected *Life*) of which nothing thus far has been contained in any life of Schubert in English, while only the merest fringe of it has been touched upon by two or three German biographers. These letters give a roundness and vividness to Schubert's personality where formerly we could only surmise and follow our fancy. In fact, Mr. Flower's chief purpose in having composed this book is apparently an endeavor to portray Franz Schubert in the light of the new material uncovered by recent research. We have been told often enough that Schubert was shy, that he had no tongue to give expression to his personality, and yet somehow in him there must have radiated a personality forceful and magical, for it drew about him one of the most brilliant circles in musical history. The myths with which the biographers have so long played have been put away and here Schubert is generously and realistically delineated by a sympathetic and thoroughly informed portraitist.

One cannot resist this volume with its evocation of the Vienna of the early Nineteenth Century, of the school days and youth of poor Schubert, of his friendships and struggles and hopes and secret griefs, of his fragile joys and pale sorrows—like the commingled happiness and tragedy that haunt his poignant music. One cannot resist reading this work; and when one has at last laid it down, he has for the first time really known Schubert, spoken with him, for a brief magical evening turned back the hand of time a century and wandered through the fields and mountains and towns with sweet, honest Franz Schubert, simplest of souls, tenderest of music-makers.

Turning now to the volume of *Franz Schubert's Letters and Other Writings*, edited by that awesome fount of vast and painstaking Schubert scholarship, Otto Erich Deutsch, and translated by Venetia Savile, with a foreword by Ernest Newman (Knopf, $3.00), we find it short but not slight in its contents. The seventy-four items are for the most part letters—of which four have never before been published—together with a number of other personal expressions, such as pages from a projected diary, aphorisms, and the famous baroque "Dream", written down in great detail by Schubert, wherein lies an allegory founded closely on fact. Mr. Newman elaborates briefly but suggestively, in his foreword, on the idea that a composer's style of writing may after all be the counterpart of his music and recalls the clumsy, awkward letters of Beethoven, the flamboyant exaggeration of Berlioz and Wagner's pompous and rhetorically self-conscious epistolary "essays". If ever there was a composer whose speech was like his music, it was Schubert. He is always simple, direct, without anything of self-consciousness or the desire to produce an effect. If you begin the letters with a desire for information alone, you will soon be reading these pages with the same joy and sadness that Schubert's music evokes; you will find here a revelation of sombreness of spirit and a deep, rich fund of sweetness.

In printing and binding, the Schubert *Letters* is an exquisitely dressed volume. Henri Dupré's *Life of Purcell* (Knopf, $2.50) is even better made, and together they are the most striking and distinguished, in format, of the books considered here. We are glad that a Frenchman wrote this book, for he has brought to his difficult and complex task the incomparable Gallic faculty for clarity, concision and sensibility combined with logic. The volume is short—as all works of this type should be, when their purpose is to present an introduction and a perspective rather than to be the accumulation of facts—and its contents may be easily appreciated and absorbed. Monsieur Dupré's detailed erudition and knowledge of the composers and works of the Restoration Age in England give a significant background for the evolu-

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tion of Purcell's music without ever becoming tiresome and heavy. To Purcell he gives the very finest kind of appreciation, all the more effective and impressive for its being belated and almost without precedent outside of England. Contrary to the belief of many continental critics, England did have a glorious epoch of music during the period of Charles II and, needless to repeat, Purcell was its climax and synthesis.

Quite the opposite in method and contents is the new biography of *J. S. Bach* by that English scholar and authority, C. Sanford Terry (Oxford, $7.50); it is long, weighty and filled with the minutest gleanings of widespread researches. One might wonder why any one would write a biography of Bach at this late date, even though this is avowedly a study only of "Bach the man"; but, as a matter of fact, Bitter, the first to approach Bach by modern methods, has devoted altogether too little space to the events of Bach's career, while Spitta's classic work is so monumental, so vast in structure, as to leave Bach almost out of sight, and since then Schweitzer's *Life* has proved more illuminating upon the art, as Hubert Parry's has upon the personality, of the German composer. Hence, Dr. Terry's book really fills a definite need, for it is an exhaustive and seemingly definitive array of the facts of Bach's career, furnishing almost microscopic and often prosaic details—for those who like that sort of thing—of the physical aspects of his activities, surroundings, possessions, associates and the like. This work will become at once a standard source book of information. One cannot commend too much the seventy-five or more illustrations from really superb, and in many instances unique, photographs.

One might say that Dyneley Hussey's *Life of Mozart* (Harpers, $2.00) falls into the category of an average critical-biographical study, as illustrated hitherto in the more than a half-dozen companion works which have appeared in Harper's "Masters of Music" series. Here are no claims of presenting new biographical material, modern music criticism, belated general survey, or facts of background and life unknown or inadequately treated thus far. No, this author announces no such purposes, acknowledges the merits of the classic biographies, and nevertheless writes a delightful, highly readable, comprehensive study, from what is after all a unique viewpoint. The author has excluded all thin-worn anecdotal material, creating instead a portrait based on facts which shed a light on Mozart's character, a portrait less angelic and more interesting because it is human. Mr. Hussey revalues Mozart's music, finding it not so much the "polished, dainty, highly ornamented and entirely happy product of an age of elegance", which has come to be almost the traditional view, as a "passionate melancholy", a profoundness of content which has been concealed from us partly by the obvious simplicity and formal perfection of his music and partly by the more portentous character of work written since then which we are inclined to regard as "greater". The concise and able way in which Hussey has closely interrelated Mozart's life and his music, dealing with both aspects side by side and keeping to a chronological order, makes this book stimulating and helpful.

The collection of *The Letters of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart* (Dutton, $5.00) is the latest volume to appear in Dent's International Library of Books on Music. It is a translation of the selection and arrangement made by Hans Mersmann. The letters cover Mozart's entire life, from boyhood to his early death, and they are written chiefly to his father, sister and wife; what makes them of special interest is the fact that many replies from the father have been interspersed in the present selection. It is profitable to contrast these letters with those of Beethoven and Wagner, published earlier in this same Library. Like Beethoven's, they are unpremeditated, unstudied, at times erratic in spelling, punctuation and grammar, and of an informal character which makes them all the more entertaining; unlike Wagner's, they are conversational, non-literary, vividly personal and straightforward. Like both these composers, Mozart was a genius of the highest order, and through these letters we can discover what kind of a genius he was, a genius free from both Wagner's

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decidedly excessive vanity and what Eaglefield Hull calls the "bumptiousness" of Beethoven, a genius of vital and joyous nature, generous and warm, with no suspicion of hard egotism and self-regard, a genius over whom it is fatally easy to sentimentalize when one recalls that Mozart too belongs among those tragic "unfinished" ones—Schubert, Poe, Chopin, Byron, Shelley, Keats—tough and courageous all of them, but stars ordained to gleam and glow for only a moment. Perhaps Mozart's end was the most tragic of all, for, unmourned, he was huddled into an unmarked pauper's grave so that his resting-place has been lost to the world!

M. Guy de Pourtalès is already known for his novelized biographies of Liszt and Chopin and now we have at hand an even more gusty and sensational work, a "royal drama" dealing with King Ludwig of Bavaria and Wagner and Nietzsche, which bears the significant title of *The Mad King* (Holt, $3.00). In a prefatory note the author delivers an explanation—and perhaps an apologia: "Liszt personifies love, Chopin sorrow, and Ludwig illusion. These three figures . . . seem to me to illustrate fairly closely the symptoms of that long—and perhaps incurable—disease of mankind that is called Romanticism". Thus the three biographies—or novels—are now construed as a Romantic Trilogy. The story of the relations between Ludwig and Wagner is, indeed, fascinating and one important to understand accurately. My lack of enthusiasm is founded on my belief that this type of work represents neither sound and authentic biography, nor good romance.

To an astonishing degree of completeness, this group of musical biographies provides a survey of the important aspects and problems of modern music, from Purcell to Wagner. There is but one observation that should be added. The writers of these books are either English, French or German. Not one American is among the lot; nor has an American, with one exception, contributed a really important volume of music criticism or biography in the past several years. Publishers have at last come to the point of giving us books on music, in abundance and of almost uniformly high quality, and we assume, hence, that there is in this country an ample audience of readers. The time is, therefore, ripe and it is to be hoped fervently that our own critics will assume an increasingly greater share of the work of developing this scarcely opened field of scientific and historical music criticism and biography.

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THE COURSE OF THE THEATRE

Seven Books Illustrating the Change from Ritual to Naturalism

By Gorham B. Munson

MRS. HALLIE FLANAGAN, the director of the experimental theatre at Vassar College, being generous, open-minded, excitable, is typical of the enthusiasts for the contemporary stage. With her a high impressionability stands out far more than does a sense of standards or a habit of close discriminations or a severely judicial attitude. Yet even in her *Shifting Scenes of the Modern European Theatre* (Coward-McCann, $3.50), which is the record of her travels last year, Mrs. Flanagan pours out a good deal of regret and discovers a good deal of decay. The London season she finds dead because there is no wonder and no great belief being dramatized . . . Yeats tells her, "There has been no real drama since the Elizabethan, but only echoes of the past. . ." Norway is just a museum for the preservation of Ibsen's master-works. . . . In Copenhagen Gordon Craig declares, "Our drama today does not reveal life but parodies it—it is dead because it is beliefless. . ." *Sachlichkeit* is the prevailing note of the Berlin theatre in 1927. . . A polished surface over emptiness is this author's metaphor for Vienna. I could multiply such instances, but it would convey a wrong impression of *Shifting Scenes* which is not a pessimistic book at all, but a glorification of theatrical ferment.

Naturally, therefore, Mrs. Flanagan's best chapters are on Russia, where fermentation works faster and more pervasively, and she is to be thanked for her portraits of Meierhold and Tairov and for her descriptions of new styles in Russian playwriting, acting and staging. *Shifting Scenes* is not precisely copious in information or in critical ideas, but it is easy to read and it does communicate the author's delight in her subject. Let us, the spectacle of her enjoyment makes us resolve, go to the theatre again. For, as the newspapers have told everyone, this is the poorest theatrical season in years and so many of us have found other things more attractive that there are at the moment of writing no less than twenty-five darkened houses in New York.

Why—I fancy I am speaking for a certain minority among the American intelligentsia—have we retired from the theatre in disgruntlement? I read *The Story of the Theatre,* by Glenn Hughes (Samuel French, $5.00), in the hope of finding out and the answer seems to be that Imagination has left our stage. Professor Hughes's book is very readable and entertaining: it has the clarity, simplicity and directness which any plan designed to let us see a subject as a whole must have. But with his tendency to treat the theatre as evolving I do not agree, since I am not a believer in the modern myth of Progress. I cannot credit the ancients with the very great naïveté that acceptance of such a myth entails, and I should not be amazed at all if both drama and the theatre had been declining from their sources two thousand or more years ago.

Professor Hughes's book does provide material for our dreams of "a theatre for us", one to which we would eagerly go despite speculators, crawling taxicabs, subway crushes, SRO signs and all the other barriers that make us suffer for the sake of trivial amusement. At any rate, I seem to hear hints of "a theatre for us" in the accounts of the *commedia dell' arte,* the Nō plays of Japan and the Mysteries of Greece. Now a characteristic of all early theatres is the creation of imaginative conventions. They were not naturalistic or "realistic" but they made the play and the actor the thing and demanded of both a resourcefulness, a power and an aim so great that the gods themselves could well deign to participate.

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"There are two kinds of realism," A. R. Orage once said in *The New Age,* "that which works after Nature, and that which works in the spirit of Nature." It is obvious that nowadays we get the first kind only: description instead of divination, art as a post-mortem on Nature's accomplishment and not art which leads Nature by divining either the potential reality or the intention of Nature as implicit in the actual becoming of things.

Well, we cannot often see Greek plays and in that manner experience an art that was based on the principle of the imagination creating in the spirit of Nature, but we can always read them. Of late Mr. John Jay Chapman has offered an English paraphrase of the *Philoctetes* of Sophocles and the *Medea* of Euripides in *Two Greek Plays* (Houghton Mifflin, $2.00). Mr. Chapman believes that we have been blinded to the intense action in Greek drama by the endeavors of previous translators to do justice to the splendor of the Greek rhetoric: he would redress this by taking leave of his mere learning and freely applying himself to the bold business of bringing out the action. This he does by compressing the original text into his vigorous blank verse paraphrase. The reader may see how Mr. Chapman gets at the pith by comparing his version of *Philoctetes* with Dean Plumptre's. This is a sample of the latter's:

Philoctetes

And is it not, boy, dreadful that this man,
The son of Lartios, should expect to bring
me
With glozing words, and show me from his
ship
To all the crowd of Argives? Nay, not
so:
For rather would I listen to the voice
Of that dread viper which my soul most
hates,
That made me thus disabled. But his soul
Will say all, dare all, and I know full
well
That he will come. But now, boy, let
us go,
That a wide sea may part us from the
ship
Odysseus sails in. Oft hath timely haste,
When toil hath ceased, brought slumber
and repose.

But Mr. Chapman reduces this speech to seven lines and gives us qualities thereby that are unfaithful to the original, true enough, but illuminating, none the less.

Philoctetes

Is it not terrible to think this man
Hopes by soft words to get me in his toils
And stage me to the Argives as his prey!
Sooner I'd stroke the snake that left me
lame
Than listen. But the dare-all, do-all he!
He'll come! I know't. O let us put the
sea
Between us and Odysseus!

In *The Oxford Recitations* (Macmillan, $1.50), containing verse dialogues by Laurence Binyon and Gordon Bottomley, there are also two efforts by John Masefield to translate Polyxena's speech and the Messenger's speech from the *Hecuba* of Euripides. They are in the sonorous vein usually adopted by English translators of the Greek and very good for the recitative purpose of this collection.

From the Theatre of Dionysus to Broadway is a difficult step—in fact, not to be encompassed in a single transition. I shall, therefore, simply say that the next book on my desk is Mr. Burns Mantle's annual compilation, *The Best Plays of 1927-1928* (Dodd, Mead, $3.00). Its extracts and summaries of plays, its statistics on runs and tabulation of casts, its necrology and biographies should revive the memories of the habitual playgoer, like a good collection of theatre programs with pencilled annotations.

Mr. Mantle would inspire more confidence in his taste if he himself wrote better prose, but then his taste might become severer and the ten best plays of the season, headed by *Strange Interlude,* diminish into an ordeal by mediocrity. Yeats, an exquisite prose writer, wrote in 1899: "The theatre began as ritual and it cannot come to its greatness again without recalling words and gestures to their ancient sovereignty". And, in fact, even eloquence is dead. How an Elizabethan would have revelled in the historical materials provided by the events immediately preceding and following the shooting of the Duke of Enghien! The tangle of ambitions,

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passions, plottings, hesitations and blind decisions on that fateful night when a First Consul turned into an Emperor—what opportunities for verbal glories it proffers! The material is Shakespearean, but Fritz von Unruh in *Bonaparte*, translated by Edwin Björkman (Knopf, $2.00), only rants.

His fellow German dramatist, Georg Kaiser, puts himself in no such embarrassing position. You do not expect flights of language from him in *The Phantom Lover*, translated by Herman Bernstein and Adolph E. Meyer (Brentano's, $1.75). The play is simply "well made" in the familiar sense—not at all expressionistic, not at all resembling *From Morn to Midnight*—but that does not save it from being preposterous. Its theme is in part pathological, in part symbolical, but hard to believe in on either ground. Finishing it, one reader says: "Let the sharpness of disappointment drive us to form anew the conception of an aristocratic theatre. We must begin from the ground up. The first step is to realize where our theatre stands in relation to what has gone before, and that is precisely rendered by saying that human imagination has suffered an eclipse. The next step is to speculate on the means of reviving imagination. A good rule is, *we acquire what we require.* In other words, we must deliberately put ourselves into a situation where the only thing that can save us is the employment of imagination. Eliminate refinements in stage *décor* and lighting and costume: eliminate the formal but lifeless play-form: eliminate all copying and all memorizing of lines by actors. There is still something left and that is a theatre of improvisation. Such a theatre, patently, will test all our resources: our ready wits, our accessible knowledge, our intuitive perception of the dramatic, our flexibility, our real powers of acting. In short, to succeed in spite of the crude equipment the players must be imaginative. And if they don't succeed, we shall know at once wherein they are scanty, and we shall be no worse off than if we had gone to see plays by Kaiser and von Unruh, who are cited only because they have just now caught our attention".

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EAGLES GATHERED TOGETHER

By R. Ellsworth Larsson

THOSE lion-lithe ferocious ones, bellowing and roaring; those lion-headed ones with eagle's wings whose word becomes a death-rattle on the wind—Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Napoleon—how naturally, and with what ease their way is made for them, hewed out and hacked, minutely and with what subtlety, decade and decade on end, by this seemingly isolated dissenting voice, that injustice, infecting, germinating, spreading. Slowly, the area of dissension grows, the voice of the unjustly treated takes on volume. Decade and decade, a century, and the area of dissension has become vast and grows more vast still, grows and the voice of the unjustly treated has become a vast one, resembling a field of grain, rising and falling in the wind, stretching far and farther. The moment of ripeness is at hand, and there approaches the harvester. Approaches? Appears; and the grains are harvested in wide sweeps as the harvester walks the land.

It is some such image as this that one has gained from Spengler's idea of the world-as-history: growth and decline of forms. From Spengler comes the conception of the world-as-history as an enormous biological phenomenon susceptible of division into periods of development, development and decline, a continuous rhythmical procession, as regular as the procession of seasons—precultural, the beginning of culture and its ripening into a civilization—and each possessed of dynamically manifested characteristics.

Spengler's perspective has a vastness it is difficult to take in, to hold inviolate. Minute application of it results in confusion. With the masses of microscopic knowledge that are at one's command one feels incapable of animating his perspective. Certain figures stand out and will not easily be induced to submerge, to efface themselves for the purposes of objective evaluation.

Progressing in a less vast perspective than Spengler comes Friedrich Gundolf, applying rule and critical formula to these lions that resemble eagles. His *The Mantle of Cæsar* (Macy-Masius, $5.00) attempts to fix the mould for such as these, and that mould, he would have it, is Cæsar's, as the "simplest embodiment of the true ruler", the "historical personality" in perfection, the original.

"The images of men, of things or events transmitted by one generation to another, be they clear or faint, be they intensified or dimmed, all hark back to but a few originators of pioneering insight, action or word," says Herr Gundolf. "These create an energetic myth, a permanent motive to which the mass adheres and which the mass elaborates upon. These solidify vague conceptions into figures, notions into judgments and formulas, and though they may rarely create the language of history, they often create its legends and proverbs." "Creatively they manifest themselves in ever new wombs, radiating from ever changing eyes; their full being cannot express itself until it has been reflected by the centuries," he says.

And here the territory of his investigations comes dangerously near to that in which it would be pertinent to define exactly the quality of being manifest in these "historical personalities", and the means, the science or what you will, by which they perfectly or imperfectly demonstrate complete utilization of it. But Herr Gundolf has always his eye on Cæsar, on Cæsar more as a monument than as an embodiment of a quality of being, of force fully, or only partially, employed. And "monuments", says Herr Gundolf, "are only precipitations of swift action, action which would have remained inglorious and mute were it not for the monuments, but which must be understood in order to understand the monuments".

In consequence, much of his book is a re-

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capitulation of "visions and reports" among which Cæsar dwelt and criticism of the *Commentaries*. Herr Gundolf's consideration is ever directed first to the detection of the whisper of Cæsar's fame threaded through each epoch—in the Latin countries, the Teutonic, in England and Flanders, the Scandinavian countries and so on, where it is autochthonous and where it is not. It is an enormous task that he has undertaken, this critical examination of the continuous legend of Cæsar, and there is something impressive about the unflagging zeal with which he has undertaken it. Laboriously, microscopically, he has traced each interweaving of each thread in the pattern that the bobbin has fabricated. One follows him attentively, expecting a revelation. Herein lies one's disappointment. In the end, Herr Gundolf leaves his reader almost completely unaware of the significance of the pattern and its gradual achievement. Almost, he leaves one with: There was Cæsar. Almost, for there are what seem to be clues, statements such as "Alexander is an invasion of a chaotic excess of life into the domain of man; Cæsar is the unfolding of human gifts and tensions to the perfection of divinity". Or this: "The goals to the true doer are an expression—not only an object—of his will. . . . Consciousness and impulse in such natures are only two forms of the same will which they possess and which possesses them". It may be, however, that one is over-subtle, that these statements which seem to imply a system of thought personified in Cæsar were meant to imply no such thing, and that Herr Gundolf is as completely mystified by Cæsar as the least of the commentators whose writings he here so minutely traces.

"In Cæsar," again to quote Herr Gundolf, "we find a tough, firmly rooted desire for growth on the part of a firm, solid trunk, the real 'national' struggle of man against man and beast and earth; an instinctive sureness in aggression, evasion, appropriation and penetration; a successive play in which he makes air and soil his servants, and serves them—all these natural forms of the Roman community we find in Cæsar as mentality. And the will which permeated the Mediterranean lands from the feuds of the Latins down to Pompey becomes transfigured in him into genius, with enhanced elasticity, expansiveness, energy and wisdom. . . . He is as familiar with the *orbis terrarum* as a landed proprietor with his poultry yard, and precisely this sobriety, which does not recoil at the huge proportions of his estate, is a part of his greatness, as Alexander's intoxicated rapture with the ministry of boundless distances is Alexander's greatness." Such is Cæsar.

The dictatorship established by Gaius Julius Cæsar lasted, in effect, for some eighteen hundred years, transformed gradually into a monarchy. Its derivatives founded the monarchies of England, France, Spain, Russia, Scandinavia. In giving permanence to the temporary rule of Cæsar, the hazardous principate of Augustus, Tiberius was an active agent. Around him the struggle for political supremacy was violent. Capable and just, austere and gruff, and a very monster of cruelty and baseness, Tiberius is still a sufficiently complex psychological problem to test the skill of the ablest historians. Of him it is possible to write no paragraph adequately apportioning his amazingly intricate characteristics, such as Herr Gundolf's paragraph above. So much is true of him from one viewpoint which is the most obvious falsehood from another, that he can be made to assume almost any character.

Aware that this is true, Mr. G. P. Baker has undertaken in his *Tiberius Cæsar* (Dodd, Mead, $3.50) no ornate "interpretation" of the man. He has preferred to let the reader assume the task of interpretation and has confined himself to an objective treatment. But it is no simple story that he tells, beginning with the appearance on the Roman stage of Tiberius at the triumph of Augustus, in that incredible procession round the Palatine Hill, and up the Sacred Way. Mr. Baker has told his story compactly and well. He has not erred on the side of over-stressing the importance of women in Tiberius's life, nor has he been less than just. In all matters of emphasis, Mr. Baker has maintained an essential sobriety of tone. His book is just and scholarly, if not inspired;

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his style dignified and in keeping with his aim: to show Tiberius as an individual, as one whose policy was felt in the development of Britain and Germany and as a minute figure in a drama of vast significance.

Of the two historians, Herr Gundolf and Mr. Baker, Mr. Baker is the more sober, the more matter-of-fact. The worship of Cæsar that has brought Herr Gundolf to trace his legend in its course through time in terms of myth and imitation is absent in Mr. Baker's attitude toward Tiberius. Mr. Baker represents the historian who takes as his domain the recording of fact, or what seems to be fact, and records with discretion and justice. In some middle field, there is Herr Gundolf, and at the other extreme, Dmitri S. Merezhkovsky, a historical romanticist, a creator of fictions rather than a dealer in "facts". Merezhkovsky has called his new book *Napoleon, The Man* (Dutton, $3.00), but "Napoleon, Son of God" would be a more appropriate title for this extravagantly sentimental, wholly rhetorical book.

The despair that lies at the heart of man, that cousins his bone and lies with him, that makes him seek design and reason outside himself—a reasonable design, an emotionally acceptable one and one that permits him voluntary action within its confines—causes Merezhkovsky to anoint Napoleon as the son of God. Nor is this an exaggeration. His professed object is to "unite Joan of Arc with Napoleon in paradise", and in this he is good company for Léon Bloy, author of the fantastic *Soul of Napoleon.*

"The history of Napoleon," writes Merezhkovsky, "will either remain forever 'the most obscure of all histories' or will be illumined by the light of Christianity, because the Napoleonic legend is still almost a Christian mystery in the soul of the people, and there is no other way to the hero's soul than through the soul of the nation."

In this connection, he quotes from Bloy: "*God gazed into the bloodstained mirror of* war, and it reflected the image of Napoleon. God loves him as His own image. He loves this Aggressor as well as the meekest of His Apostles, Martyrs and Confessors", which fantastic statement Merezhkovsky would substantiate with Isaiah 63:3: "and their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments, and I will stain all my raiment".

It is as "the eventide of the world" that he sees Napoleon, the "last incarnation of universality", that universality that is ageless, attainment of which Merezhkovsky sees as the principal, "if not the sole task" of Napoleon's whole life. This viewpoint leads the author to absurd extremes of deification and emotional utterance. It is characteristic of Merezhkovsky that he quotes as profundity a remark of Napoleon made on board the *Orient* on the way to Egypt. The members of the Institute were discussing creation and denying the idea of God. Raising his hands to the starred heavens, Napoleon exclaimed: "Say what you like, but who made all those?" But it was to Cæsar, not God, Napoleon looked for his model, and it was Cæsar's myth with which his ear was tenanted.

Of his "despotism", Napoleon said, "My despotism? Historians will prove that dictatorship was necessary . . . anarchy, self-will, widespread disorder still knocked at our doors". This remark might not inappropriately be made by Benito Mussolini, whose *My Autobiography* (Scribner's, $3.50) falls in logically enough with the books already commented on.

Mussolini's autobiography is a book of which historians will have to take account, for many details of fact not contained in biographies of the *Duce* are here added, revised or denied. What they will find to say of Mussolini is not fittingly surmised here. Mussolini, like Napoleon, feels acutely the dependence upon him of Destiny. Says he, "Whatever I might have been, destiny and my own self have made me one whose eyes and ears, whose every sense and every thought, whose time, whose energy, must adhere to the tree-trunk of public life". And of Fascism, "Fascism is today in its first stage—the one of Christ! Don't be in a hurry—the one of St. Paul will come!" And again, "If I go forward, follow me! If I retreat, kill me! If I die, avenge me!" And yet again:

"But I take pride in affirming that I have

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laid solid foundations for the building of Fascism. Many ask me what my policy in the future will be, and where my final objective lies.

"My answers are here. I ask nothing for myself, nor for mine; no material goods, no honors, no testimonials, no resolutions of approval which presume to consecrate me to History. My objective is simple: I want to make Italy great, respected, and feared; I want to render my nation worthy of her noble and ancient traditions. I want to accelerate her evolution toward the highest forms of national co-operation; I want to make a greater prosperity forever possible for the whole people. I want to create a political organization to express, to guarantee, and to safeguard our development. I am tireless in my wish to see newly born and newly reborn Italians. With all my strength, with all my energies, without pause, without interruption, I want to bring to them their fullest opportunities . . . I push on toward better forces of life and progress."

The collapse the Italian democracy sufferred in 1922 and the establishment of Fascism as recorded by the *Duce* form fascinating reading. Mussolini's description of the march on Rome is superior to any recorded at the time or since. Whatever one's disposition toward Mussolini, one cannot remain indifferent to his record. Beginning to read it with rather ardent anti-Fascist leanings, at its end I find those leanings a trifle less acute. For all his egocentricity, his bombast, Mussolini's native sincerity is obvious.

No doubt, he, too, will one day find his Merezhkovskys, his Herr Gundolfs.

Between the Congress of Vienna and the Treaty of Versailles, a political transformation took place in Europe, and world power shifted. It is with this fact in mind that Joseph Redlich has written *Francis Joseph of Austria* (Macmillan, $4.00). No superbly manifested "historical personality" was the Emperor Francis Joseph, and yet for sixty years his influence and the power of his personality were a definite force in the intricate political manoeuvres with which the period of his reign was engaged. It is as a personality that he stands out, and, as Mr. Redlich remarks, "even in a period preoccupied as is our own with research into the development and function of ideas and of institutions, economic, social and political, history cannot omit personality, since it is the instrument through which the will of a nation or a state has to be exercised". No "shadow Emperor", his force and will were evident until the fall of the Empire. Ascending the throne at eighteen, he learned politics from politics, not books. His first reliance was always in his own judgment of men, even to delivering his ultimatum to Serbia, that ultimatum which exploded Europe in war.

Hampered by insufficient data concerning the intimate life of the Emperor, Mr. Redlich has nevertheless succeeded in drawing a credible portrait of him. His force, his vigor are clearly shown. Mr. Redlich's chief concern has been to show "the person in the politician, the man in the ruler", and in this he has had, under the circumstances, considerable success.

In his monograph, *Richelieu* (Stokes, $4.00), Karl Federn has succeeded not only in producing a comprehensive biography of the man, but in incorporating an understanding background of the French and Continental policies of the beginning of the Seventeenth Century. Disrupted by civil war, enfeebled, in a precarious position surrounded by Hapsburg lands, France came under the influence of Cardinal Richelieu at what now seems the opportune moment, for he left her powerful and united, his work—the establishment of absolute monarchy—accomplished. The schemes, the intrigues, the autocratic exercise of power with which he achieved his ends, are elucidated by Herr Federn with considerable skill. All in all, this is a lively portrait.

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BOOKS ON NEW METHODS OF EDUCATION

By Elisabeth Irwin

THERE has probably never been a time when education was taken so seriously as it is now. Parents used to begin to worry about the kind of schools their children were attending when they were in their 'teens and nearly ready to enter upon collegiate and professional training. Now they cannot begin early enough. This winter I encountered a parent pacing the floor because his daughter of two had been refused admission to a nursery school on the ground that she was too old. He blamed his wife for lack of foresight and himself for neglect of duty. He seemed to feel that now it was too late ever to make it up to his teething offspring.

One's first impulse is to laugh at the distracted young father, but after reading Harriet Johnson's *Children in the Nursery School* (John Day, $3.00) one feels quite seriously that these early tender years are the most important period of education. The Roman Catholic Church has always told this to the world and now the world is beginning to believe it.

Miss Johnson's book is at once a thoroughly scientific and a thoroughly human document. It contains, in addition to an interesting account of how one nursery school was conducted, a very illuminating exposition of the educational philosophy that lies behind the important and rapidly growing nursery school movement. The new perspective which this book gives to the child, the teacher and the parent in a modern educational scheme is just as upsetting to the old complacent connoisseur in this field as a very modern picture is to those art critics who still hold with the technique of Corot and Constable. "Our task," she says, "is that of making sure that the children have access to suitable materials, of protecting them from encroachments and of assuring them safety in their early adventuring . . . but most of all we are concerned with their developing an attitude of readiness to act which is characteristic of the creative, dynamic personality." A large part of the book is a development of this thesis with all its implications. A careful reading of it should radically change the thinking of three groups of people very important to the future of the race. These are the parents of young children, the teachers of children of all ages, and the professors of education and pedagogy who think too largely in terms of older students and reflect too little, as a rule, on those early years when the twig is being bent.

It is rather unusual that a practical worker in the field should so detach herself from her material as to do such clear and original thinking about it. The author shows her familiarity with the various schools of modern psychology and uses them in shaping her hypotheses and conclusions without any unnecessary refutations or genuflections. This puts the reader in the temper to receive her findings in the same spirit. *Children in the Nursery School* is a simple, authentic and exciting book.

The Child and the World, by Margaret Naumburg (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50), is another book which belongs in the modern gallery. It breaks up old moulds for casting educational truisms and has a refreshing sincerity in tackling time-worn topics. Miss Naumburg has chosen a rather difficult form which she handles unexpectedly well. The whole book is written in the style of Plato's Socratic dialogues. The director of a hypothetical modern school undertakes to answer the queries of a long series of visitors and critics, including parents, school superintendents, normal school students, a physician, an artist and a modern play producer. From this variety of angles, we gain quite a comprehensive view of a modern school, but even to one already sympathetic with the point of view it is a little alienating to have God always present with the right answer to every question. The condescension is bound

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to wear on the nerves after a while. There is a tendency in this book to treat over-seriously topics of not very profound importance. For instance, two chapters are devoted to the matter of relegating intelligence tests to limbo, a subject that could better have been handled in relation to this background by saying that, in a private school where we have a rather limited range of intelligence, tests of this sort are of comparatively little importance. Psycho-analysis is a topic which seems to have suffered in another way. The author has surrounded it with a sanctimonious seriousness without really showing its importance to the new education. As a matter of fact, the educational implications of the psycho-analytic theory are far more important and far-reaching than any of its therapeutic demonstrations up to date. Instead of bringing this out with any degree of definiteness or clearness much space has been spent in discussing its mysterious, not to say mystic, bearing on education.

On the whole the book is a painstaking and sincere piece of work. One feels, however, that it would have been more timely and therefore more stimulating had it been published ten years ago. Now, when many of the schools of thought it represents are waning and not waxing, it seems a little old-fashioned, although the particular school from which this material is drawn does not appear to suffer from the same defect. But in spite of an over-supply of theory, the book should make friends for the new ideas in education.

Two books from the French have come to us simultaneously through the kindness of translators. *The Child's Religion,* by Pierre Bovet (Dutton, $2.00), is a book of interest to a rather special group. Parents and teachers who must meet the problem of religious teaching practically will welcome a book in this field founded on research and offered in a tolerant spirit. Dr. Bovet is Director of the Jean Jacques Rousseau Institute in Geneva and is a figure internationally known to progressive educators. The book is not written in a popular style.

On the other hand, *The Activity School* (John Day, $4.00), by Adolph Ferrière, a colleague of Dr. Bovet, is a book for everyone. It has a note of propaganda, but this is only from the enthusiasm of one who cannot treat his subject dispassionately. Dr. Ferrière has reviewed briefly the forerunners of modern thought on education in a lively way, by means of quotations. One is appalled by the length of time it has taken some of these ideas to get into circulation. Many a modern school today is still catching up with the practice of Pestalozzi at his Yverdon School. Then, after outlining the platform of the Activity School as he and his colleagues see it, he gives an airplane survey of the new school movement and its exponents all over Europe. It is a fine piece of work, very un-American in its scholarly thoroughness and very un-European in its lively, swift-moving style.

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NOVELS FROM THE BRITISH ISLES

By Cleveland B. Chase

ONE would be tempted to class Mr. T. F. Powys as a man born out of his time, were it not apparent that so individual a writer would have little in common with his generation, whatever the age he happened to be born in. To come upon *The House with the Echo* (Viking, $2.00) after reading the ordinary, superficial, contemporary novel is like quitting the drab brilliance of a city to seek out the solitary retreat of a philosopher who has renounced the world in his search for the secret of life. No fashionable, no intellectual, scarcely an intelligent character appears in any one of these twenty-six very short stories. These are humble, simple-minded people; many of them seem even feeble-minded; but through both characters and stories runs a deep, rich channel of love, an instinctive, unreasoning warmth of feeling and sentiment, almost impossible to describe. It is as if Mr. Powys had evolved a new standard from which to observe the world; a standard never defined, but ever present in the unexpected association of ideas and events. It is this that gives many of the stories an air of naïve simplicity which might easily be confused with triteness; it is the same naïveté that one finds in folklore. Mr. Powys's stories ring true much in the same charming, unassuming way that great folklore rings true; they are psychologically sound—and one must, in fact, go back to the Bible to find a parallel for much of the writing in this book.

Steady, quiet, deeply attuned to the simple and the unpretentious, there is in his gentle sympathy a quality of unbounded strength. His world is limited, but it is inestimably rich and deep and full. He has combed his Dorset countryside to discover what people really enjoy and appreciate; he has not come back empty-handed or frustrated. He has sought God and has found Him everywhere and in everything. His religion is undefined but, one feels strongly, it is satisfying. It is, as he puts it, "the religion that moves with the boots of a man. The religion that makes the mark of a nail in the mud". He has achieved the combination of a pagan deification of nature with a background of the humble philosophy of primitive Christianity.

In *The Assassin* (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50) Liam O'Flaherty portrays the radically different effort of an individual to still the eternal restlessness of the soul. Michael McDara, his neurotic hero, left shell-shocked after the Irish Revolution, determines that in cold-blooded, unjustifiable murder lies his only chance to assert his domination over himself and his fellow men. To this theory of personal salvation he joins an anarchistic belief that strong, competent men in government are the greatest menace to individual freedom; consequently he sets out to murder the man who has had power and influence enough to bring order and a settled government to Ireland. It seems obvious that the plot derives at least in part from the murder of Kevin O'Higgins.

The story, both because of its revolutionary implications and its manner of probing the mental deformities of its hero, is strongly reminiscent of the Russian novel. But Mr. O'Flaherty writes with a cold, analytical detachment which enables him to describe high emotional exaggerations without bathos, and to keep clear and uninvolved the very complex characterization of an insane but very human hero. From time to time the reader loses confidence in the reality of the leading character, only to have his interest brought sharply back by a passage of genius. Had *The Assassin* that quality of inevitably building up character and situation page by page, rather than by intermittent flashes of virtuosity, one must have hailed it as great.

Miss Nan Shepherd, in *The Quarry Wood* (Dutton, $2.50), shows herself to be a more consistent, if less brilliant, writer than Mr. O'Flaherty. She writes charmingly and with

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feeling of a young Scotch girl, brought up by poor but genteel parents on a bleak countryside, who goes to college and learns, among other things, that love can be a terrible as well as a blissful matter. The story is told honestly and straightforwardly and with more penetration than the average first novel.

In *Extraordinary Women* (Macy-Masius, $2.50) Compton Mackenzie describes with an abundance of detail and with occasional sharp touches of satire a group of tritely sophisticated young devotees of Sappho who wander back and forth between their headquarters on the island of Sirene and various European capitals. During the course of the story virtually every character falls in love with every other, thus allowing the author to describe every phase of the shallow, catty, tense selfishness that seems to characterize such relationships.

It is difficult to conceive of a frontal attack upon sexual abnormality more devastating in its final effect than this objective, unimpassioned statement of the case by Mr. Mackenzie. He writes, to use the words with which he describes one of his own characters, with "that perfect tolerance which the unsophisticated enthusiasts of a democratic civilization call cynicism". He is neither outraged by the conduct of his characters, nor is he especially sorry for them. He even seems immune from boredom by them, an immunity that the reader is not likely to share as the catalogue of petty jealousies is continued to the very end.

By J. A. Van Everen

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THE LITERATURE OF FOLK-SONG

By Abbe Niles

THE aristocracy of English and American folklore consists, not of Four Hundred, but of only three hundred and five. They are *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads,* collected under that title, in all their known versions, by Francis James Child between 1882 and 1898. To Child's tremendous work nothing has since been added save additional variants of ballads which he himself knew; but of these new discoveries, many come from this continent. Reed Smith in his *South Carolina Ballads* (Harvard University, $3.00) adds substantially to their number, and reveals in his text the striking and significant fact that of the three hundred and five, ninety-five are still sung by the folk in North America, ninety-two of these in the United States and, from the available evidence, only eighty-five in England itself. Professor Smith's work contains, besides his ballads, a series of brief but useful essays on related topics: the distinction between the ballad—austere, objective narration—and the lyric personality of folksong; the effect of oral transmission upon songs, by which in one state of culture they may gain, but in another lose, their edge and meaning; that subject of bloody scholarly battle, "communal composition". The writer does not dig deep nor strike hard, but his volume will be a student's necessity as an appendix to Child, and for some others it may serve as a convenient introduction to a great subject.

How great a subject, one may begin to appreciate by glancing through Lowry C. Wimberly's *Folklore in the English and Scottish Ballads* (University of Chicago, $5.00), which consumes four hundred closely-packed pages in extracting and discussing the words, phrases and lines in the Child collection which represent any custom or belief centering about religion (in the ballads, it is almost invariably pagan religion) or magic. The antiquity of these songs renders this study as valuable as it is fascinating. One line may, of course, be centuries younger than the next; standing by itself, the composite whole is undated, anonymous and enigmatic; but in the light of the known lore of peoples and epochs, it may not only be illumined, but cast back a beam of its own. "Transmigration and the Soul", "The Grave or Barrow World", "The Otherworld Journey", "The Ballad Fairy", "The Ballad Witch", "The Ballad Ghost", "Modes of Enchantment", "Modes of Disenchantment"—such are the subjects to which Professor Wimberly has addressed himself, not as a literary study of individual fancy, but—since the ballad makers believed what they sang—as a study of humanity itself in the act of studying the universe.

Newman I. White's *American Negro Folk Songs* (Harvard University, $5.00) seems to me to be not the richest collection in its field but easily the most thorough and scientific. Although it contains the words of more than eight hundred actual examples, so many are mere fragments or are variants of others already in print, as to imply that the uncollected material is thinning out; and that the neglected and almost unknown *musical* side of the *secular* folksongs will yield the most interesting and important discoveries in the future. However, Professor White has taken advantage of the work of his more fortunate predecessors as a means for achieving a new high standard of documentation. Practically every line of his specimens which has appeared in some song in another collection has been traced and included in cross-references ranging from the early Nineteenth Century to the Ziegfeld Follies of 1927. Further—and here is notable original research—he has included in his references the old minstrel books and songsters. The minstrel songs, which were in their glory by the middle '40s, he properly sets down as one of the great waves of white song which have beaten upon—and been absorbed by—Negro folk-

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song; the others, as he believes, having been the revival hymns of the early Nineteenth Century; and the "coon-songs" of the '90s. With striking good nature or, better, cheerful indifference, the Negro seized upon the black-face libels and made them his own; so that at the present day anyone may find by merely listening to the phonograph records that, with few exceptions, the minstrel songs are living in the mouths of the blacks, of the white hillbillies of the South and of no others. This volume furnishes the first copious printed proof of how vigorously they survive among the colored folks. And while his evidence of similar adoption of the coon-songs is less considerable, Professor White has again pioneered in his comparative analysis of the spirituals and of the hymns of the early white revivalists. He has also shattered a fond belief or so. His comparison reveals an unescapable similarity, often identity, of concepts, manner and phraseology between these songs, and one which in turn supports his dismissal as sentimental romancing of the venerable theory that the words of the spirituals expressed any racial suffering or hope or, specifically, any reaction to slavery. I say, "supports", not "requires", that dismissal, for it seems to me distinctly arguable that the slaves may have cherished their own simple but secret interpretation of the originally figurative words they sung, and that, a different interpretation from any told them by their masters. Further, one merely paraphrases Professor White in pointing out that the Negro must yet have the credit for what is fine in the spirituals. To him, the revival hymns were the starting point,

> "from which the Negro has developed the most impressive religious folksongs in our language. Originally the Negro spiritual was a sincerely intended, if erratic, imitation, but the white man would be both stupid and prejudiced if he failed to see that the Negro has long since made it his own".

Especially is this true of the music (generally the superior part of the spirituals), which the writer calls "fundamentally different . . . from that of the white man, while preserving some echoes of Caucasian tunes". It is, I may add, obvious that the form of these songs is still that of the hymn-tunes, and that their harmonies are mostly neither new nor alien; but although tunes of the first rank die very hard, those who choose to impugn the melodic originality of the great spirituals have yet to produce the sources whence they were borrowed. If they are not in Professor White's old hymn books—and he has cited none—the Negro need hardly fear any early exposure.

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A Shelf of Recent Books

OUR CONTEMPORARY IN THE EIGHTIES

By Hansell Baugh

SIX MORAL TALES FROM JULES LAFORGUE. *Translated, with an introduction, by Frances Newman. Liveright. $2.50.*

EVER since these prose tales were first published—in Paris, a little more than forty years ago—a subterranean fame in several lands west of France has been in process of creation for the poet who wrote them during the last two of the twenty-seven years he lived. Jules Laforgue's apologists in at least two lands may now be permitted to emerge into the light which his compatriotic admirers have so long enjoyed, for Frances Newman's translation of the six *Moralités légendaires* marks their first rendering in the English language and their first publication in the United States. Here is Laforgue's matchless small contribution to the craft and art of prose fiction, in a version that presents to readers of English the qualities of thought and feeling which literary historians in France have abundantly cited and almost unanimously praised for more than two decades, and which readers of French have known these forty years and have recognized as reasons for the honor accorded him in his own country.

Laforgue was one of those few writers living in France a half-century ago whose work leavened a great part of their country's later literature: the literature of a period which has ramifications still marked today, in the writing of more "schools" than America shows any interest in even when she displays a knowledge of them. Laforgue was one of the three poets who are generally credited with having independently exhausted the metrical possibilities of French verse and with having thereafter applied themselves, independently, to the writing of *vers libre*. It is interesting to Americans, as well as to literary historians in general, to recall that Laforgue's translations of a few of Whitman's poems were probably the first French versions of the *Leaves of Grass*.

Laforgue—so far as I am aware—was the only writer of short fictions published during the years immediately preceding the 'nineties whose practice brought to the *nouvelle* of his day any development in either verbal or formal construction beyond the practice of Flaubert or Barbey or of Maupassant, whom Laforgue called a "master", but whose work, he said, was not "pure art". In a letter written toward the end of 1885 to Théophile Ysaye, Laforgue explained that he wished his book of tales to be "something more than a mediocre bouquet of disparate flowers". The unity that the book achieves is not simply the external unity that its brief epilogue imposes, nor the adventitious and literary unity that it derives from its new treatment—a lyrical extension of parody—of themes and characters as old as a monster's love for Andromeda, as perennial as the universal passion of the Great God Pan.

Each of these stories conveys something of Laforgue's unique personality and of the mortal experiences that contributed to its formation. "The Miracle of the Roses", with which Miss Newman's *The Short Story's Mutations* had acquainted us four years ago, is believed to be the earliest of Laforgue's stories which he allowed to survive. But the "Salome", the "Hamlet" and the "Lohengrin" give clearer evidence of what his procedure may have been in its beginnings. Laforgue's "Salome" is almost a deliberate parody of Flaubert's *Hérodias*, following the outline of the story closely, but varying so richly in comic detail that Flaubert himself would scarcely have charged Laforgue with indebtedness. His "Hamlet" is a character inextricably compounded of Shakespearean and personal elements, but again the horrors of the story are viewed as from the distance of another planet—as from the Moon. For his "Lohengrin", Laforgue

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was indebted to Wagner's only for its first and third acts, and he was indebted to his own poetry for many of the descriptive images and for much of the lovers' dialogue in this farcical story of incompatibility.

For all of the stories, Laforgue drew extensively upon his poetical works. The book reproduces a number of poems, varying in length, and not always aligned for the eye as verse. The story of "Pan and the Syrinx" has the interest of presenting some of Laforgue's last poems, all in *vers libre*, besides the virtue of its extreme pastoral beauty from beginning to end, and its magnificent indication of the music that would have blended serenity with Laforgue's biting wit in other stories had he lived to write them.

With the exception of one story which he excluded from the volume of *Moralités*, "Pan" was the last story that Laforgue wrote, and I think the finest. "Perseus and Andromeda", with which the volume concludes, appears to have been the last of those written before "Pan"; and its surprisingly happy ending adds a testimony that is more than a sop to the public taste for happiness at the ends of stories: Laforgue was in a fair way to learn something very precious about life when a death as ironically timed as if it had befallen one of his own heroes made it unnecessary for him to pursue the inquiry further.

The body of work that he accomplished has, indeed, fulfilled the prophecy in one line of his verse: *Jeunes gens! que je vous serv' d'Ilote!* Long before Arthur Symons set down the easy and oft-quoted formula: "Laforgue is the eternally grown-up . . . as the other (Rimbaud) is the eternal *enfant terrible*", Laforgue's own writings had reversed one half of the formula in almost so many words of entirely equal truth. Laforgue was eternally a delicate and ingratiating child for his tenderness toward human suffering that was more than bodily suffering; he was eternally a despairing adolescent for his "fear of life as if it were a marriage"; an exemplary youth for his untamable and mocking rebellion against the timidities and hardness of his elders; and eternally a chastened poet for the incurable misery, all the sharper for his lunar mockery, with which he viewed this life and this planet. He shared the mistrust of his generation, and of an earlier age, for any philosophy resembling that of Doctor Pangloss—writing in a letter, at the age of twenty-one: "All is for the best in the worst of possible worlds, except, etc., etc. . . . "; and a few years later in a poem called "Pierrots": *Ils sifflent: "Tout est pour le mieux Dans la meilleur' des mi-carême!"*

The introduction which precedes the stories in this translation is perhaps the finest of Miss Newman's critical writings: it was her last, and it strikes out fiery particles of mortal experience that show how singularly sympathetic a translator she has been for Laforgue, as her other three books had already shown how singularly endowed a writer she was. Her reiterated demand that prose writers be masters of their instrument made Miss Newman's voice as that of one crying in our wilderness. This translation and this essay offer to her countrymen yet another example that she was content to place beside her own.

VOODOO IN HAITI

By Lyle Saxon

THE MAGIC ISLAND. *By W. B. Seabrook. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.*

IT HAS been a long time since a volume has held my attention so completely as W. B. Seabrook's *The Magic Island* does. It is not a twice-told tale, but a vivid record of things seen; it is no ladylike book, but a man's story written for adult minds. It is living history, descriptions of Voodoo rites in which the author took part. And what an incredible record it is!

"Voodoo in Haiti is a profound and vitally alive religion—alive as Christianity was in its beginnings and in the early Middle Ages when miracles and mystical illuminations were common everyday occurrences . . ." he writes. "Voodoo is primarily and basically a form of worship, and its magic, its sorcery, its witchcraft (I am speaking technically now), is only a secondary, collateral, sometimes sinisterly twisted by-product of Voodoo as a faith, precisely as the same thing was true in Catholic Mediaeval Europe."

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Mr. Seabrook tells us of his difficulties in gaining access to these ceremonies, and then proceeds to describe the rites in detail. His chronicle has the tang of authenticity, and it is written with vividness. He has the faculty of telling us exactly what we want to know; and some of his stories are all the more horrible because of the implication of unwritten details.

Of late several books and manuscripts dealing with Voodoo have come my way, and of these I wish to speak briefly of three. First, there was Mr. Vandercook, who wrote of certain savage rites in Africa; these articles were printed first in *Harper's Magazine*. Second, there was a manuscript called *Savage Gentlemen* by Mabel Cook Cole—a book which will be published some time this spring by Van Nostrand of New York. Mrs. Cole is the wife of Dr. Fay Cooper Cole of Chicago, and with her husband she spent five years among the Tinguian head hunters of the Philippines. The third is the book now under discussion—Mr. Seabrook's *The Magic Island*. Here we have three descriptions of religious ceremonies which are almost identical. It is easy to understand that the rites in Haiti should resemble those in Africa, for they were brought from that continent; but it is interesting to note that the spirit ceremonies of the head hunters of the Philippines are strikingly like those of Africa and Haiti —as they resemble a Voodoo ceremony which I witnessed once in New Orleans. The fact that these religious gatherings resemble each other in such widely separated localities seems to bear out Mr. Seabrook's assertion that the Voodoo ceremonies are older than the tales of Greek mythology.

At any rate, Mr. Seabrook has given us a book of first-hand information—not stories told to him nor things which have been written down before, but a real account of Voodoo practices set down by a man who has taken part in them and who has drunk the sacrificial blood. Let me quote:

"The bull stood dazed on a low platform which had been dragged beneath the *tunnelle*, and we all knelt before it, while the women clothed in white chanted a wailing, symphonic choral, repeating endlessly the words. . .

"The bull had become a god or the symbol of a god.

"The wailing chant, the throbbing drums, the miraculous aliveness of their own belief in wonders to be manifested; the unearthly quality of the great, pale, moon-flooded mountain slopes that towered to the stars, the ghostly ravines and gorges that dropped down to blackness; the red-flickering torches close at hand—all this I can remember now as a sort of dream, still more vivid, after a year has passed, than most waking memories. Yet if I should chance to live twenty years longer, that general memory-picture may fade gradually. But there is one small thing tangled in with this, acid-etched so deeply that it will leave some lines, I think, when my brain lies rotting. It was simple; yet I find it almost impossible to tell. It was the sound of the terrorized, shrill bleating of the white he-goats tethered out there in the shadows, as it pierced through, yet was always dominated, sometimes drowned, by the symphonic female howling choral of the women. It caused something that was elemental male in me, something deeper than anything that the word sex usually defines, to shiver in the grip of an answering, icy terror. Nor had this any remote connection with the fact that I, a white man, knelt there among these swaying blacks who would presently become blood-frenzied. They were my friends. It was terror of something blacker and more implacable than they—a terror of the dark, all-engulfing womb. . ."

And now that we know how the writer felt, let us see what he sees: ". . . in the red light of the torches which made the moon turn pale, leaping, screaming, writhing black bodies, blood-maddened, god-maddened, drunken, whirled and danced their dark saturnalia, heads thrown weirdly back as if their necks were broken, white teeth and eyeballs gleaming, while couples seizing one another from time to time fled from the circle, as if pursued by furies, into the forest to share and slake their ecstasy. . ."

All of which is exciting enough.

Harcourt, Brace and Company have made this a beautiful book. It is illustrated with grotesque drawings by Alexander King, and there are numerous photographs by the au-

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thor. The photographs are in the back of the volume, with the appendix. It seems to me that *The Magic Island* is unusual in this: It is a book by a historian who is also a magician with words—a man who sees essential things, and who has the ability to put his experience down upon paper in such a way that the reader may share it.

This is a book which is certain to be discussed, for it is singularly alive.

THE ART OF BOOK MAKING

By Elmer Adler

A History of Printing, Its Development Through Five Hundred Years. *By John Clyde Oswald. Appleton. $7.50.*

Printing of Today. *By Oliver Simon and Julius Rodenberg. With an introduction by Aldous Huxley. Harper. $10.00.*

IT IS always simpler for a reader to measure the value of a contemporary survey than that of another period. He has his own observations to check against the writer's when the discussion concerns things within his vision, and as this agrees or disagrees he can judge accordingly. Consequently, it might be well to examine first *Printing of Today.* This volume, although it also bears the mark of an American publisher, undoubtedly was made possible by the English publisher whose name stands on the title page, for Peter Davies has in a number of productions shown much interest and considerable intelligence in the making of books of exceptional quality. Oliver Simon, besides helping to get together the material, was responsible for the design and making of the book and is a director of the Curwen Press and a considerable influence in contemporary English printing. He established and directed through the production of the first four issues *The Fleuron,* the outstanding periodical in the printing world of today. That the achievements of Mr. Simon give him an important and permanent place in the history of printing is accepted by most printing authorities. Mr. Julius Rodenberg is the director of the fine book division of the *Deutsche Bücherai.* And his part in the building in Leipzig of one of the world's greatest libraries gives him exceptional opportunities to keep informed regarding the best of today's production.

Anyone who might visit the book-shops that are insistent upon a certain amount of craftsmanship in their books would undoubtedly consider the American section of this volume representative. And the foreign section parallels very closely the book exhibition held at Cologne this past summer.

The carefully printed reproductions, for the larger part, are in the size and color of the original, with page proportions carefully indicated, although the placing of the type and illustration on the pages does not always agree with the original books. While no two critics might agree on all the selections, this collection of reproductions puts into the hands of anyone who would study contemporary book making an excellent check list and picture book.

After we have decided that *Printing of Today* is a satisfactory record of the achievements of the last ten years, we might begin to apply this volume as a measure of the one by Mr. Oswald. Making comparisons all the way down, one must first note that the publishers of *A History of Printing* have never been conspicuous for an interest in good book making. Likewise, while Mr. Oswald is the Managing Director of the New York Employing Printers Association, he has not had the contact with good printing that has been the interest of the other authors.

Nevertheless, it is startling to find that Mr. Oswald does not mention Oliver Simon, the Curwen Press or *The Fleuron.*

Printing, since it is a medium of visual expression, must be presented visually and well selected groups of illustrations could almost tell the story alone. But, although there are nearly one hundred and fifty illustrations in the Oswald history, one has difficulty in discovering any reason for the inclusion of many of them. Almost none is shown in original size, nor are the measurements ever stated. Page size is never designated, and there are many reproductions in color of illuminated pages, although the subject of illumination is not mentioned in the index.

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And to make matters worse, the author's comments on the illustrations are run in so that all sense of design is destroyed.

One might pardon Mr. Oswald's lack of familiarity with the work by men in England like Francis Meynell of the Nonesuch Press or Oliver Simon of the Curwen but how can he justify his treatment of the most important influence in printing of our day? Bruce Rogers is accepted even more readily abroad than here as the world's greatest contributor in the field of book making. And Mr. Oswald dismisses Rogers with a ten line paragraph, less than a third of the space allotted to the Auchinleck Press. Of course, the answer might be that everyone knows Bruce Rogers and no one is acquainted with the Auchinleck Press, and that this book helps to average. But whether or not this is the explanation of the plan of the volume, undoubtedly it has lost its own sense of balance.

A comparison of these two volumes suggests that a highly satisfactory way to study the history of printing is to get together a collection of volumes, each to cover a definite period, as does *Printing of Today*. As you add to your collection you will find you are developing your own taste and an appreciation that will be of greater value than all things you might read or hear.

WIT AND INSTRUCTION

By Edwin Seaver

MORROW'S ALMANAC FOR 1929. *Burton Rascoe, Philom. Morrow. $2.50.*

REPLETE with "Wit for the light minded and instruction for the serious", with "Calendars, Forecasts, Prophecies for the Weather, the fashions, lunations, horoscopes, advice on Human Foibles, recipes and Preventatives", *Morrow's Almanac* has come round again for the Year of Our Lord, 1929. As with all very useful things, once they have come to pass, we wonder how in the world we could ever have got along without it. Not to mention diverse antiquities of utility and even airy prophesyings—the scholarly Laurentius's recipe for a Dish of Roses being balanced by "Future Notes on Fashions" and "A Forecast of Advertising"—there is also much practical advice on such immediate concerns as how to get rid of a hangover and how to behave with the stock market.

The colyum is a peculiarly American product, to be read as you stand with hand clasped to subway strap in everlasting salute to the great god Rush. *Morrow's Almanac* is a colyum in cloth covers. There is nothing in it that cannot be read between, let us say, the Grand Central and Union Square stations. There also is very little that could not have been written in the same space of time. Resolved to be funny at all costs, most of the contributors seem to have let fly at random, trusting to chance they would come out all right—at the Union Square station.

Ford Madox Ford, having begun a most amiable dissertation on how to order wines abroad, suddenly realizes he has forgotten to pack and shows us the door before he has really offered us a chair. Joseph Gaer has actually squandered the material for a very fine story to give us a fragmentary sketch in his "Passover for the Year 5689"—another sacrifice to the great god Rush. With Captain Achmed Abdullah it is another matter. His copy is expensive and some magazines, we are informed by the editor, cannot go to press without it. If, therefore, Captain Abdullah chooses to oblige us with fifteen limping commonplaces on "What Freudians Have Wrought", they ought to be read with a due regard for the aforesaid facts. Several pieces, of which Florence Kiper Frank's "Florenz Ziegfeld and the Future of Modern Literature" is typical, attempt to load the burden of satire upon the back of a too slight idea, thus achieving humor by indirection, as you might say.

All good things are not found outside of colyums, however, and the ephemeral has its place if it be well written. Burton Rascoe's monthly prognostications are genuinely amusing, neither too sharp nor too dull. Padraic Colum is present with a very fine lyric, like the briar blossoms it sings of, which may easily be unnoted and lost in its incongruous surroundings. Alfred Kreymborg's "A Dog's Life" is exceptionally good and exceptionally Kreymborg, while Edmund

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Wilson's bitter comment on "American Masterpieces", of which I shall take the liberty of quoting the closing lines, is somewhat anomalous in its rigor, surrounded by so many "distinguished writers" and American pieces:

Was ever literature the surgeon's frown
Intent above the bloody breach trepanned
In some brawling pauper's broken crown,
Where logic holds the gorge and keeps the hand?—
Or some tough soldier's tuned harmonica
Playing against the ache from shin to knee—
Which makes his men remember—and grow gay—
The bars and girls of home they'll never see!

RUMBLINGS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

By Esther Murphy

Memoirs of A Nun. *By Dénis Diderot. Translated with an introduction by Francis Birrell. Brentano's. $4.00.*

Memoirs of Madame de Pompadour. *By Madame Du Hausset. Translated by F. S. Flint. Brentano's. $4.00.*

Memoirs of the Duc de Lauzun. *Translated by C. K. Scott Moncrieff. Introduction by Richard Aldington. Brentano's. $4.00.*

IT IS a curious fact that all of these books —two of them intimate records of the career of remarkable individuals, the third a great work of the imagination—originally escaped destruction by the merest chance. Diderot's novel, *La Religieuse,* now admirably translated by Francis Birrell, who has also written an excellent introduction to it, existed in a manuscript that was known only among a small circle of people until thirty-six years after it had been written and twelve years after Diderot's death, and that at one time was thought to have completely disappeared. *The Memoirs of Madame de Pompadour,* by her waiting woman, Madame Du Hausset, according to a sufficiently authenticated story, were on the point of being thrown into the fire by her brother when a friend persuaded him to preserve them. And *The Memoirs of the Duc de Lauzun* actually were burned by the police of the First Empire, who feared the revelations they might contain about people then living, and the fact that they have come down to us at all is due to the curiosity of Queen Hortense, who had a copy of the original manuscript made for her own amusement before it was destroyed.

This survival is wholly fortunate, though there can be no real comparison, as regards merit, between them. Diderot's novel, perhaps the most perfect single work which that amazing and versatile genius ever produced, is immeasurably more valuable and important than either of the others. It is, indeed, one of those astonishing isolated masterpieces one meets with in French literature, such as Madame de La Fayette's *Princesse de Clèves,* La Clos's *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* and Constant's *Adolphe,* all of them written by people not primarily interested in writing novels at all. The writing of *La Religieuse,* indeed, was apparently as accidental as the fact that it eventually reached the hands of a publisher. Diderot began it merely with the intention of playing an elaborate practical joke on a friend of his, the Marquis de Croismare, who was made to believe that the events narrated by Diderot's heroine actually occurred. But in the brain of genius this hoax was transformed into one of those infinitely rare works of fiction which transcend both their own medium and the intention of their author and attain a universal human significance.

But in spite of the admiration which *La Religieuse* has excited ever since it first appeared in print, its reputation has been seriously affected by the fact that one class of readers insists on surrounding it with an aura of scandalous renown because of its presentation of sexual inversion among women, while another will see in it only an attack upon the iniquity of all religious institutions. Such appreciation is a very limited tribute to pay to a work that is essentially neither polemical nor pornographic, but is on the contrary an extraordinarily poignant and noble presentation of certain phases of the human tragedy. For of all the French Encyclopædists Diderot was the one whose curiosity was the most profoundly

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and persistently humanistic. He was, it is true, an avowed enemy of all established religions, in which he saw only impediments to the liberty and freedom of mankind. But he was too great a man and he had too clear a realization of the complexity of life to believe that any satisfactory explanation of it could ever be achieved through the methods of propaganda. The fundamental emotion which dominates *La Religieuse* is not the indignation of the reformer but the compassion of the artist. Diderot in the last analysis has simply written a masterly account of human experience, he has shown us the agony of a human being caught in an intolerable situation. The fact that his heroine is the victim of the abuses which existed in a peculiarly flagrant form in French convents under the *ancien régime,* Diderot treats as he does the subject of Sapphism, as a phenomenon.

No one abhorred the society which accepted and abetted the particular evils so vividly depicted in *La Religieuse* more than Diderot, and the greater part of his life was passed in combatting and denouncing it. But although *La Religieuse* incidentally exposes certain conditions which existed in France during the decadence of the monarchy, it is in no sense a piece of special pleading. Despite Diderot's personal convictions in regard to religion, it is not even anti-clerical. For while the unhappy girl who is the chief figure in the book is shown suffering unspeakable torments at the hands of the depraved abbess of the convent into which she has been forced against her will by her family, she is rescued from the persecutions of the abbess through the intervention of a priest who is portrayed as being in every respect a just, humane and enlightened man. Diderot's intellect was too powerful and too magnanimous ever to deny to the adherents of the creed, which he had renounced and to which he was bitterly opposed, the justice that was their due, or to attempt to falsify the essential dignity of all intense conviction. *La Religieuse* shows, more clearly than anything he ever wrote, that dispassionate acceptance of the fundamental facts of existence which underlay his impassioned protest against the insensate injustice and cruelty which men inflict on each other. Though all his life he sought to ameliorate the human predicament, he never denied the irremediable tragedy on which it is based, and in *La Religieuse* he has portrayed it magnificently and relentlessly. With all its limitations, *La Religieuse* is one of the very few novels in the world with greatness in it and it is also the supreme proof of the genius of an extraordinary man in whom the revolutionary and the artist were indissolubly blended.

Beside Diderot's novel the memoirs of Madame de Pompadour and of the Duc de Lauzun seem trivial, but the contrast between them has a certain interest. Simply as records of two people who played important rôles in French society during the latter part of the Eighteenth Century, the memoirs themselves are far from negligible. Both Madame de Pompadour and Lauzun are attractive figures—Madame de Pompadour, even as seen through the eyes of her devoted waiting woman, is tragic as well as sympathetic. She was beautiful and intelligent and kind and witty, and she had a subtle and exquisite comprehension of the art of living, but the price she paid in order to maintain her ascendancy over Louis XV robbed her of all capacity for enjoyment. Madame du Hausset has left a vivid picture of that strange inner circle behind the brilliant pageant of the court. We see the perverse and melancholy figure of the king, and Madame de Pompadour struggling perpetually to deliver him from the apathy and ennui which overwhelmed him. She had to distract a man whom nothing amused and hold the affection of a lover who had no emotions, only appetites. Her life, as she confided ironically to Madame du Hausset, "was like that of a Christian, a perpetual combat". In the end the burden was too great and she succumbed beneath it, her death preceding by a few years the final agony of the monarchy whose destiny had been so closely related to her own.

The Duc de Lauzun, however, lived long enough to witness the final dissolution of the society of which he was so gracious and brilliant a representative and to die on the scaffold himself. Armand Louis de Gontau Biron, Duc de Lauzun, left a very witty,

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lighthearted and entertaining account of his career in the years before the coming of the revolutionary whirlwind. A great nobleman, a soldier, a courtier and, above all, a man of gallantry, he chronicled his adventures and his amours with an engaging gaiety and frankness. He emerges in his memoirs as one of the most amiable and attractive members of the old French nobility and he kept his urbanity and his courage to the end. Like so many of the ruling class in the France of his day, he was sufficiently sceptical to be bored with his privileges and at the outset of the Revolution he led the movement by which the nobles voluntarily surrendered their feudal rights. "Gentlemen, what have we done? Who knows?" he observed on that momentous occasion, and the gallant and ironical insouciance of the words are an epitome of his life and his character. His memoirs, written, characteristically, for the entertainment of one of his mistresses, give us a remarkable picture of that *douceur de vivre* which one of his contemporaries, the Prince de Ligne, said in his old age no one could know who had not lived in France before the Revolution.

The contrast between the memoirs of Madame de Pompadour and Lauzun and Diderot's novel is rendered all the more startling when we realize that they are all products of the same epoch. Lauzun and Madame de Pompadour were so completely of their own time and of their caste that for all their intelligence and their scepticism there is in these personal revelations no hint that either of them was ever aware even momentarily of the depths of life of which Diderot had so agonized an apperception and which his genius illumines for us in *La Religieuse*—the depths in which the passions that were to arise and sweep away the world where Madame de Pompadour and Lauzun had their being were already seething.

Taking *La Religieuse,* quite apart from its literary merit, and these memoirs as symbols of two great and fundamentally divergent attitudes towards human life, we can say of *La Religieuse* as Napoleon is reputed to have said of *Le Mariage de Figaro:* "It is the Revolution in action".

A NEW LIGHT ON HISTORY

By Norah Meade Corcoran

EMOTION AS THE BASIS OF CIVILIZATION. *By J. H. Denison. Scribner's. $5.00.*

IS THE United States a new type of civilization or merely a new political entity, in which old European cultures are contending—or possibly co-operating—one with another for the future edification of mankind?

In his *Emotion as the Basis of Civilization* J. H. Denison implicitly provokes this question, and the implied answer he avoids giving suggests that an impartial jury would decide in favor of the second alternative.

George Meredith has said that the man who rises from his knees happier has had his prayer answered, and the man who closes a book feeling stimulated doubtless justifies both his own reading and the author's writing. Mr. Denison is stimulating and instructive. He makes a better professor than a prophet. His analysis of the past is better than his synthesis for the future, but that does not, necessarily, detract from the value of his performance. He is the exponent of a new thesis.

Man, Mr. Denison claims, has never been and is not yet controlled by his intelligence. Unlike the bee and the ant, he has no social sense, but is at the mercy of his emotions and appetites—like the tiger. Civilization is a result conditioned on holding large numbers of men together in unity, and this result necessitates the suppression of natural tendencies and can be achieved only by the cultivation of appropriate emotions.

"It has been suggested," says Mr. Denison, "that the feeling of unity which holds men together in tribes or nations was an elaboration of the feelings developed in the primitive family."

He adopts the suggestion, and divides the feelings into the "father" and "brother" idea—the "patriarchal" and "fratriarchal" as applied to the sentiments aroused; the autocratic and democratic, as applied to the institutions thereon dependent. The book reviews history in the light of this thesis.

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Religion, Mr. Denison claims, is essentially an emotional culture, and ancient civilizations were more dependent on it for their strength than on government. So he discusses all the great religions in their relation to nations, empires and such entities as can be defined only by psychological boundary lines.

"What we term the patriarchal system," he explains, "is simply an expansion of the family relationship, in which the father became the god, and the king his representative. . . . The democratic method of uniting men is by enthusiasm for a common purpose or pursuit."

What emotions are essential to the success of a modern democracy? The most provocative part of Mr. Denison's work is that in which he tries to supply an answer to this question. Provocative of antagonism, very often. The English nation, which Mr. Denison considers the most stable and efficient today, balances the two essential emotions — autocratic and democratic, father and brother.

"In the original form the idea behind the kingship," he says, "was that of a family united under its head, who was designated as the son or choice of the original ancestor or god. A different type of kingship grew out of the fratriarchal government, in which the king gained his power as representative of the people and so avoided signs of kingship, as did Cæsar, Cromwell, and many of the Greek tyrants."

But what of America, which has neither the new nor old idea of kingship? America, the author points out, is the first government to attempt unification without the aid of religion. While it would be impossible now to unify the world by the culture of any one religion, Mr. Denison deplores the emotional incoherence from which this country suffers in consequence of that lack. He discusses the various emotions that might be cultivated with a view to stabilizing this republic—public spirit, a sense of honor, personal fastidiousness. He even suggests the formation of a "ruling class", chosen on the basis of its members' potentiality for "higher emotional development". Above all he believes in the brotherly love of primitive Christianity, before the church became a "vertical" force heading up into a god or father. But this section of the book suggests that Mr. Denison is struggling in the straight-jacket of his own thesis. He is torn between admiration for the English nation, a hard-headed democracy dependent for its "emotional fringe" on a king who is also head of the church, and his aversion to Russian communism, which he considers an enemy of civilization.

"Western rulers," he confesses, "have not yet seen as clearly as the Soviet government the importance of building up an emotional culture which will support this new type of government."

He refuses to apply the word "civilization" to the Russian experiment. But, when Mr. Denison sums up the essentials for the new democracy, he shows how some government must be found which will check individualistic passions and impulses and also compel the idle to do their share of work for the good of all. He shows how necessary it is to find some state culture or religion, the leader of which will inspire reverence and awe. Have not the Russians found communism and Leninism?

"Voluntary co-operation," he concludes, "is the hope of democracy."

And what is that but another word for Christian brotherly love? And how is either possible under an economic system based on competition?

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, life member of the American Library Association, in co-operation with the Public Libraries of America.

Are we getting tired of "modern" writing? Does the reading public hanker after the old romanticism and sentimentality? While it would be straining the argument to suggest that the current list of fiction most in demand gives any definite indication that such is the case, yet there are some traces of such a tendency. They are observable not only in books but in magazine stories and quite clearly visible in the current theatre. It is bound to come, if it has not already begun—the swing back toward the world of illusion, peopled by folk who couldn't have lived to grow up in real life and who act as nobody alive ever acted. In other words, there is certain to come, and that soon, a sharp reaction against being offered photographs instead of paintings. There will always be a percentage, as there has always been, of readers who prefer some semblance of real life in their fiction; but the new reading public, nourished and developed by the movies, demands its psychology candied, and the thicker the chocolate the more avid the appetite for it. A "good story" flowingly told always finds its way into the Monthly Score, which does not purport to be representative of good literature but is certainly as clear a picture as any of what the public wants.

—F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	Old Pybus	*Warwick Deeping*	KNOPF
2.	Silver Slippers	*Temple Bailey*	PENN
3.	Swan Song	*John Galsworthy*	SCRIBNER'S
4.	All Kneeling	*Anne Parrish*	HARPERS
5.	The Children	*Edith Wharton*	APPLETON
6.	The Bridge of San Luis Rey	*Thornton Wilder*	BONI
7.	Harness *	*A. Hamilton Gibbs*	LITTLE, BROWN
8.	The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg	*Louis Bromfield*	STOKES
9.	Brook Evans	*Susan Glaspell*	STOKES
10.	Silas Bradford's Boy *	*Joseph C. Lincoln*	APPLETON
11.	The Greene Murder Case	*S. S. Van Dine*	SCRIBNER'S
12.	Bad Girl	*Viña Delmar*	HARCOURT, BRACE

GENERAL

1.	Strange Interlude	*Eugene O'Neill*	LIVERIGHT
2.	Mother India	*Katherine Mayo*	HARCOURT, BRACE
3.	John Brown's Body	*Stephen Vincent Benét*	DOUBLEDAY, DORAN
4.	Napoleon	*Emil Ludwig*	LIVERIGHT
5.	My Life	*Isadora Duncan*	LIVERIGHT
6.	Disraeli	*André Maurois*	APPLETON
7.	The Royal Road to Romance	*Richard Halliburton*	BOBBS-MERRILL
8.	Goethe	*Emil Ludwig*	PUTNAM
9.	Lincoln	*Albert J. Beveridge*	BOBBS-MERRILL
10.	Trader Horn	*Alfred Aloysius Horn and Ethelreda Lewis*	SIMON & SCHUSTER
11.	The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism	*George Bernard Shaw*	BRENTANO'S
12.	Safari	*Martin Johnson*	PUTNAM

* This title has not previously appeared in the Monthly Score.

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In the Bookman Office

The Best News-Story of the Year

The final prize in THE BOOKMAN's news-story contest has been awarded by the judges to Mr. W. A. Macdonald for his account of Florence Mills's funeral, first published in *The Boston Evening Transcript* November 7, 1927. Mr. Macdonald's article was reprinted in the February, 1928, issue of THE BOOKMAN. It received three votes from the six judges in their selection of the best story from among the twelve which had received the month-by-month prizes. Two votes were cast for the story of Floyd Bennett's funeral written by Mr. W. A. S. Douglas of the Washington bureau of the Baltimore *Sun*.

Correspondence

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN,
Dear Sir:

A magazine article seldom receives the tribute of more than one reading, but Miss Phillips's "American Writers and English Readers" has been read and twice re-read with pleasure—and a growing question mark. It is quite possible that Americans do not make America interesting but, when Miss Phillips finds European literature more entertaining than American because it deals with "nobles and knights and gallants more than shopkeepers, salesmen and clerks . . . and its heroines have been fine ladies more often than country wenches and school teachers", it gives us pause.

Consider English literature of the 19th Century. The first two heroines to come to mind are school teachers. Jane Eyre, the plain little governess who followed Kingsley's advice, "Be good, sweet maid", and Becky Sharp who preferred to be "clever". Both these schoolma'ams achieved a fairly enduring fame, and Nicholas Nickleby taught school, not to mention the ambitious Hexham and the "grinding torments" of Bradley Headstone.

Right off the bat one does not recall a troupe of "knights and ladies bright" crowding the multitudinous pages of Dickens. Lady Dedlock is one of the few titled persons to appear among his major characters. Most of them are middle-class; many of them earn their livings—like common, garden variety Americans. Sir Walter Scott was, sad to say, much of a toady; he "dearly loved a lord", but—ask almost any of his readers to name three heroines and the chances are they will cite Rebecca and Rowena, recalled mainly because she appears in the same tale with the former, and Jeanie Deans. Jeanie was a simple "country wench", but she has been celebrated on canvas as well as in Sir Walter's story.

Thomas Hardy did not achieve fame writing about the "upper circles". Most of his characters track the mud in on their shoes, unless they are barefoot. The unforgettable Tess is a "country wench". George Eliot gave us several such "wenches"—notably Maggie Tulliver and Hettie. The Bedes were plain people and *Silas Marner* a cobbler. Charles Reade gave us both kinds, but *Never Too Late to Mend, Put Yourself in His Place, Foul Play* and most of the others deal with people no more highly placed than average Americans. The labor troubles that form the theme of *Put Yourself in His Place* and *Alton Locke* are no more dramatic than similar crises that have resulted in calls for militia and Federal troops among us. The Doones were hardly gentlefolk, nor the Ridds and Stevenson didn't confine himself to the gentry.

Among the later writers, we meet the homely and wholesome Scots of Barrie, before he was Sir James, and their neighbors who lived *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*. The one title one recalls instantly in thinking of Sir Conan Doyle's large output is that of the humble "Doctor" Watson. Locke tramps with *The Beloved Vagabond* and all sorts and conditions of men. Kipling follows *The Drums of the Fore and Aft*, "quality" and gentry now and then, but for the main part just folks, and when folks pall, the jungles and all that in them is. Walpole and Galsworthy take their tragedies where they find them. The fact oftenest reiterated

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in *The Forsyte Saga* is that Soames Forsyte is a commoner. He might have lived through another book or two, but for too much 'igh society. A. M. S. Hutchinson moves among the socially elect, but not the nobility, and the same is true of Sir Philip Gibbs for the most part. His latest story, *The Age of Reason,* deals with a scientist, the luckless girl who marries him and their immediate families. Not even a small title; not a knight, not a bishop. Just a professor of biology who spells God with a little *g,* if compelled to use the word at all.

What has Miss Phillips been reading? Lytton, perhaps, or Disraeli or George Meredith. Perchance, as a girl she had *The Duchess* habit and the glamour remains. Just where are these "more colorful, varied and glamorous" . . . "knights and nobles" who make English stories "far more interesting and considerably more colorful" than anything we can hope to achieve among our dull shopkeepers and drab professional persons and politicians? Where shall we look for them on the library shelves? We have been missing something!

E. M. Clement

Contributors to This Issue

Carl Van Doren is the head of the selecting committee of The Literary Guild, on which Elinor Wylie was also serving at the time of her death. While a member of the English department of Columbia University he assisted in the editing of the *Cambridge History of American Literature.* He has been literary editor of *The Nation* and *The Century.* He is the author of several volumes of criticism: *Thomas Love Peacock, The American Novel, Contemporary American Novelists, The Roving Critic, Many Minds. Other Provinces* is a book of stories and sketches; *The Ninth Wave* is a novel.

* * *

The same issue of The Bookman which introduces Virginia Woolf to its readers publishes a personal article about her by Raymond Mortimer. Besides the recent *Orlando,* Mrs. Woolf has written the following books: *The Voyage Out* (1915), *Day and Night* (1919), *Monday or Tuesday* (1921), *Jacob's Room* (1922), *Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown* (1924), *Mrs. Dalloway* (1925), *The Common Reader* (1925), *To the Lighthouse* (1927). *Monday or Tuesday* is a book of short stories; *Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown* is a brief critical essay, *The Common Reader* is a volume of criticism. The other books are novels.

* * *

Wells Root, former dramatic critic and originator of the column "Cast and Forecast" in the New York *World,* is now on the writing staff of Paramount Lasky, at Hollywood.

* * *

Raymond Mortimer first came to the attention of the reading world in 1922 with his gay volume written in collaboration with Hamish Miles, *The Oxford Circus.* He was for several years fiction reviewer for *The New Statesman,* and is now a frequent contributor to that paper, the London *Nation,* and *The Dial.*

* * *

Harold D. Carew is the literary editor of *The Pasadena Star-News.*

* * *

"Big Blonde" is the first short story Dorothy Parker has written in several years.

* * *

Several unpublished essays were found among the effects of the late C. E. Montague. The Bookman will publish another in an early issue.

* * *

Foster Rhea Dulles has travelled in actuality as well as in the world of travel books of which he writes in this issue. He has been around the world, has lived in China and edited a newspaper there, and has served as a newspaper correspondent in Europe. At present he is living in New York, writing for *The Evening Post* and other periodicals, principally on international politics.

* * *

C. Hartley Grattan is a young critic who has made a specialty of American social and literary history. A discussion of Australian literature from him, the result of a visit to that country while on an extended

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voyage around the world, appeared the THE BOOKMAN last spring. At present, besides frequent reviews and articles, Mr. Grattan is preparing a volume from the criticism and personal journalism of Burton Rascoe.

* * *

The first part of FORD MADOX FORD's historical and theoretical survey of the English Novel appeared in the Christmas BOOKMAN. In it Mr. Ford discussed the function of the novel in the modern world. He finds that improvements in locomotion and the widespread urbanization of society have made the novel indispensable to the understanding of life, because "it is the only source to which you can turn in order to learn how your fellows spend their entire lives". Today, as a result, both the novelist and the public take his functions very much more seriously than formerly. Mr. Ford suggests, in fact, that novels—and the closely related form of "novelized biography"—have taken over "the department of life that was formerly attended upon by classical culture".

In concluding his introduction Mr. Ford warned readers that while he would write "with almost ferocious seriousness", they were to consider his remarks as suggestions rather than as dictates; and were to remember that however strongly they objected to his opinions by the way, they would at the end have in their minds "a sort of rudimentary map of the Kingdom of the Art of Letters".

In Part Two Mr. Ford picked up the novel at the time of the medieval compilations of short-stories like the *Decameron* and brought it down to Defoe, who "may be called the first writer to strive after some sort of satisfactory convention for the novel".

* * *

After meeting Ernest Hemingway and making her preliminary sketches EVA HERRMANN expressed the fear that she would not be able to make a good caricature of him—"he is too good-looking; there is nothing to caricature in a good-looking man". We are glad she made the attempt, as it seems to us that the ruddy, wide-eyed boyishness that finally emerged from her sketches is both amusing drawing and excellent criticism.

* * *

ABBE NILES concluded last month his series of articles on popular music which began in THE BOOKMAN for January a year ago. His first piece dealt with several songs and songbooks of the early years of the last century. His final piece was a summary of the popular music of 1928. Throughout his articles Mr. Niles's running commentary on the newest tunes and their interpreters was accompanied by a wealth of references to the songs of the past which conveyed their charm and their historical significance, and at the same time gave added meaning to the ballads and jazz tunes of the moment. This mixture of antiquarian lore and reliable current comment, unusual in the field of popular music, attracted much attention to Mr. Niles's department.

* * *

Two of the three poets represented in this issue are English: JOHN DRINKWATER, whose most recent volume was *Persephone;* and the late KATHERINE MANSFIELD, known better for her six volumes of stories than for her single volume of poetry. England, too, is the home of JOHN GOULD FLETCHER, though he was born in Arkansas and educated at Harvard. Mr. Fletcher has recently had published a biography of Captain John Smith.

* * *

LYLE SAXON, formerly literary editor of the New Orleans *Times-Picayune,* is the author of *Father Mississippi* and of *Fabulous New Orleans* in which he reports a Voodoo ceremony.

* * *

Through a delay in the mails from England at Christmas time the second of Rebecca West's letters from London did not arrive in time to be included in this issue. The series will be resumed next month.

We regret that an error caused Professor W. Y. Elliott's name to appear incorrectly in the January BOOKMAN.

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Notes on New Books—Continued

(*Continued from page xviii*)

and leaves untold the reasons and emotions that impelled him to fight against his own countrymen. His accusers have heretofore never given him the benefit of doubt in their lurid tales of tomahawk engagements, and have placed him upon a pedestal dripping with blood and treachery. But Mr. Boyd has, in this fascinating story of frontier life, given a new conception of Girty's character and outlawed many of the atrocities which were attributed to him. He does not condone Girty's behavior as councillor to the Ohio Indians, but he does credit him with several instances where leniency and mercy were shown.

With Malice Toward None. *By Honoré Willsie Morrow. Morrow. $2.50.*

This tale of the last two years of the Civil War concerns itself chiefly with the endless quarrel between Lincoln and Sumner over the reconstruction problems of the seceding states and the heartbreaking struggles the President had with the Cabinet and members of his own party. It is written in a far more intimate style than Mr. Sandburg's excellent account of the years before the Presidency, and gives charming glimpses of Lincoln with his two sons and his wife who bullies and mothers them all.

Susan B. Anthony: The Woman Who Changed the Mind of a Nation. *By Rheta Childe Dorr. Stokes. $5.00.*

The name of Susan B. Anthony is usually associated with the Woman's Suffrage Movement alone, but this was only the opening wedge to her real aim—the complete economic independence of women. She saw in this the only solution to a slavery problem as great in its way as that of the Negro in the South—the subordination of a woman to her husband or father in the eyes of society and the law—a law which said that the children of a marriage belonged to the father alone, that a woman's earnings were at the disposal of her husband and that she might own property only under certain involved conditions. Susan B. Anthony realized with remarkable clearness that such a state of affairs, among other things, limited a woman's means of support to the selling of herself. Branded with every unspeakable name, surrounded with difficulties that appeared invincible, she and her colleagues put up one of the most gallant and spirited fights in history—a fight which was not to be won until long after Miss Anthony's death. The book is firmly and convincingly written and well worth reading if only for the fact that it succeeds in humanizing a character whom we have not yet learned to regard with the respect due her.

Ships and Sailors

The Log of "Bob" Bartlett. *By Captain Robert A. Bartlett. Putnam. $3.50.*

"Bob" Bartlett, Admiral Peary's skipper on the famous voyage to the North Pole, is probably one of the best swearers who ever crossed the Arctic Circle. This is not brought out in his book—but his indomitable spirit, his keen humor and his love for arctic exploration, amounting almost to a passion, are clear on every page of this story of his adventurous life. His account of the Peary-Cook controversy throws a new light on its human aspects—he knew Cook well. And the way this old salt tackled the unapproachable James Gordon Bennett in his Newport home, hoping he might finance his dream of a new arctic expedition, is a gem of unconscious humor and pathos.

Pirates: Old and New. *By Joseph Gollomb. Macaulay. $2.50.*

Gollomb retells a number of the old, true pirate stories in his own breezy way and adds a few remarkable new ones. Here are the accounts of famous adventures in the careers of Blackbeard, Avery, Morgan, Lafitte and others—here, also the extraordinary tale of Thompson whose time-bombs blew up steamships so that he could collect insurance on supposed works of art; and the even more unusual tale of Herbert Rennie Smith who, in this day when Lloyd's knows where every ship is at all times, stole a steamship and three complete cargoes before he was caught.

The Confederate Privateers. *By William Morrison Robinson, Jr. Yale University. $4.00.*

A book for the libraries of all who follow America's history on the high seas. Here is solid historical stuff fully documented and excellently indexed. The volume contains

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many interesting reproductions of prints, paintings and letters of marque.

A-Rafting on the Mississippi. *By Charles Edward Russell. Century. $3.50.*

History well-mellowed with romantic memories of the Mississippi River in the days of its greatness. Anyone who thinks piloting a steamboat was a dangerous task will turn pale at the feats of these raftsmen and their mighty rafts of logs from the forests of Wisconsin and Minnesota.

Sailing Craft. *Edited by Edwin J. Schoettle. Macmillan. $12.50.*

Here is the book all yachtsmen have been waiting for (even if they were unconscious of the fact). Under a modest title is presented the greatest store of yachting information, lore and pictures ever gathered between the covers of one book. Every type of pleasure sail-boat, from the yacht *America* to the Durban (Africa) Shrimp Class boats, is included and its merits explained by the many experts that Mr. Schoettle, himself a well-known yachtsman, has persuaded to contribute. Every yachting center in the United States and Canada, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, is represented—and for the first time the many different classes of sailing craft that have arisen in various parts of the country are to be found in one volume where their merits and accomplishments may be compared. In addition there are chapters on yachting and yacht racing in all parts of the world. The large, handsome volume contains hundreds of photographs and drawings. It is nautically bound in canvas—all in all an indispensable addition to the library of anyone who has ever held a tiller or trimmed a sheet.

Fiction

A Man Can Build a House. *By Nathalie Sedgwick Colby. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.*

In this novel of characters living on the upper west side of New York, the author repeats her previous demonstrations of vitality. She has vitality, no doubt of it, but unfortunately it has not been disciplined: and the reader is the sufferer from a coarse, strident, over-stressed style. With the aid of italics, one sentence can be produced as typical of the emotional overstatement that is current on every page:—"Closing his office door, eyes wide and innocent *splashed* their blue inexplicably up and down the walls". One sometimes wishes that there were a good academy in America that would influence the training of such an author as Nathalie Colby, for she has valuable (and violent) qualities to be trained.

The Professor's Wife. *By Bravig Imbs. Dial Press. $2.50.*

An ordinary monologue in a conversation is so rambling that it is formless. Mr. Imbs in his first novel has, however, given us a formed monologue in which the rambling is every so often brought back to the main topic —"But I was talking about Mrs. Ransom"— and all the digressions really bear upon the theme. The theme is the exposure of the character of Mrs. Ransom, the wife of an English professor in some such college community as Dartmouth which Mr. Imbs attended. She and her husband live the "cultured" life, which with them is a matter of externals: carefully selected furniture, delicacies for the palate, the entertainment of "lions" and, most of all, the construction and perfecting of their house. The author is pleasantly malicious in his mood and quite at ease in his craftsmanship.

Brief Candle. *By Norman Venner. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.*

Oliver Honey knew that he had but six months to live, so he cast aside all his worldly possessions and set out to seek the real meaning of life, its purpose and reason. Encountering many people in all walks of life, from each of them he tries to learn, yet fails to find the liberation of spirit that will constitute his new religion. The book suggests that the beggar with but a crust is far happier than those who enjoy material comfort tempered by restricting conventions.

The Lovers of the Market Place. *By Richard Dehan. Little, Brown. $2.50.*

When Wilfrid Braby accepted his inheritance and moved to Brabycott House he broke

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a promise to his wife, Malvina, never to touch the money that she considered tainted. He started a succession of persecutions to force her and their children to turn back to him, but he reckoned without Malvina's stubborn faith in her principles and the support of her stalwart son. The homely conversation of simple country people, their love of the soil and of home, their staunchness and neighborliness are skillfully portrayed.

Departure. *By Roland Dorgelés. Simon & Schuster. $2.50.*

An eastbound boat sails from Marseilles with the usual cargo of passengers, a bridal couple, the flirtatious lady and her jealous husband, a broker and his despised associate, the two stars of a theatrical troupe; they form friendships and liaisons, come together and drift apart, making drama on the long journey. The story is exciting and the characters are deftly handled, but the vivid descriptions and the reproduction of the atmosphere on a liner are the book's best points.

The Pinfold. *By J. S. Fletcher. Doubleday, Doran. $2.00.*

Mr. Fletcher has side-stepped the field of mystery stories and presents the study of a family in an old English village. Michael and his sister Mia, feeling the urge of ambition, struggle to separate themselves from the tenacious grasp of the soil that imprisons them as in a pinfold. The characters are depicted with clearness but the story is slow moving.

Money for Nothing. *By P. G. Wodehouse. Doubleday, Doran. $2.00.*

Writing in his inimitable style, Mr. Wodehouse has produced a book comparable to *Jeeves Carries On.* This time he describes adventures at Carmody Hall, in which the participants, "typically" British, make mountains out of mole hills and get all tangled up in the process. *Money for Nothing* has enough romance, villainy and real humor to provide genuine relief from boredom.

(*Continued on page xxix*)

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The Book Mart

SINCE the holiday carnival, the great book mart has been the auction room. The dispersal of one of the finest libraries in the world, of Georgian and Victorian literature, that of Jerome Kern, provided thrills for book dealers and collectors from all parts of the country. The Kern library was not an especially large one, but it was composed of the "nuggets" of literature. The first editions of Eighteenth and Nineteenth Century masterpieces were largely what are known as "association copies," either presented by their authors, or with inscriptions or corrections by them, or annotated by other famous people through whose hands they had passed. As a result, prices were high. It is a mere commonplace to say that a perfect copy of Dickens's *Pickwick Papers,* in the original parts as issued, has a value which can be determined only by finding out what will be paid for it in the auction room. A library containing such items as the perfect *Pickwick,* first editions of the Kilmarnock Burns, Browning's *Pauline,* the original *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland,* Gray's *Elegy,* Hawthorne's *Fanshawe,* Fitzgerald's *Omar,* Keats's *Endymion,* the copy of Shelley's *Queen Mab* which he partly rewrote, Mrs. Piozzi's copy of Johnson's *Lives of the Poets,* proof copies of Stevenson's *Memories and Portraits,* together with other important presentation copies, is full of thrills when it comes to the auction block.

But while the Kern sale must remain for us the outstanding book sale of the season, there have been some notable sales in London auction rooms. At one of these, held at Sotheby's last month, Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach carried off the prize of the correspondence of Benjamin Franklin with his sister, Jane, the wife of Edward Mecom of Boston. This consisted of a series of some sixty letters written by Franklin, the first from Philadelphia in 1743, and continuing for almost half a century, until 1789, a year before his death.

Dr. Rosenbach paid £8,200 (approximately $40,000) for this series of letters, which are unpublished and which show that brother and sister maintained a deep affection for each other through all those years. They deal with personal matters, politics, religion and business affairs. In the very first letter, addressed to "Dearest Sister Jenny" and dated Philadelphia, July 28, 1743, Franklin writes on religion: ". . . You express yourself as if you thought I was against Worshipping God, and believed Good Works would merit Heaven; which are both fancies of your own, I think without Foundation. I am so far from thinking that God is not to be worshipped that I have compos'd and wrote a whole book of Devotions for my own use". We have a glimpse of the conscientious Franklin in another letter from Philadelphia July 24, 1761, in which he writes: "It is not in my power to dispense with an Act of Parliament . . . the privilege of Franking my own Letters is indulg'd to me by the Act; but I have been given to understand that 'tis a Trust, which 'tis expected I will not violate by covering the Letters of others". Letters from London quiet the fears of his sister that he would accept favors from the British crown in return for an office: "For God knows my Heart, I would not accept the best office the Kingdom has to bestow which such Tyrannic Measures are taking against my country". No such amount of autobiographical material relating to Franklin has appeared for years or is likely to appear again.

The present season has seen record prices paid for letters and manuscripts of famous people, although the high prices of last season were thought to have reached the apex. The sale of the library of George W. Childs of Philadelphia, in December, at Freeman's auction rooms, brought out a record price for a Lincoln letter, $11,750 having been paid for a three-page letter wholly in Lincoln's hand and signed by him, dated "Springfield, Ills. June 23, 1859." It was addressed to Hon. Nathan Sargent, and dealt with Lin-

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coln's Republicanism, showing him working with political shrewdness before he had any inkling that he would become the Republican standard bearer.

To come to later writers, George Bernard Shaw's letters appear to be heading the market at present. A New York dealer's catalogue offers twenty-two autograph letters signed by Shaw to his publisher, Grant Richards, for $1,200. Compare this price with those paid for Shaw letters at the Wyman sale at Anderson's in December, and they appear cheap. Two letters of Shaw to T. Fisher Unwin, accompanying the manuscript of *Cashel Byron's Profession* which Unwin rejected, were bought by Gabriel Wells for $775. Another submitting *Love Among the Artists,* also to Unwin, went for $400; a later letter, in which Shaw told Unwin that 3193 copies of the former book had been sold, went to Mr. Wells at $475.

That the appreciation of Shaw's letters is not limited to book collectors, however, is proved by an incident that befell the Leroy Crummers of Omaha when they were in London last June. On June 12 they dropped into a London bookstore and a dealer offered them a letter of George Bernard Shaw, written June 11, the day before, to a London business house, complaining of their service. The letter was typewritten and signed in pen, G. B. Shaw. "I claim," said Mrs. Crummer, "that the clerk who stole this letter out of the business firm's files and sold it to a dealer who was able to offer it to us the day after it was written must have been a fast worker."

The catalogue of the Ashley Library of Thomas J. Wise of London, completed in nine volumes last year, is already a collectors' item. Only 200 copies were printed, and while the original price was about $140, a set is now held at about three times that price.

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Notes on New Books—Continued

(*Continued from page xxvi*)

POETRY

The Gobbler of God. *By Percy MacKaye. Longmans, Green. $2.00.*

This most recent effort to quarry literature out of the neglected mass of Kentucky folk-legend falls short of success to the degree that Mr. MacKaye has been reluctant to subordinate his own poetic talents to the more indigenous idioms and robuster imaginations of the mountaineers. The story of Arvel MacKnight, charmed away from his lily-white bride on his wedding-eve and initiated by an elfin pickaninny into strange rites which bring about his downfall, is one which would gain in effectiveness in the simpler ballad form. The treatment accorded results in a particular kind of diffuse, mystical bathos that is probably not present in the oral versions on which Mr. MacKaye has improved.

Midsummer Night. *By John Masefield. Macmillan. $2.00.*

These verse renderings of the less exploited and more recondite passages of the Arthurian saga will satisfy the curiosity of readers who would know more concerning the parentage of King Arthur, his early apprenticeship in battle with the pirates, the court-room details of Gwenivere's trial for adultery; but those admirers of Mr. Masefield who still prefer his early poetry to his recent chronicles will discover little here to confirm their affection. Except in a brief monologue of Gwenivere on Lancelot's death, there is lacking sufficient strength or freshness of treatment to render the salvage profitable. At no point does Mr. Masefield enliven the narrative with that potent raciness of idiom which once distinguished his work.

The Upward Pass. *By Henry Bellamann. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50.*

The title group of this collection encourages the hope that Mr. Bellamann's next volume will represent a more complete emancipation from the influence of his contemporaries. Most of the other lyrics might serve to illustrate the distinctly enervated

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Notes on New Books—Continued

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condition into which imagism has fallen in these latter days; of these, however, the most successful are the two poems, "Mask and Frieze" and "The Wind", both of which possess exquisite delicacy of perception and rhythm. But in *The Upward Pass* Mr. Bellamann has progressed beyond the almost feminine tenuity of these pieces; he is "less homesick for Byzantium and Greece"; he is preoccupied with the "arid verities" in a manner that identifies him immediately with the tradition of metaphysical poetry. The precise utterance and regimented ecstasy of this opening group are evidences "of a quite solitary heritage" which should make future work by this poet extremely interesting to watch.

Books for Children

Where It All Comes True: In Italy and Switzerland. *By Clara E. Laughlin. Houghton Mifflin. $2.00.*

Two young nieces of a famous traveller accompanied her on one of her European trips, and through her have written the story of their journeyings. The book makes an excellent supplement to a history or geography of those countries.

The Trojan Boy. *By Helen Coale Crew. Century. $1.75.*

In a slow-moving tale, for all its high spots of adventure, Mrs. Crew recaptures some of the episodes of the Trojan War, as seen through the eyes of a young protégé of Hector.

Andy Breaks Trail. *By Constance Lindsay Skinner. Macmillan. $1.75.*

Another of Miss Skinner's historical stories for boys, in which she pictures the courageous frontiersmen who, with Lewis and Clark, conquered the West on their expedition to Oregon.

Fairy Flowers. *By Isidora Newman. Oxford University. $3.50.*

This familiar collection of nature legends, illustrated in color and in line by Willy Pogany, has been taken over by the Oxford Press.

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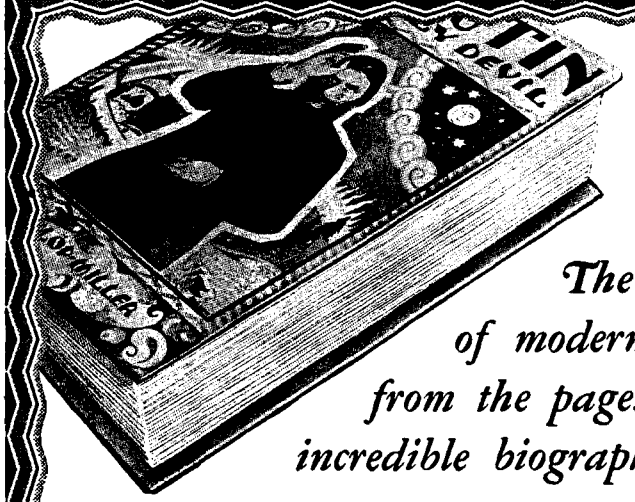

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